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G R E A T H E A R T.

VOL. III.



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G R E A T H E A R T.

BY

WALTER THORNBURY,

AUTHOR OF

“HAUNTED LONDON,”

&c., &c.

“He that will not rule by the rudder, must be ruled by the rock.”

Cornish Proverb.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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THE THIRD VOLUME.

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CHAPTER I.

THE THREE PARTNERS.

ONE January morning, about a month after Arthur's departure for London, Mr. Bradbrain sat on horseback on the path leading down to Endellion, looking at the mining operations below at the Wheal Fortune.

The mine was situated in the centre of an amphitheatre of slaty rock, not far from the place where we described Arthur as seeing the mermaid, but hidden from it by a small headland. The orange-stained cliffs, smeared with earthy grey, were echoing with the crashing sound of the tin stampers, the great beam of the pumping-engine was moving up and down with its tireless force; and the sea, at the base of the rocks, was already red and discoloured with the water drawn from the workings.

There were no miners visible, except here and there a man ascending or descending the rude wooden ladders, that led from one shelf of rock to another; or a boy sent by Captain Sampy on some errand to the nearest village. It was a fresh, wild winter morning, with a ruffling south-west wind, that drove the sea in rough, strong, and

foaming. Out at sea one boat alone was trying in vain to pass the headland of Endellion, in a clumsy, sluggish, "Cousin Jacky" way, that provoked Bradbrain's indignation.

All at once there came a gloved hand on his horse's neck, and looking round he saw to his surprise Mr. Mordred standing beside him.

"Why, you infernal old mole, how soft you came—how you glide about! I never heard you behind me. Well, what's your little game?—what have you come for?"

"I've come to see Sampy—he keeps writing and worrying me about money, when there's none due to the man. The mine hasn't been doing well this last week; I'm afraid we're getting to an elvan. I want to make Tolpedden sell us that other old working up there to the left, and then make a cross cut to join the two."

"And how's old Miss Peard this morning?—yield to treatment?—how's chest?"

"She's going home fast, I fear—cough harder—pulse feeble. I've been reading to her Isaiah xxiv., verse 10 to the end.

"Well, the sooner the old cat goes the better—I don't see any good she is; and then young Davis'll get the legacy he's worked so hard for."

"She is but indifferently prepared."

"That's her look-out. She has been seventy-five years getting ready. Do you remember how she slanged me for letting Gip kill her cat? I'd like to give her a little prussic—that would do her

business for her, and help Nature in her excellent intention of removing the old carrion !”

“Fie ! fie ! Bradbrain !”

“Oh ! there’s no cant about me, so I tell you—I speak the truth about people. She’s not my patient—I hate the old devil.”

“By-the-bye, I saw the lieutenant this morning—he came in for some sal-volatile for his wife. He says young Tolpedden, your old chum, is hard at work and doing well.”

“My old chum ?—I like that !—the young coxcomb !—he wants his comb cut, and I’ll do it for him, if he crosses me again ! Don’t you believe his brag. Lucas writes me that he called on him and found him sweating at a beggarly low printing-office—I owe that fellow one——”

“Still unconverted,” said Mordred, with a groan and cough. “Why all this envy, hatred, and uncharitableness ?—take things quieter—this life is but a dream—we are all pilgrims.”

“Oh ! don’t practise your religious speeches on me,” said Bradbrain, slapping his gloves against the pommel of his saddle ; “keep them for the county paper, I don’t want ’em—they’re quite out of my way. You can hate, old boy, and bite, too, as well as any of us. I remember old Pollock’s apoplexy—old Kill-’em-again—so don’t humbug me with your penitential psalms.”

Mordred did not retort, but his face grew graver and more livid as he turned the conversation.

"I sometimes deeply regret, Bradbrain," he said, "that in an old mine like ours the men have so far to climb, one thousand feet at least, with fifteen pounds of tools on their back, and after six hours' work. Sir Charles Lemon, at our Philanthropic Meeting on Tuesday, attributed much chest disease to this—four of our men came to me last week, as you know, for pleuritic and pulmonic stitches. We must see about a man-engine."

"Yes, cost two thousand shiners," said Bradbrain, with a contemptuous stare; "like to see you at it—not if I know it, old boy. Suppose they do get phthisis, let them come to us about it—I'll patch them up, if you cant. The beggars, what would they do in the winzes at the Consolidated at Redruth?—why, the lowest level there is three hundred fathoms."

"Nothing seems to touch your heart," said Mordred regretfully, "and yet you venture to call me hard."

"And so you are, a regular old mill-stone! You rile me by putting on all these religious airs, when you know you care no more for the poor devils sweltering down there to fill your pockets than I do about the pilchards strewn on a field. Perhaps you'd like the mine lit with gas, and sofas sent down for the men. My gracious! you should see the Indians in the South American places. Why, in the Emerald Mines I was telling you about, before Rundell and Bridges took them, they used up an Indian in three years."

“Were you long at the mines?”

“Two years. I saved one man’s life. Did I ever tell you about that?”

“Not that I remember.”

“There was a fellow had got his arm torn by a wheel, and a brute of a Spaniard—a fellow I wouldn’t have trusted to cure a pig—insisted on taking it off. I was away, but they sent for me. I looked, and found I could save all but three fingers. ‘Get away,’ I said, ‘you duffer! He’s my Indian—he’s not your Indian. He shan’t have his arm off; and if you insist on it, Don Cuchillo, I’ll fight you for it.’ So the fellow caved in, and I saved the dog’s arm.”

“You’ll stay and see Sampy with me?”

“No, can’t—can’t, upon my life. Promised to be at the Tolpeddens’ to lunch. Blow up Sampy yourself; pigeon him out of his share in your own way, and comfort him with appropriate texts. I’ll leave it all to you—you are too deep for me.”

“And you’re much too wild for me,” said Mordred gravely, slowly turning and looking Bradbrain full in the face. Bradbrain’s eyes lowered before Mordred’s. “You imperil our position, I tell you. Once more, I’ll not have it. You know the hold I have over you, and I mean to keep it. Take care—take care, Bradbrain, how far you carry matters at Tolpedden, or you’ll meet your match. The thing is talked about; I tell you the Tregellases are suspicious, and the thing is talked about. You’ll get into a scrape,

mark my words. You're on the broad way. You're sowing the wind; take care you don't reap the whirlwind, that's all I say."

"My affairs are nothing to you," retorted Bradbrain, fiercely; "if I like to go to the Tolpeddens' ten times a day, what's that to you? I don't interfere with your mining tricks and land swindles, and getting capital out of canting meetings. You leave me alone; we are of use to each other in our own way, but we hunt different game."

"Now don't adopt that strain," replied the more pacific partner. "We must go on in this matter hand-in-hand. It is for our mutual interest. Trust to me, this is a glorious enterprise—you know I am never sanguine."

"Now I can go in harness with you, when you try the soft tack; only leave me alone, and I'll give you *carte blanche* with Sampy."

"Now you are more reasonable," said Mordred. "You must stop this fellow's complaints, and at once. We'll go, then, now, and see the forenoon core (gang) come up to grass, for Sampy will be there, and we can talk the matter over. It is better than his coming to us; no one can hear us here. I wish we had that old working over there to the left; it would make the thing so complete, wouldn't it, and it would secure us from all chance of the lode being cut off."

"'Pon my soul, old fellow," said Bradbrain, with more detestable insolence than usual, "look here. I think you're regularly bitten with this

scheme. You'll be breaking all our gallipots some day, and turning captain of the Wheal Squiddler yourself. Suppose—now, just suppose—the metal tailed off all at once—a nice hole we should be in, then, with all that bank money to make up. Did that ever strike you? I never took you before for a sanguine man. That used to be your *moindre défaut*."

"Impossible. Providence has been good to this favoured spot. The lode is a champion lode, and must run for miles, so the men tell me. 'Tis a great trunk of metal, with endless radiations, permeating right under the sea. We shall coin money. There may be faults, heaves, and small elvans; but the lode is traceable by the broil over our heads. That sort of gossan never played false."

Bradbrain paused, pulled up his horse, and looked hard into his partner's livid face.

"And wouldn't you devilish well like to get me out of the way, and have all the pickings to yourself. Only, you see, I am too strong for you, and know rather too many unpleasant secrets."

Mordred was calm and conciliatory.

"Now, don't you be foolishly suspicious, Bradbrain; you and I have been always true to each other, and cannot work well alone. I, too, have my secrets, but they'll remain secrets, that also you know. We have tried each other before now."

By this time the two men had reached the entrance of the Wheal Fortune Mine—an open-

ing in a high ledge of the cliff, reached by a broad road, hastily made out of the refuse from the mine, at some distance from the pumping-engine, but close to a temporary hut, used by the captain and agent as a counting-house, and within sound of the stamping-mill.

On reaching this shed, the boards of which were still raw from the saw-mill, and not yet discoloured by the weather, Bradbrain threw himself from his horse, and beat at the door with the butt-end of his whip.

The old woman whom we have already seen at old Roby's death-bed showed her head at an upper window.

"Is Sampy in?"

"Naw; but he's coming to grass in a few menets, when the forenoon core come up; yes, he es."

Bradbrain tied his horse to a ring at the door, and lit a cigar with that insolent *nonchalance* that at times gave an air of swell-mob finery to his manner, then buttoned his cut-away "horsey" coat with a sort of spiteful assumption, as he leaned against his nag, with his face to the entrance of the mine; while Mordred took out his pocket-book and made a few calculations on a call-paper, which required the eager shareholders to pay up five pounds per share by the 31st instant.

"I don't like Sampy's style in the last report a bit," said Bradbrain, drawing a circular from his pocket, and reading it with marked contempt.

“Not coloured enough to bird-line the gulls. ‘Two fathoms worked in the grit and stone. When the level shall be driven fourteen fathoms further, we shall have a roof one hundred and sixty yards above the cross course.’ Stuff! He ought to pitch into them the sort of ore that promises, the colour of the gossan, the dip the metal takes here and at the Bottalac, the fineness of the specimens to be seen at the agent’s, and so on. Give it ’em strong—no humbugging, doubt, or perhapsing—certainty, that’s what speculators like.”

“We must be truthful.”

“Oh! yes, of course, that’s our way,” said Bradbrain, sneeringly. “But here they come.”

There was a sound of voices, and the next moment there emerged from the darkness four or five tired men, in stained orange-coloured linen, and flannel jackets, with bits of candle flaring and guttering in front of their hats, and carrying bundles of gads and boring tools on their backs. One or two, worn out with climbing the ladders, threw themselves on the ground for a moment to recover themselves. Sampy was at the head of them, and blew out his candle as he came familiarly up to his partners to shake hands.

He was smeared with ochrous rust and mire, and splashed with the muddy water of the passages. His round hat was stiffened with clay, and his hands were greasy and black with powder.

Bradbrain drew back and laughed.

“No, not if I know it, Sampy,” he said. “Wash

your mawlies first, man ; they ain't fit for a gentleman to touch just now."

Mordred shook hands with a relaxing, flabby touch, as a penance, and then wiped the one finger that he used carefully with his white handkerchief.

"What's underlying this morning, Sandoe?" he said.

Sampy drew him away from the men, and nodded at the hut, to which they walked together. Once there, and the door shut, he replied, as he put chairs for his two visitors,

"The portion of Holy Scriptur as came this morning when I tried the lots, et was thes blessed one from Hisayah, 'Say ye to the righteous it shall be well with hem, for he shall eat the fruit of hes doings.' Zackly so, my dear, so 'twas, and aunt 'll tell you so—warn't et, aunt? Oh! I forgot, she's deaf as a bumbledore that side."

"Oh! no cant. What's the luck, Sampy, to-day?" asked Bradbrain, rolling his cigar in one corner of his mouth as he spoke.

"It's not the perfect day with us yet, Mister Bradbrain; but we know what is often behind a frowning Providence. There is a small fault, and it turns all the tools, and won't yield an inch in two days. I could have brought up in one hand all that core you saw has done since six this morning. It's a hard dispensation, for there's a wall of ore behind it; and, once on it, we're on it full butt, for the surface metal is all but gone now. Oh!

it's well not to be too proud, so soon we are brought down, and it's hid from us."

"Hang it, that won't work," said Bradbrain, starting up. "I always notice, Mordred, the less ore there is, the more scriptural Sampy gets. Oh! he's full of faith, is that child, and that, at all events, looks well, for he's in with us, and he can't lick his fingers if our dish is empty. This child's off now. Tat-ta! Push the work on fast, Sampy, and stuff your reports with promises. Tin is what I want, lots of it—go it, you beggar!"

Bradbrain slammed the door, leaped on his horse, and dashed up the path leading to the high road at a furious pace. The moment he was gone Sampy drew his chair close to the table, took off his hat, bent over, looked full in Mordred's face, said nothing, but made a gesture expressive of paying money from one hand into the other.

"What's the meaning of that foolery, Sampy? This is a bad business, this fault. We are not in a position to spend much money without a good return. At present there have been no profits, and now there's more outgoing."

"No profits? Only just hear that! Why, there's been three hundred pounds worth of ore, to my sartin knowledge, and good ore, too. Oh! Mr. Mordred, there is a foundation of rock, and one of sand, choose—choose the right one, my dear, or it'll be bad for you!"

"Nonsense! Three hundred pounds of ore! Yes, when it's sold. But it's got to go to Swan-

sea first; and this fault now will swallow up all the little profit there is. Oh! it's anxious work. I wish I'd never ventured. Bradbrain warned me, but I would trust you."

This was all the banker's cunning. He was only warding off Sampy's impending attack, by affected distrust.

"This is hard to bear—this is indeed a dispensation," said Sampy, putting his two hands together, finger to finger; "there's a want of faith about it—you ask the men what they think of the stuff sealed up in that mine—why, we hear the knockers; every night chor hears the knockers."

"Stuff about the knockers—they may knock behind half a mile of granite, may not they?"

Sampy groaned.

"Then there was £362 for the engine and metal work, and one hundred for advertising and preliminary expenses. Nice margin it leaves, Sampy. If this fault lasts long, where your profits will come from I don't quite see. They were not to begin, remember, till the first outlay had been returned. Where's the dividend to come from?—and if the shareholders don't increase, who's to pay for the working? Tell me that, Mr. Sandoe—be reasonable."

"I remember the agreement, my dear," said Sampy; "I've reason to remember it. The first expenses were limited to £300—I know what the old engine cost, I remember, too, the fifty-fifth psalm, and what is said about the deceitful man; but I made the rod for my own back. Mr.

Mordred, you've been and lifted up the heel against me—you forget that I was the instrument in this providence—you forget that I was the instrument, and you've broken the covenant; but I don't—I don't—no, Hallelooliah, I don't."

"I have not forgotten—there's been nothing to share, but false hopes, heavy expenses, and vast annoyances."

"You'll remember it," said Sampy, bitterly, "when the Lord purges your dross, my dear, and takes away your tin. The time may come when you'll remember better—maybe, too, when you're in deep waters—that's the time for wakening up the memory."

"This is a threat!" said Mordred, angrily, as he rose from his chair; "you've had your wages, and you know it."

"Wages?—yes, thirty shillings for supervision, day and night—thirty shillings for a working partner—es that just?—pratty, esn't it? Will that weigh in the balances?—that's what I ask. Well, you'll pay for et, so I warn you, Mr. Mordred. You're more subtle than the serpent; but the Lord's given me a sort of wesdom too. Aunt, bring the dinner. I'll recompense you, Mr. Mordred, though I am now but as a partridge upon the mountains."

"I've broken no covenant—angels and men may see all I've done, Mr. Sandoe. I try to be just to all men."

"Aunt, I tell you bring dinner. Woe unto them

that call evil good, and good evil—that put darkness for light, and light for darkness!”

Mr. Mordred was dumb with astonishment. Could he believe his ears? What, a poor, itinerant preacher, a low cheat, who lived by tricks with a divining rod, that might or might not be aided by natural phenomena, dare to defy a rich banker, without whose money and influence the Wheal Fortune was a mere rabbit-hole in the cliffs, and of no more value than the nest of a sand-martin? Did he hope to extort money from him by fears or threats? Fool! he did not know his man! People like Sampy always affected a secret power, but he was not to be made a dupe.

“If you made a bad bargain, Sandoe,” said Mordred, as the old woman entered, and put a hunch of yellow bacon on the table, and by its side a wet swab of unsavoury greens, “it is not my fault—your secret was worth the reward I offered, and no more. Very few men of respectability would have trusted you at all, still fewer would have known how to get possession of the land as I did. You had the secret, and I had the earth—apart, each was useless, together, we get the crop. But if you thought I was going to give you a third, and pay for all the outfit myself, when I had all the risk, you were never so mistaken, and so let me tell you. If I had taken Mr. Bradbrain’s advice, you would have been hawking your secret about now to cheats like Fox and Mason, and much you’d have got then, my man.”

All the time Mordred harangued and argued, still wishing in some degree to avoid a collision that might lead to scandal, Sampy was devouring his meal in sullen silence, and with nervous and angry haste. Suddenly he threw down his knife and fork, pushed back his chair, and rose. Striding to the mantelpiece, he clutched a black oily stump of a pipe, jammed some coarse tobacco into it, thrust it into the fire to light it, and puffed furiously for some minutes in perfect silence.

"Now, don't you begin to see you're in the wrong, Sampy, breaking out like this?—exercise a Christian and becoming patience, Sandoe," continued Mordred. "Those who win the crown have first to bear the cross."

It was one of the hateful peculiarities of this man thus to pervert passages of the bible.

Then, at last, Sampy insolently withdrew from his mouth his pipe, which had served as a sort of slow match to the hidden mine. At last the boughs fell, and the masked battery opened its fire, much to the horror and alarm of the deaf old woman, who stood at the fire holding a pot-lid in her hand, and looking over her shoulder at the inexplicable quarrel.

"Look here, Mr. Mordred, tes like this," said Sampy; "I've run down the game for you, and now you beat me off it as if I was a dog, who was to be sent back hungry to his kennel. I was to be a partner, and I hold myself one. I'm your equal now, and I'll have my money. Take care, Mr. Mordred, for I can smite this new fortune of yours

with barrenness, and make you repent what you've done to me till the last day of your life. Take care, you've begun bad, but don't cheat me out of my third. Whatever I lose I'll proclaim on the house-top, if I go all the way to Port Cornwall, I tell you. I have been in the house of bondage, and have drunk the gall of bitterness ; but I warn you that there is gall in store for you, and lots of it, in that house of Pharaoh, and in the prison I occupied. I was bad to those Tolpeddens, and the stars fight agin me now for it."

"You're in a nasty and most ungrateful mood, Sampy, and I fear have been setting a bad example, drinking down in the levels. You forget the difference of our positions, you altogether overrate the value of this mine. Your third is not refused, it will be yours when our expenses are paid ; if that payment is delayed, that is your misfortune, not my fault. At all events you get your wages as captain, and I get nothing, not a doit, only vexation, anxiety, abuse, and slander. Directly the metal ceases, then I begin to be tormented by the shareholders. Is this a time for you to turn on me? Gracious Heavens! is not their interest and your interest my interest? Be charitable, for charity covereth a multitude of sins! Good day."

Sampy turned to the fire ; he made no reply, as Mordred left the hut, but remained nose and knees over the fire. Then all at once he dashed down his chair and ran to the door. Mordred was

already disappearing round the corner of the valley-path.

“Take care!—take care! old Mr. Faceboth-ways!” he cried, shaking his fist after the banker. “Take care, Barabbas! take care, Ananias! or I’ll peel you as one does an onion, and make you burst your heart with vexation. Hallelooliah! Amen!”

CHAPTER II.

THE PRINTING-OFFICE.

ARTHUR’S work at the printing-office was not very attractive to an ambitious man. In long, patient toil at ransacking country papers, in midnights spent in correcting tedious proofs, in hours devoted to condensing inquests and penny-a-liners’ vapid narratives of London tragedies, six weeks had now passed, only rendered tolerable by the hopes of hearing from Lucy, and moments stolen to read Froissart, Clarendon, or Shelley, much to the vexation of Mr. Davis, a fat, stolid, pompous, and blunder-headed old printer, who had not one idea beyond his business.

The partner, Blizard, was a tall, wiry, vulgar, long-nosed man, with a cunning, Mephistophelian face, and who despised and governed Davis, and had some secret monetary hold over him, although nominally only the holder of a third share in the Chandos Street office. He was very jealous of

Tolpedden, and he and his creature, a little squab red-haired reporter, named Hudson, devoted themselves to thwarting him in every possible way. They sent him out to meetings where the work was hard, prevented him writing leaders, and suppressed what he wrote. All the resources of mean and petty natures were exhausted to malign and snub him, and disgust him with the work. They urged him to practise setting up type, because they knew the compositors would then regard him with hatred and suspicion. They forced him to practise shorthand reporting, that most difficult art, at times when he wished to be reading. They misrepresented him, they invented detracting stories of Davis, which they told that gentleman were Arthur's. In fact, they made his life miserable, and yet he dared not throw up the work, for fear of disgusting Mr. Hookem. So Greatheart bore it as brave men bear such miseries, sometimes wishing that they could, in preference, throw themselves among hewing swords. The tyrant of Bokhara had one torture more terrible than the rest. He stripped some of his victims, and threw them into pits full of hungry vermin, and there let them perish piecemeal. Misfortune had thrown Arthur into such a pit.

One of Blizard's most subtle tricks to discredit Arthur with Davis, was to try and make him appear utterly useless. This Arthur resisted with all the generous, frank impetuosity of his nature, dashing at proof-reading, practising composing,

arranging copy, and writing whatever might be required.

He was one night busy preparing for the last edition; up to his knees in newspapers that his active scissors had reduced to ribbons, while long slips, barred with extracts, lay before him. The apprentices were every moment running in for copy. Now and then down the pipe came the voice of the foreman, entreating half a column more.

Arthur had just sat down to the desk to write a short leader on the latest news of the American War, when Davis entered, church-warden-pipe in hand.

"What are you doing, Tolpedden?" he asked pompously.

"A short leader about America."

"Oh! done your country pars (paragraphs)?"

"Yes, sir. Waiting for Shee; he'll be down directly."

Davis had a fussy way of puffing at his pipe. He poured out a tumbler of muddy ale from a jug not unfrequently seen on the mantel-piece and drank a deep draught.

"In my young days," he said, "young men in offices were not waited on by apprentices. We'd no upstarts then. None of your coxcombical airs, and your nonsense. I shall write that leader, sir, and spare you the trouble."

"As you like, sir, but I did not come here to learn the work of an errand boy," said Arthur,

proudly. "I should not have begun the leader, but that time ran short, and the men wanted copy."

"I never write so well, sir, as when I'm hurried," said the illustrious editor, pipe in mouth, as he sat down grandly, to write a crambo of distorted paragraphs, varied from a leader in the *Trimmer*, and bolstered out with carnying quotations from "our illustrious contemporary," which ensured some trivial recognition twice a year from the *Trimmer*. Poor, ignorant, conceited fool! He had no opinions, so choked up was he with the thoughts of the logic-choppers and time-servers of the day.

In ten minutes the editor looked round, and handed Arthur a slip of MS.

"Give that to Johnson," he said roughly, "and tell him to put it in leaded brevier."

The man hated Arthur, because he was a gentleman of education and spirit; and he despised him, because he was incapable of retaliation.

At that moment a boy in a dirty apron appeared at the door, and asked for copy.

Arthur handed the slip to the boy.

Davis frowned, and puffed at his pipe; then got up, and looked at the copy Arthur had arranged for his inspection.

"Pasted too far apart," he said; "and too much of it. Every paragraph should be re-written; there must be no idleness here. I don't pay for idleness. We keep cats to catch mice. Done that Tower Hamlet meeting? Blizard says it's at least twice too long. Personal feeling, I suppose, in the matter?"

"It was my interest to curtail it, sir."

"Don't let's bandy words—don't you see I'm busy? Why don't you go up and help Mr. Blizzard?"

"For two reasons, Mr. Davis," replied Arthur; "in the first place, Mr. Blizzard prefers Hudson. In the second place, I shall be wanted up-stairs before they make up."

"Won't it interfere with your more pleasant reading?" said the editor, turning round pen in hand, and pipe in mouth. "I should be sorry, sir, to interfere with your studies."

Arthur flew out; everyone has his boiling-over point, and the stupid, vulgar malice of this blind leader of the blind was intolerable.

"Mr. Davis," he said, "I work hard here, and never spend a moment in reading to the neglect of office work; but I will not pretend to be at work when there is none to do. I never keep a revise waiting, and the men never stand still for copy on my account."

Davis's silence proved that he remained unconvinced, for, like most fools, he was as obstinate as a mule. He did not like Tolpedden, indeed, even a man of sense could scarcely have resisted the poisonous slanders of Blizzard; but Arthur was too valuable to lose.

"You seem to have a prejudice against me," Arthur continued, "so I had better leave the office—and to-night."

"No, sir—no. I have no such prejudice; but I

hear that you calumniate me, sir, behind my back."

Davis said this boldly and blusteringly.

"He lies whoever spread such a report of me," said Arthur. "I have never mentioned your name, Mr. Davis, detractingly to anyone. Who told you?"

"Never mind; I was told," said Davis, turning his back on Tolpedden, sullenly; and having now taken beer enough to bring himself down to the level of the readers of the *Horncastle Intelligencer*, he settled to his writing.

"Fool," muttered Arthur, as he went upstairs—"obstinate idiot! without feeling, judgment, or imagination; how can one reach him by common-sense arguments? A mean shuffler himself, he distrusts everyone, he does not know there is either generosity or candour in the world, and so deduces everything from the lowest motives. I cannot stand this much longer; perhaps in time I should even become like these men."

Tapping at the door of Blizard's room, in the next story, Arthur entered; there was Blizard at his desk, a tin box of snuff by his side, as he sat under the glare of a gas lamp, looking over a bundle of long slips of thin paper, that rustled in the draught of the opening door. Files of advertisements, slashed papers, and books of reference strewed the table. Opposite Blizard sat the little, mean, red-haired reporter, a malicious smile on his dissipated, pale, sordid face—he was reading copy,

and a bundle of auctioneers' advertisements lay on his lap.

"Can I help you men?" said Arthur, in his frank, good-natured way.

"No, thank you," said Hudson, "we are just through."

"You and the governor have a nice time of it," said Blizard, raising his Mephistophelian eyebrows; "a very nice time of it."

"Yes, they have a nice time of it," chimed in the toady, insolently, and reading on; "also three messuages as dwelling-houses in the High Street, namely, one, four——"

"I've been working hard ever since six o'clock," said Arthur. "Mr. Hudson, I think you might stop reading while I'm speaking to Mr. Blizard—they wanted four columns more copy at half-past seven."

"More copy?" sneered Hudson; "only think of that!"

"Why, there's enough for two papers," said Blizard; "the old story—half of it wasted—won't keep—have to be distributed. I say, young gentleman, do you want an order for the Adelphi?—if you do, Hudson has got one to spare."

"Thank you, Blizard," said Arthur, rather coldly; "I always prefer paying. It is insipid going to a theatre without paying; besides, I dislike obligations; and people with orders are often thrust into bad places, and snubbed by box-keepers. You and Hudson go together."

"Just hear him. Couldn't you see at a glance, Hudson, he was a bit of a swell?"

"Orders are Heaven's first law—and this confessed,
Free boxes are far better than the rest.'"

"I'll run upstairs," said Arthur, "to hurry the last proofs, and see how the imposing is getting on."

A shout of derisive laughter from Blizard and Hudson followed him upstairs.

"I shall have a row soon with those fellows," thought Arthur; "they are getting impertinent," and he clenched his fist in a way ominous of injury to Mr. Blizard's ugly frontispiece.

When Tolpedden pushed open the heavy swing door of the composing-room, he came upon a glare of light, and a hot and oppressive atmosphere. There was a great bustle and noise, for the men were just locking up the first sheets, that lay in their square iron frames, on the great stone table, ready for the machine. Thirty compositors, standing at their cases, were plying their nimble fingers. The boys were running about with "furniture" and copy, or were pulling proofs at the great hand-press that stood in one corner. In one corner the foreman and one of the apprentices were reading proofs at a desk in a low mumbling voice, occasionally dashed with complaints of Blizard's handwriting, or of the boy's carelessness.

A printing-office is a quaint place, full of old Caxtonian customs. That stone block is the

“chapel,” where the men meet to discuss grievances, to fix fines, and to receive the entrance-fees of new comers; a black and smudged proof is still “a friar” there, and a colourless one a “nun.”

Arthur took up a composing-stick, and began to practise composing, for he already knew in which compartment of the cases to find particular letters, and the quickness of ranging them depends merely on habit and lightness of touch.

“Don’t move your hand round, sir, as if you were reaping,” said the man next him, a shrewd, pale young fellow; “it wastes time. You can’t move the hand too straight to the letter and back.”

“Get out of that, Joe,” said a burly compositor, under breath, on the other side; “Mr. Tolpedden isn’t going to get his salt that way—what does it matter how he does it?—if he amuses himself. I only wish we were going to change berths—him and me, that’s all.”

Now one by one the men finished their work, turned out their gas, and sat down under their cases to eat their suppers and chat, till the columns were ready for the corrector’s bodkins.

Then the rattle of furniture and quoins, and the noise of mallets and locking-up increased; soon there came the ring of the steel driving tools upon “the stone;” and above all the cries, directions, and chidings of the foreman, as if a captain in a storm. Then the rinse of lye-water and the brushing of the surface of the type. It was like

the incantation scene, when *Zamiel* is about to appear in a sudden flare of flame.

Now a trap-door in the floor was opened, the pulleys creaked, and the ropes rumbled as the great iron frames of type were lowered solemnly and carefully to the machine-room on the basement.

Then all over the house the boys began to shout and sing, so that the place became like a wood in spring-time. The doors slammed, and laughing men raced up and down stairs.

Presently the engine began to pulsate, and the house vibrated from cellar to garret with the struggles of that mighty and untiring workman. Out, fast, fast, rolled the wet sheets from the cylinders, on thundered the wheels! Davis, Blizzard, and Johnson were gone half an hour ago. It was one o'clock. Arthur was now free.

Sadly, slowly, he made his way up St. Martin's Lane into Oxford Street, and up Tottenham Court Road, home, towards Keppel Street. The mews was now silent—few windows showed any light. Suddenly he looked up at No. 117, and to his astonishment his own windows were lit up. Could it be his father, or the dear old lieutenant? He should see them; he should hear news of Lucy. Love is selfish; perhaps the last thought came first.

On he ran. In a moment he was on the steps, and thrusting a latch-key into the door. Then, without waiting to strike a light, he darted up-

stairs in the dark. He flung open the door—a black wide-awake lay on the table. Some one was seated at the expiring fire, half asleep. The man leaped up, and turned his face; it was Trevena.

“Trevena, how are you?”

“Arthur, my dear boy, I’m so glad to see you!”

“Welcome to my palace! We’ll toss you up a bed on the sofa. Had supper?”

“The woman got me tea, thank you. Well, how are you? Why, from what I heard of your letters, and your getting on in your career of journalism, I expected to find you at Apsley House, the ‘Albany,’ or some such tremendous place, at least.”

Arthur sighed in spite of himself.

“Trevena,” he said, “I sacrificed the truth a little, to cheer them up at home. I know it was wrong; but I described the future rather than the present. My work is poor mechanical drudgery, and I don’t like the people. It’s dark with me now, my goal seems far off—very far off. I just get a living, that’s all. But how are they all at the old place?—come, sit down, and we’ll cook up the fire.”

“They are all well, and send best love,” said Trevena, seating himself. “That rascal’s mine seems dwindling to nothing, and yet my sister won’t let me sell; so I’ve come to town to sell a book of sermons, and to dispose of some

MSS., to raise money for the calls. I've brought you letters, Arthur ; here they are."

Arthur took them with eagerness. They were from his father and aunt.

The first letter contained the following passages:—

"We are all delighted to hear that you have obtained such a hold over journalism, and got a warm berth near the central fire. In time Hook-em will see your value, and enlist you for the *Forge*. Avoid the *Trimmer*, because it is shifting and unprincipled. Let no temptation induce you to turn hireling, and sell your intellect for party purposes. Go on as you have begun—spend less than you earn—do your best, you must then soon reach independence, and that brings power. We have much reduced our expenses, and Liddy now does the cooking. Dear old creature ! she cried when she knew I was writing to you. Handsome Thomas I discharged, but he has taken rooms in the village, and declares he means to wait till our fortune turns. The lieutenant does all our gardening, Walker comes only three times a week to help. Mordred's mine is falling off, and there are great complaints of misrepresentation. People say it is some trick of his and Sampy Sandoe's. Sampy is his captain. I have still hopes of my alchemy ; but have had to put it by and study accounts lately. I am sorry to tell you, and you will be sorry to hear, that the Tregellases have absurdly taken offence at some-

thing or other, and have ceased to call. I have neither said nor done anything, so I shall not be the first to make friends. I dislike fickle and touchy people; and though I value Tregellas as a friend, and especially like your favourite Lucy, I shall certainly make no concession in this case. Have you lost your heart yet to any blue-stocking at any of your literary parties?"

The news fell like a thunderbolt on Arthur. This, then, accounted for Lucy's silence.

Mrs. Tolpedden's letter, after much prattle about the children, and about Mr. Bradbrain's attention to Ned's health, went on thus :

"We have never seen Lucy but once since you left. It is *most* extraordinary. She came the day after you started, and told me she should bring a letter to be enclosed for you the next day. I never saw her prettier or more tender and amiable. She kissed the cloth of gold crocuses you planted, and which will now soon flower. She has never been since. They pass us out driving, and just bow coldly. Only think of that! Milly says that they accuse us of spreading some report about them; and Mr. Bradbrain promises to ferret the matter out. I detest that stuck-up Mrs. Tregellas. They say she is going to send Lucy to Devonshire directly, and throw her in the way of the Boscawens. No doubt Lily has promised not to write to you. Some one must have been telling wicked, wicked stories about us. God forgive them! Jack and Ned send their loves. Kate

sends a thousand kisses, Bobby claps her hands, and sends kisses too.

“I remain, dear Arthur,

“Your ever affectionate aunt,

“MARY TOLPEDDEN.

“P.S.—I am so glad Mr. Trevena is going to see you. We had no time to make up a hamper. He is such a dear odd creature, *so* amiable and unselfish, that it's meat and drink to him to do good. Uncle, of course, sends his love.”

Trevena's impromptu bed on the sofa was soon made up.

That night Arthur had no sleep. The bad news tormented him, and his bed became a nest of scorpions.

CHAPTER III.

ANOTHER MOVE ON THE CHESS-BOARD.

EVER since the metal had begun to run short in the Wheal Fortune, one idea, and one idea only, had been agitating the banker's busy brain. He had planned to repeat his old stratagem, and by threats of a second Chancery suit, to force Mr. Tolpedden to surrender to the Corporation (which meant to him) the rest of the Endellion cliff fields, in order to try and intercept the missing lode, either above or below.

Hard, greedy, and cruel, it gave this man pleasure to torment and rack an enemy. With his usual impious ejaculations, as of a man in the confidence of Heaven, Mordred thanked Divine Providence for having so planned it that it should be his enemy from whom he could thus obtain wealth by subtlety, and whom it thus became his duty to vex and to harm. "We hate those we have injured," says Tacitus; we hate them because we fear their retaliation, and we try to justify our conduct by our hatred.

The Wheal Fortune had been stopped for a week, in order to admit of a fresh geological survey, which nobody, however, now thought would lead to any great result. The elvan had unexpectedly proved of great length and thickness, and so expensive to pierce, that the "'tributers" had given up their work in disgust, Sampy alone continuing his labour for a day or two in the beguiling mine.

From the shareholders there went up one unanimous outcry of vexation and despair. Many farmers, crippled by their losses, like half-ruined gamblers, had hoped to retrieve their defeats by one last desperate throw. Vague rumours were afloat—some said Mr. Mordred had known there was only a strip or two of copper left in the mine; others declared that he had been taken in by one Sampy, a low cheat, who went about the country with a divining rod. A few sanguine persons, who respected Mordred as a professedly religious man, still clung to the hopes of a great dis-

covery to be made in the rear of the elvan. "How many Cornish mines," said Mr. Penrose, "the chief of them, too, had turned out well on the very eve of their abandonment!"

The mine had ceased working about the end of March, 1863. One morning, early in April, Mr. Mordred seized his gloves and hat and sallied forth gravely and decorously, an hour earlier than usual, on his professional rounds.

"Crikey!" said Bradbrain's boy, who was watching his elder master from a hole in the stable door, "how early the governor's out—why, I ain't cleaned the knives yet, and there's the vegetables to get in. He and master 'as been having a row again, I daresay—oh! don't they have jolly rows too!"

Bradbrain, also, saw him over the surgery wire blinds.

"Blast him!" he muttered; "he better take care if he interferes between me and little Polly. He's after some mischief now, I'll bet—doesn't the old dodger look exactly like a weasel after a wounded rabbit? Oh! wouldn't he like to make cold meat of me, if he wasn't afraid. I always know him, when he reads prayers louder and longer than usual, coughs, shams Abraham, talks of his bad symptoms, gives me advice, curse him, and complains of pains in his heart; he's bent on getting more land out of the Tolpeddens, and I shan't stop him, for a more devilish, wide-awake, chiselling, crafty old card I never met with even

at the *montè* tables in Lima, and that's saying a good deal."

"Here, you young blackguard," he said, as he stood at the door of the stable and called the boy, "take this," he handed to him a little yellow note, "put it in the usual place, bring anything you find there; and take care you ain't seen, if you are I'll scalp you."

"Ain't half done the knives, sir? and cook—" whimpered the boy.

"You do as I tell you, or I'll go and get my hunting crop," was the only reply; and Bradbrain strode away to prepare some almond emulsion, and half a dozen draughts.

In the meantime his partner, cautious as Satan reconnoitering Eden, had made his way straight to the village post-office, bent on no good, we may be well sure.

At the turn of the road by the church, a pony carriage passed him in the direction of Bodmin. There were two ladies in it, a gentleman driving, and several laughing children. It was the Tregellasses—Lucy looked pale and sad; they bowed, Mr. Mordred took off his hat as they passed.

"Off to Devonshire," said Mr. Mordred to himself; "they've quarrelled with the Tolpeddens, and they say Tregellas teases the girl to marry that ass of a young Boscawen—he's of a county family, and very rich, which is more than our friend young Mr. Tolpedden is—for they say he is turned common printer, somewhere in London—all that

talk about literature never leads to much good.

The post-office looked rather pretty, for the crocuses were out in a golden flush in the little garden in front, and the sunshine fell slanting across the open, half-hatch door, on the packets of Isle of Man starch, Horneyman's tea, crimson comforters, mouse-traps, "and other sweetmeats," in the lattice window, where the post-office announcements were.

There was no one in the shop, but a blackbird was singing in its cage, hung among pendent jugs and candles, and a tabby cat purred on the counter close to the scales. Mr. Mordred was in no hurry, so he took a chair and waited, amusing himself with a theoretical game of bowls with two or three stray parched peas that were on the counter, much to the delight of a kitten, that chased and gambolled round the chair on which Mr. Mordred sat, his eyes intently fixed on the back-parlour, and on some ledgers that lay open on the table.

It seemed a strange freak in a grave, elderly man, to give way to a fit of momentary curiosity; yet so it was, that all at once Mordred rose on tip-toe, and stepped nimbly to the half-open glass-door of the back-parlour. At that moment there came a brisk step down the stairs, and he retreated with guilty haste.

It was Mrs. Davis, who, curtsying, and half-pleased, half-surprised, betook herself to her place of vantage behind the counter, and proceeded to weigh out salt butter from a greasy cask.

Mr. Mordred took off his black woollen gloves as the signal of a quiet chat commencing, and glanced at a Bodmin paper that lay on the counter, for it was Saturday.

"Brighton review, twenty thousand men to and fro in one day—wonderful! We ought to be most thankful, Mrs. Davis, for that volunteer movement. Overruling Providence is discernible, surely, in such signs of the times. Nine men killed at the Botallac! Dear me!—dear me! how thankful we ought to be, Mrs. Davis, that no accident has yet occurred in the Wheal Fortune."

The postmistress was a smiling, clear-complexioned woman, with no more guile than a robin; but she contrived to say, unconsciously, a rather cruel thing.

"The mine isn't working, just now, sir, is it?"

Mordred did not like it.

"No, no," he replied, fussily; "but a survey is making, which we hope will lead to great things for you shareholders."

"So I tell my good man, but he gets down-hearted about it."

"And how is the worthy man? I hope his arm is not worse for leaving off the splints?"

Mr. Davis was an over-social man, and had broken his arm returning from Bodmin Fair.

Mrs. Davis was surprised at the doctor's visit, for her husband had been fully three weeks out of his hands.

"He's nicely, he is, Mr. Mordred, and he's gone in the cart to Tolpedden. There's a sale of farming stock there to-day."

"I called partly to see how he was getting on, partly to ask him about some Scotch roses he promised me."

"Now *do* walk into our little back-parlour—the office John calls it—it is all of a litter. But, aw dear! aw dear!"—here Mrs. Davis made a dart at a pigeon-hole behind her, and pulled out a square, dirty letter, sealed with a thimble—"what a poor head I've got; here's a letter for you, Mr. Mordred, as was forgot in the bag yesterday."

Mr. Mordred took the letter, and following Mrs. Davis into the parlour, opened it, and read it to himself. It ran thus :

"MR. MORDRED,

"The children of this world—Hallelooliah!—are, in their generation, wiser than the children of light! You've taken no warning by what I said. You look on me as a broken vessel. Very well, take care that, when you have not on the wedding garment, I do not become exalted and running over with good things. In two days the warning time expires, and I squench out the beacon as stood on a hill. Zackly so, so et es. The Lord has blinded you as he ded Pharow and all his host. Take care he doesn't take off your wheels, and then you'll drive heavily, as he did at the sea, even

the Read Sea, and the stars fight agin you in their crosses as they did with Sisera.

“Yours in the Lord,

“SAMPSON SANDOE.

“To Mr. Mordred.

“P.S. The last warning ends at noon on Tuesday. Repent all of ye, lest ye be as a broken wall, yea, and as a tottering fence. The Lord is at hand. Watch, lest ye be found sleeping, and do not be called a child of wrath. There is £17. 2s. 4½d. owing to me, mind that, and an honest man would pay it.”

“Stuff! Pshaw!” said the banker, as he tore up the letter, and flung it in a shower over the table. Then he picked up the bits and burnt them.

“And how is the rheumatism, Mrs. Davis?” he said, considerately hoping some customer would arrive to call his patient suddenly away.

“It takes me awful on the hip.”

Just then a child’s scream burst forth in an upper story, and with a hasty apology off dashed the anxious mother.

The door leading to the stairs slammed behind her.

“The very thing—a special providence—a special providence,” said Mordred. “My old luck.”

In an instant he slid towards the ledgers, shut

the top one, looked at the backs of the two others, selected a third, lettered at the margin, and threw it open at the letter T. With the swiftness of habit he ran down the names with his finger. The books were the Income-tax books of the district, Mr. Davis being the collector, and they were made up to the current April. In a moment he found the entry for Tolpedden Parish, and then the place he sought, of which he made a rapid entry in his case book.

"They lost £25,000, then, when the Bank broke," he thought, "and now he has only £4,000 left; he daren't fight me at law, and now I know that he is in my power. You'll have to give up those cliff fields, Mr. Tolpedden, however tight you'll try to hold them. I'll throw the thing into Chancery directly."

Then opening the staircase door, he called to Mrs. Davis—

"Good morning, Mrs. Davis. I must be off on my rounds; continue the liniment. I shall perhaps look in to-morrow, to pay for the ash-leaf kidneys I had in February."

A mile from St. Petrock's Mr. Mordred met Mr. Waverton, whose conversion to Rome rumour now described as inevitable. Poor creature! there he was, taking his constitutional walk, in regulated costume, after regulated diet, at a regulated hour and at a regulated pace. When the wind blew nor'-west, he walked sou'-west, with a respirator, and tacked home at a regulated angle. If the wind

veered to south-west, he walked north-west, and held an umbrella before his mouth.

Waverton detested Mordred as a leader of the dissenting faction, but he also called him in frequently, because Bradbrain laughed at his hypochondriacal fancies, and recommended boating, smoking, grog, hunting, and cricket.

"Pulse very low," said the doctor, as he felt it. "Want bracing. I cannot really allow you to fast more than once a week, and you must not read too much. Try riding."

"So Milly says."

"Well, then, Milly is a sensible girl, and take her advice. Good-bye—don't worry yourself, and mind the quinine."

"That man will turn monk, if his eyes are not soon opened," said Mordred, as he turned to look after his patient.

CHAPTER IV.

TREVENA AND HIS FRIEND.

ON a public day in the last week of March, Arthur Tolpedden, art-student, sat on a small hard wooden stool in one of the long rooms to the left as you enter the great entrance-hall of the British Museum. He held a drawing-board before him, and was busy drawing the well-known bust of Clyte, that priceless gem of the Townley

collection. The work was intended to serve as practice for the specimen drawing that it is necessary to stipple before a young artist can be admitted as probationer to the schools of the Royal Academy. Antique drawing requires intense care, a good eye, a light hand, and some knowledge of anatomy; and Arthur was absorbed in his occupation.

It showed a moral courage not unfitting the Mr. Greatheart of John Bunyan's marvellous allegory, to sit there intent on study, and indifferent to all the chattering sight-seers, the noisy bumpkins, and the inquisitive children, who stared, pointed, jostled, and asked questions from 10 a.m. till dusk.

Fussy mothers of lower middle-class families, over-dressed ladies, not always very refined or considerate of other people's feelings, steered by him their bands of talkative daughters, who lingered to catch the eye of the handsome young artist, as he bent his fine features, now refined by thought and spiritualised by melancholy, over his work. Sometimes enormous farmers, with crimson faces of Brobdingnag, and booted legs, worn out with the marvels of the place, and with brains muddled by some hours of unwonted mental exertion, rested themselves on the pedestals of the nearest statue, and gaped at him for half an hour together; or mustered courage to ask him if it was a tidy profession, a limner's. One clumsy inquirer discussed how much he got for "putting down that ere stone statty."

Worst of all, ill-bred, romping children played hide-and-seek round him, or thrust their smudgy fingers on his most careful outlines.

The British Museum is an exhibition especially beloved by schoolmasters, guardians, uncles, and godmothers, because there is no charge, and because there is a good deal of it. It is the *pièce de resistance* of the countryman's holiday; if it does not satisfy your country cousin, it at least tires him out, gives him a headache, and deprives him of even the wish to see anything more that day. Now and then seedy slaves of ushers led long files of City Road schools down the paved halls; the more reckless boys lurked behind to criticise Tolpedden's drawing, and jog against his elbow, or to tease him with foolish and impertinent questions.

Could Apollyon himself have devised a more exquisite system of torture for a poor sensitive man, intent on a generous self-denying effort, and entangled in the dispiriting difficulties that grow jungle-thick round the gateways of all professions? Arthur writhed, but he bore these annoyances with fortitude, for he thought of Lucy and of his father.

Now, indeed, he felt how much there was to learn in his art. Nine people out of ten can copy in pen and ink, sketch cabbagy trees, and houses out of the perpendicular, "fluke" a portrait, or caricature a little, but how few have the genius to invent—to create. The mere gifts of grouping and composition, of handling paint, of graduating

colour, are rare enough; how much more rare is the art of imagining a great picture, and less than a great picture Arthur did not care to do. Some men may learn every bone and muscle, they may have drawn the model well in ten thousand positions, but still they cannot combine their knowledge into a whole. Then came over him bitter thoughts of the degradation of portrait-painting, of the lies that must be told to flatter vanity and please new or old money, of the mortification of perpetuating ignoble heads and disgusting features; and looming through these fears came also the hopeless sense of a sordid life wasted in a low pursuit, wasted on the low muddy plain, when he should have been scaling the slippery heights of Parnassus. Ha! what tears of blood the heart may weep, though the eyes remain dry and fevered. Around him as he toiled stretched the vast solitude and the warring selfishness of the huge but low-thoughted city.

But all this time, staunch and true as ever to his ideal, he laboured on, his eyes fixed on that maiden's face, as on an idol that he worshipped. There was that lovely head, beautiful as a rose, weighed down with summer-rain, bent with a too early sorrow, inevitably progressing, cruel and unappeasable as destiny. The mouth of Niobe, the chin of Diana, the neck of Hebe, the breast of Juno, and the hair of Venus. How divine, and yet how human! how womanly! how tender!

“A creature not too bright nor good,
For human nature's daily food;”

For simple sorrows, artless wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles."

Every curve of that forehead, every shadow of that eye, every wave and ripple of that rich diadem of hair was familiar to Arthur, for there was a copy of the cast in his father's library, and he had often drawn it, and thought, as he had drawn it, that it resembled Lucy in her thoughtful moments. Sometimes he almost expected the graceful head would slowly rise, the eye turn and dilate into a smile. Had no one been there this new Pygmalion would have started up and kissed a thousand times those marble lips, that no life-blood had ever warmed, no love ever animated.

Arthur was wrapped in these reveries, and dotting over a shadow half-mechanically, with the point of his crayon, when a hand touched him affectionately on the shoulder.

He looked up. It was Trevena beaming at him.

"Why, how hard at work you were! you did not hear me speak to you. Don't let me interrupt you, but it is four o'clock, and you told me four."

"Four! why, I thought it was only about two," said Arthur, looking up. "Oh, I'm ready to go to the publisher's now, if you like. I'll put up my things directly."

"Just come into the Assyrian room a moment. I've left an old college friend there with the bulls, Fred Blenerhasset, and a brother, who's just back from Australia—looks like a bushranger—re-

markable man—sheep farmer—full of energy. Blenerhasset—is a man of goodness—he lives only to do good, but very eccentric.”

Arthur put up his chalks and pencils, then accompanied his worthy friend.

“All very pretty,” said Trevena, waving his hand in a general manner at the avenues of statues; “but not in my way. I’ve been all the morning in the MS. rooms, looking at the early printed books. That’s my parish. Blenerhasset is a great man at these Ragged Schools and Rag Brigades, he denies himself to help them. He is well off, but he spends it all on the scripture readers, and in helping poor clergymen’s widows and orphans. Told me this morning he found it very expensive furnishing two different houses (he has two rooms—such places!—in two different parts of London), and to save crockery he has taken to use old preserve jars—one for cup, one for slop-bason, and so on—quite a humourist—insists on my bringing you to the ‘Children’s Weekly Dinner Society’ to-night.”

“The what?” said Arthur, somewhat amused.

“The ‘Children’s Weekly Dinner Society!’” said Trevena, with the utmost gravity and sincerity; “and a most excellent thing, too. Doctors used to say that those poor London children, who never get meat, would receive quite a fillip by even one good dinner in the seven days. Cheers them, warms them, and gives a start to ill-fed constitutions. The dinner is to-day, somewhere in

Gray's Inn Road—Tyndall's Buildings, or somewhere. I've been buying oranges for them. Dear children! isn't it good of Blenerhasset?"

Arthur and Trevena were just then descending the steps, for one of the curators had told them that their friends had left word that they were waiting outside.

In Trevena's enthusiasm he waved a huge paper bag of oranges that he carried, and out through the bottom leaped a dozen or so, hopping down the steps with droll malice and mischievous irregularity.

Some boys ran to pick them up, and Mr. Trevena, quite unabashed, and in the kindest way, received them back one by one, aided by Arthur.

Outside, Trevena found his friends; a bearded, thick-set, tanned man, and a pleasant, smiling, slovenly clergyman, not unlike Trevena himself either in face or manner, only that he seemed more of the enthusiast, and had the enthusiast's smile and peculiar fixity of eye. Arthur was introduced.

"Well, Mr. Tolpedden, I hope we are to have the pleasure of seeing you to-night," said Blenerhasset, as they walked through towards the great gate; "it is a blessed work, and we need to have our hands strengthened."

"I should like to see the kids grubbing myself," said the bushman; "but I promised to meet some chums at the Alhambra."

"I should really be very glad to come, Trevena,"

said Arthur, "but I must be at Davis and Blizard's from seven till ten."

"Well, you must pray for us, then," said Mr. Blenerhasset. "All I can say is, that I would not miss the sight of the dear little babes in Christ myself for thirty pounds."

"Nor I," said Trevena, rubbing his hands.

On parting with these friends, Arthur and Trevena made their way straight to Berners Street, where Messrs. Lucre and Smallgood, the religious publishers, lived.

The simple-hearted clergyman was full of spirits, and sanguine as a boy. He had a grievance, however, to relate.

"Arthur," he said, "when I came to London last Michaelmas, I went and answered an advertisement I saw in the *Ecclesiastical Gazette*—a bookseller in St. Giles's wanted to buy MS. sermons, I wanted money, and had some sermons to dispose of, so I went to the man and sold him a few—eightpence each—dirt cheap, of course; but he said sermons were drugs—he had had about a hundred of one clergyman's, if I remember right."

"Certainly not a bargain," said Arthur, laughing; "but I suppose there are a good many sermons about?"

"Well, yesterday I took up the paper, and saw the same rascal advertising MS. sermons by a bishop lately deceased. A thought struck me that I would go and look at these. I did so—he had

forgotten my face, and I kept my wide-awake over my eyes. The first bundle he put into my hands was a parcel of my own sermons. Did you ever hear anything like it for villainy and deception? Didn't I rate him!"

"Was the rogue repentant?"

"No; hard as the nether millstone—told me that any dodge was fair in trade, and that he'd lost money by the bargain. Sermons without a name, weren't worth a penny each, except now and then for young curates—he said mine went off rather better since he'd advertised. Then what do you think he had the audacity to propose?"

"Can't imagine—a partnership, or to sell you back your own sermons?"

"No; he asked me to write him an alphabetical volume of skeleton sermons, arranged under different heads."

"A sort of crib for idle clergymen, I suppose?"

"Yes—but here we are."

They were received by Mr. Smallgood in the back parlour. Mr. Smallgood was a tall, bland, rather servile man, with no whiskers, and a clerical manner, produced by long habits of adapting himself to clerical customers, which contrasted sadly with his tradesman's obsequiousness.

"I wish to publish a small volume of sermons," said Trevena, nervously. "They are sermons that have been much liked in my parish, and, indeed, in several parishes in the north of Cornwall."

"Indeed!" Mr. Smallgood bowed his "comely

head" in a manner at once deferential and shrewd, "I feel quite sure, sir, they must have been."

"Would your firm be willing to publish such a volume? I am not extravagant in my expectations."

Mr. Smallgood waved his head, like a willow in a high wind.

"Of course we should be only too glad; and on terms agreeable to yourself. Is the MS. ready?"

"Oh! yes, quite ready."

"Good, very good!—it rejoices me to feel there is some stand to be made by us against the present torrent of infidelity and frivolous literature. The bishop of Sierra Leone has just sent us a work to publish—we shall advertise you together."

Trevena's colour rose with delight.

"It may be useful," he said; "the world is led by appearances."

"It is indeed, my dear sir," said Mr. Smallgood. "Shall we draw up the agreement at once for one thousand copies?"

"I am quite ready," said Trevena. "Perhaps I'd better sign it now."

"Don't you think you'd better ascertain what he really means to give?" whispered Arthur, as Mr. Smallgood took a sheet of foolscap, and commenced writing. "They're sharp beggars, you know."

"No, no, plenty of time—it would be quite indelicate just yet," murmured Trevena. "I only wish I'd said two thousand copies."

Mr. Smallgood concluded his writing, and was about to hand the paper with a dry smile to Mr. Trevena.

"Are not one thousand copies almost too large a number?" inquired Mr. Smallgood, softly, but still retaining hold of the agreement.

"Not a bit—not a bit," said Trevena, fervently; "there are several hundred clergymen in Cornwall—they will each take one; then there's Oxford and Exeter, besides my own friends and miscellaneous readers. No, not one less will do—the *Forge* is sure to notice it—that will sell two hundred alone."

Mr. Trevena read the agreement, and his face lengthened.

"May I ask," he said, "what half-profits and half-losses mean, Mr. Smallgood?"

"They mean," broke in Arthur, angrily, "that you receive half the profits if you gain, and if you lose you pay half the printing and advertising—perhaps some hundreds of pounds. Don't think of it."

"Your friend is too hasty," said the bookseller, quietly, to Trevena. "I presume, sir, when you did me the honour of offering me your book, you anticipated profits, and not losses. Our business is not carried on for pleasure or fame."

"I should certainly, I must candidly say, have preferred simply half-profits," said Trevena, with resignation; "but I cannot object to the present arrangement, as I have confidence in my work."

"Naturally," said Mr. Smallgood, "naturally." Arthur bit his lip with vexation.

"Of course we have our agency on each copy."

"Of course," replied Mr. Trevena. "I presume these payments need not be immediate, and, in fact, may come out of the profits?"

"Three months is our usual time, in your case we should be happy to make it four."

"A very frank, straightforward, upright man that," said Trevena, confidently, to Arthur, as they left the shop, bowed out by Mr. Smallgood and one of his men.

Arthur was loath to discourage his worthy friend; the only remark he made was,

"I hope you will not find that you have made a bad bargain. He's rather a hard man, I think, and you were a little too compliant."

"My dear fellow, I shall make a certain hundred pounds out of it," said Trevena, in his sanguine way, "besides the fame; and only think of the possible preferment it may procure me. On that I shall marry, and it will retrieve all the losses from that dreadful Wheal Fortune. By-the-bye, Arthur, I wanted to talk to you"—here he hesitated—"about Milly—dear girl! I do sometimes think she has a liking for me, and then again——"

How blind true love is! Arthur knew well enough, as every one else did, that Milly loved Trevena.

"I am sure she likes you," he said.

"You really think so?" said the delighted lover. "Why do you think so? I do not see her often, my sister avoids her, and her brother has hardly been civil to me since that Guy Fawkes riot."

"Why, because she seems to like being near you, and she seems to like to hear you praised, and, above all, she is just the affectionate, gentle, good-tempered little thing who would be likely to admire such a worthy fellow as yourself."

"Come, no flattering, Arthur," said Trevena, smiling. "You'll make me think too well of myself. Milly is far too good for me. She ought to marry a duke; besides, her brother will never give his consent, I'm sure, especially if he goes over to Popery, as they say he will. As for Fanny, I know she'll throw all the obstacles she can in the way;" then the poor man groaned to think of all the locks that, as usual, impeded the course of true love.

"The difficulties will perhaps disappear when the time comes," said Arthur; "so don't think of them. If Milly really loves you, all will go well."

"Your heart is lost, that I can see; you seem so wise on these matters. Ha! Lucy Tregellas—lucky young lady! It is then true?"

"Don't mention her name," said Arthur; "it makes me waver in all my good resolutions."

He said no more.

The two friends were now in Oxford Street. It was almost April, and the windows were gay as conservatories, with new ribbons, new bonnets of

all dyes and shades—carnation, Havannah brown, blue; all the colours of a flower-bed.

“I get very soon tired of London,” said Trevena. “There are too many people and too many noises. I begin to long for the old sea-shore again, and the quiet walks in Tolpedden Valley. The—”

“Don’t talk of paradise to a man in purgatory, for sweet mercy’s sake!” said Arthur, stopping to give emphasis to his request. “Here you are, one of the kindest-hearted men in England, and yet you have tortured me twice in the last ten minutes.”

Trevena confessed his fault, with kind sympathy, and stopped to buy a bunch of violets from a little girl at the corner of the Circus. Arthur stopped a moment to look at a milliner’s shop. As he turned again, he caught one glimpse of a barouche that swept down Regent Street, and the back only of a young lady seated in it, beside an old and fashionably-dressed dowager. He caught, only for one second, a glimpse of the profile of the younger lady. Could it be possible it was Lucy Tregellas, gay and unconcerned, but paler in face than when he last saw her? No, it could not be; it must have been one of those chance resemblances that so often startle one in London. It came like a vision of hope, and yet the hope was mingled with agony.

Arthur stood gazing after the carriage, till some one jostling against him awoke him from his reverie, and he found Trevena had left him a hundred yards behind.

On leaving Trevena, after having taken a chop with him, Arthur hurried to his lodgings to put on an older coat, and hurry off for his night's work at Messrs. Davis and Blizard's. As he knocked at the door, the postman came up with letters.

"Is there one for me—Arthur Tolpedden?"

"Yes, sir, one," cried the man, and handed him one.

It was an envelope directed by Mrs. Tolpedden—it contained a *carte de visite*, and merely these words,

"At Lucy's request, sent to me when she left for Devonshire, with one for myself. We are all well. Love from all."

The photograph was one of Lucy, and it seemed to smile at him as he looked. Was he foolish to cover it with kisses?—was he foolish ever afterwards to kiss it night and morning, and to regard it as a consecrated thing? Some mysterious cause, he was sure, had alone prevented Lucy writing. Once, and once only, a thought of that terrible warning of Brad-brain's flitted across Arthur's mind, but he dismissed it at once with horror. It was a mere exaggerated rumour, not worthy regard. If she could not write, her love was still unchanged, and of that the little shadow of her was the certain proof. His heart burned with fresh courage now, because hope and love shone above his head, through the twilight of transitory sorrow, bright, bright as the quenchless twin stars of evening.

CHAPTER V.

ANGUIS IN HERBA.

ONE bright morning in April, the lieutenant's children had not been gone more than ten minutes for their morning walk with old Liddy, before a knock came at the door.

"Why, it's Mr. Bradbrain," said Mrs. Tolpedden, who was in the garden, with Susan, gardening; "show him into the parlour."

"How on earth did missus know it was him by the knock?" thought Susan, as she ran to the door.

"Is Mrs. Tolpedden at home?" said Mr. Bradbrain, brushing a speck of dust off his fawn-coloured trousers with a white buck-skin glove.

"Yes, if you please, sir."

"The lieutenant's out rabbit-shooting in the valley?"

"Yes, if you please, sir—this half-hour. That's odd," thought Susan again, "that doctor should always know what master is doing—suppose he had had the gout?"

Susan was not accustomed to put ideas together, and compare them as if they were ribbons to be matched, so her vague thoughts did not grow into suspicions.

Susan showed Mr. Bradbrain into the little scantily-furnished parlour, which was strewn with Noah's arks, transparent slates, and other relics of the late tenants. At that moment Mrs. Tolpedden, fresher, prettier, and more radiant with happiness than ever, came tripping through the glass door that led into the garden.

"Oh! how do you do, Mr. Bradbrain?" she said. "I think Ned is better—he is just gone out with Liddy."

Mr Bradbrain took off his gloves, and replied with some conventional form of regret at missing his patient.

As Susan shut the door, Bradbrain's manner entirely changed, and he became a different person. He was now no longer the friend, but the lover. He took her hand in his, and she did not withdraw it. Poor, silly little woman, already she was wavering in her affection to her husband, and trying to reconcile it with a new and a forbidden love. She was not boldly and at once repelling it as dangerous and unholy; she was trying to persuade herself it was only friendship, carried perhaps a little beyond its proper limits. Now he poured, for the first time, into her ear passionate protestations of changeless love.

"Mr. Bradbrain," said Mrs. Tolpedden, "are you mad? Have I ever said anything that could encourage you to this wild talk?"

"Mary, how often I've told you I have loved you ever since that unlucky day we first met at

Bodmin—you know how earnestly and how passionately I have felt that love that I tried in vain to crush in the bud!”

“Foolish man,” said Mrs. Tolpedden, striking him playfully with some music she held in her hand, “haven’t I told you over and over again that I will not see you if you venture to talk to me or write to me in that way? Do you really think I do not love my husband and my children? Come, make yourself useful, and instead of acting the despairing lover, come and walk with me down to the conservatory at my brother’s house. Walker has promised me some primulas.”

Bradbrain was silent—it was not his purpose to make her too early see that she was in his power. He would further entangle her before she could herself know that she really loved him, and was inextricably plunged into the vortex of a guilty passion. It was a Satanic act, and he was an adept in it. While the poor innocent creature foolishly enjoyed a flirtation that she believed herself strong enough to put an end to at any moment, he felt she was his.

“Mary,” he said, “pardon——”

“Sir, I will not be called Mary—my name, sir, is Mrs. Tolpedden, please to remember that in future.”

This was said with so little severity, that Bradbrain only laughed and kissed her hand, as he followed her into the garden.

They passed from the garden into the orchard,

and walked side by side, dangerously silent, his eyes watching hers, as in pretended anger, constantly verging into laughter, she sometimes preceded him, or sometimes paused to listen if she could hear the beagles in the valley.

"My heart pains me sadly to-day," said Bradbrain, with a deep sigh.

"Perhaps it's a twinge of rheumatism," said Mrs. Tolpedden, laughing; "is it very bad?—poor fellow!" and she looked earnestly at the handsome dark face, and those dangerously large eyes.

"Your words are cruel, but there is pity in your voice, Mary."

"There again Mary—if you say that once more, sir, I shall leave you."

"Well, then, I won't—I promise. I would not pain you for all the wealth of India; but how can I conceal that I love you—passionately love you?"

"I forbid you, sir, to repeat that word love more than three times in any one visit. It is very wrong, and you know it. Now, promise me, on your knees, too, or I won't believe it. What would my husband say?"

Bradbrain fell laughingly on one knee, and seized the unresisting hand.

"Mary," he said, "I cannot promise to root out a love that has long since grown into my very nature. Tell a madman to reflect—I have not reached the cold, calculating age."

Tears sprang into Mrs. Tolpedden's eyes, and she tore her hand away.

"Mr. Bradbrain," she said, then she softened—"Donald, I will not listen to these wild speeches—you forget who I am. But it is my fault for listening to you so long. I will not—I will not be so insulted. It is cruel."

In a moment Bradbrain's hand held hers.

"Mary," he said, in a tremulous voice, "I am almost mad! I think, sometimes, this intense passion deprives me of my senses. Forgive me. I would rather be a beggar to-morrow than give you a moment's pain by anything I can say. But you do not know how hard—how terrible—it is to have to check a love that has taken such hold on the heart!"

They were walking silently side by side down a path bordered on one side by hazels, under whose dancing catkin tassels the violets grew sweeter than elsewhere, when from a cross-path the lieutenant suddenly strode, his gun on his shoulder, one hand in the pocket of his green velvet shooting-jacket.

He stared when he saw them; then broke into a dry, good-humoured laugh, and stopped like an old pointer.

"Why, Polly and Bradbrain, I declare! heads to the wind; going down to see my brother, I suppose, and not too welcome if he's at work. Who expected to meet you?"

"What, done shooting already, Nel?—you lazy

thing!" said Mrs. Tolpedden, kissing him on the forehead.

"Yes—no—pooh! Forgot my wads, and had to put back into harbour. So the wilful, little hussy kept you to escort her, Bradbrain, when every moment of yours is valuable? Just like her, for all the world!"

"No such thing, sir," said Mrs. Tolpedden, stamping her foot—"no such thing!"

"You know it is, Polly; one more kiss, and then I leave you to tease Bradbrain. Why, what a glorious colour you've got, Polly, this morning! and so you would always have, if you took a cliff-walk every day, as I do. What a shame not bringing Bobby—poor dear old Bobby!"

"Bobby is with Liddy."

"Ha! you usen't to let her out of your sight. I really think you ain't so fond of her as you used to be."

"That's very unkind, Nel," said Mrs. Tolpedden, pouting in her pretty, wilful way; "and it isn't true."

"Well, so it is unkind, and I know I oughtn't to have said it," replied the lieutenant kissing her. "Good-bye, darling; I'll be off after the wadding. I've only got two rabbits yet. I left Walker with the dogs. Good-bye, Bradbrain—give her some good advice about Teddy."

As the lieutenant walked homeward, Mrs. Tolpedden stopped to pick some violets on the edge of the wood. Bradbrain helped her. It was a danger-

ous occupation, for the hands met among the leaves, and the faces came sometimes nearer than they need have done, as Bradbrain quoted the lines of Shakspeare—

“Fair as the lids of Cytherea’s eyes, and sweeter than her breath.”

How the rose colour deepened in Mrs. Tolpedden’s cheek as she listened to those honeyed words!

Then, heedless of time as children, they wandered on through the copse—Mrs. Tolpedden affecting an anger at Bradbrain’s unconcealed admiration, that could not have deceived even the most timid of lovers; so pure and all unconscious of wrong was she of the snares in her path.

Bradbrain, as he walked, had linked a chain of violets, as children do daisies, and as they entered the shrubbery he tried to throw it over Mrs. Tolpedden’s neck; but she laughed, and broke it. Then he refastened it, and sang those words of Shelley’s:

“There was a little lawny islet,
By anemone and violet,
Like mosaic paven.
Its roof was flowers and leaves,
Which the summer’s breath enweaves.”

“How beautiful!” said Mrs. Tolpedden.
“Whose words are those?”

“Shelley’s, darling. Your breath is like soft music, your words are

'The echoes of a voice which on my heart
Sleep like a melody of early days.'"

"I never knew you were fond of poetry, Mr. Bradbrain."

"Dearest, best, and brightest ! I love all beautiful things, because they remind me of you."

"Oh ! Donald, Donald, don't talk in that way."

"Wear this chain, Mary, do, to please one who loves you so passionately."

"I don't want your love, sir. My heart has, you know well, long been given away."

Dangerous dalliance with evil ! Sporting on the brink of a volcano ! Every moment Bradbrain's power over her was increasing—every moment she lingered there the unholy love was growing more powerful to wean her from the purer affections of wife and mother.

Just at that moment they stopped at a gate leading to the inner garden. The boughs of a huge laurel grew over it, and Mrs. Tolpedden could not pass under them without stooping. Bradbrain ran forward to lift them up, and seized that moment to throw the violet chain, fresh twined, over her head with a laugh of triumph.

This time she did not cast it from her, but arranging it afresh, said playfully,

"I'll keep this, dear Donald, as a remembrance of our pleasant walk."

Bradbrain seized her hand, and before she could pull it back had covered it with passionate kisses.

Almost before he again had let go her hand a voice said gravely,

“Good morning, Mary. Good morning, Bradbrain.”

They looked up guiltily. It was Mr. Henry Tolpedden. Mr. Bradbrain felt he could not have seen him kiss his sister-in-law’s hand, or have heard what he said, for he had emerged, bill-hook in hand, from a group of laurels near a dead fir tree, at least thirty yards off, hidden from them by a clump of arbutus and a tall dark column of *lignum vitæ*, which must have veiled them completely.

“Escorting Mrs. Tolpedden to your greenhouse,” said Bradbrain gaily, though still slightly confused at the suddenness of the apparition. “Delightful morning. Glad to see you enjoying the fresh air—no day for work.”

“It seems not, indeed,” said Mr. Tolpedden, drily, and with meaning.

“I’m going to carry off some of your primulas, Henry,” said Mrs. Tolpedden, with nervous eagerness to say something.

“Ha! the garden, I fear, begins to show the ill-fortune of its owner,” said Mr. Tolpedden with a sigh.

“Oh! I’m sure it’s very pretty,” said Mrs. Tolpedden, twining the violet necklace with her finger.

“Is that for Bobby?” said her brother-in-law, with a strange suspicious and half-sarcastic look at the flowers.

Mrs. Tolpedden hesitated, then she laughed, and said,

“Yes—for one of the children.” And she glanced at Bradbrain, who was striking an inoffensive pebble with his stick.

“Excuse me, my dear Mrs. Tolpedden; but I really must be off on my rounds,” said the doctor, as Mr. Tolpedden, who seemed determined not to leave them, began walking back with them towards the house.

“And you won’t stay lunch, then? Mrs. Tolpedden, I’m sure, will join in the entreaties.”

“Can’t, Tolpedden, ’pon my soul—not a moment. Tat ta! Good-bye, Mrs. Tolpedden.”

“Good-bye, Mr. Bradbrain.”

Why did she not look at her visitor as she spoke?

As the doctor strode towards the house, in his gay, defiant, slangy way, Tolpedden took his sister-in-law’s arm, and led her in a different direction. He remained silent; there was a stern suspicion in his manner which she could not disguise from herself.

“How did he find Teddy, Mary?”

“What, Mr. Bradbrain? Oh! he did not see him; he was gone out.”

“That was unfortunate.”

“Yes, it was, very.”

“Very. I don’t like reckless people like that; he’s a sad, scatter-brained fellow; he never seems to name his hour.”

"Oh, yes he does, Henry; but doctors, you know, have many engagements. They——"

"Yes, and some evidently more pressing than others. He never forgets to come, I see, but he apparently often mistakes the hour. Did Nelson have much chat with him?"

"Nel was gone out shooting, but we met him."

"Oh! Nelson did not see him?—so I thought."

How fearless innocence is! Perfect innocence would have boldly faced the inquirer, and bravely confronted the suspicious face to face. Mrs. Tolpedden looked on the ground, and did not once lift up her eyes.

There was a painful silence.

"Mary," at last said Mr. Tolpedden, "I don't like that man; he is bad; he is false; he has no heart; he is said to be a selfish profligate. The less he comes to see Ned, or anyone else, the better. Let me caution you, Mary, as you love your husband and children, to see that fellow from this time forward as little as possible. We need not quarrel with him, my dear sister, but you must, and you shall avoid his society."

Mrs. Tolpedden did not answer for some time; but, as they entered the green-house, she said,

"Henry, I think you do Mr. Bradbrain a very great injustice. You should not give way to such unjust suspicions. We've always found him a man of high principles, and I believe him to be one."

"Devilish near nabbed, that time!" said Brad-

brain, smiling to himself, as he shut the garden door softly behind him. "Was there ever such a pretty little winning creature as that on this earth! But curse the old fool of a husband, and the Pharisical prig of a brother, too, I say."

CHAPTER VI.

THE PIANIST.

ARTHUR had already, within five months, found how soon the dream-castles of youth melt in the air of London. He had discovered how impossible it was to storm any profession, he had seen how long a blockade may last before the town yields, and the gates fly open. No success is taken for granted in London. There must be an apprenticeship in every profession, and genius has to bear his preliminary thralldom, like the mere rank and file.

If he took to portrait-painting, the profits were almost certain; but then there must first be long practice, and, last of all, a connection must be laboriously formed. If he took to literature, there were experiments to be made, failures to be retrieved, vexatious delays to be undergone; and, above all, time had to be won in which to write a careful and sound book. Now, it was all very well of Mr. Hookem to urge him to a first great success, but he wanted money with which to

help his father, and give him leisure to pursue his discoveries in chemistry; and money he must have.

Arthur's fifty pounds were now all but gone. A young man unaccustomed to hard fare and extreme economy, finds it difficult at first to realize the necessity of watching with jealousy every source of expenditure—to curtail amusements that have become habitual, to refuse loans that good-nature and friendship suggest. He tried sometimes, but often in vain, to live in a humble and even sordid way, denying himself all pleasures, and working unceasingly.

He was too proud to ask for help from home, so he contrived to eke out his resources by his miserable pittance from Davis and Blizard's, and by now and then selling a water-colour sketch. One day a new resource suggested itself. He read in the *Times* an advertisement headed "A pianist wanted, for evening parties, &c. Apply to Hummel and Tong, Regent Street. Terms, one guinea a night."

He put on his hat, and off he dashed. He might, perhaps, now be able to conceal from his father a little longer his want of money, and even lay by something, so that he might run home for a week, perhaps see Lucy, hear all from her, and remove the disagreement that had sprung up.

It was a pleasant sunny April morning, about ten o'clock, and the shop-boys were sprinkling the pavement in patterns, or letting down the striped

awnings. Slim young men, in their shirt-sleeves, were arranging silks in the windows, in pleasant contrasts of colour. All was life and bustle—even the street-boys' shrill whistle and shouts fell pleasantly on the ear.

Arthur reached the shop of Messrs. Hummel and Tong, and looked in for a moment at the enormous ophicleides and saxophones, and the rows of neat silver-keyed flutes, and the illustrated songs, before he could muster up courage to enter. He was proud, and the occupation was not one specially agreeable to his mind, for it would throw him among men of his own class, as a hired inferior. Then, ashamed of his own fears and scruples, he strode in carelessly, with rather the air of an affluent and habitual customer, than of a poor man seeking employment. A shopman came to him, a moustachioed shopman, tame and obsequious.

"What can we show you, sir? Instruments or music, sir?"

"I came about an advertisement for a pianist," said Arthur.

"We can let you have one, sir. Is the party to-night?"

The man talked as if pianists were self-acting pianos.

"I did not want a pianist," said Arthur. "I only wanted to procure an engagement as one."

"Oh!" said the man, changing his voice, and becoming familiar, for he himself had once been a

pianist, "that's quite a different thing. I think our list is full, but I'll ask Mr. Hummel, if you like."

"Do, if you please, then," said Arthur, turning over the leaves of one of Gounod's songs that lay on the counter.

Presently the man reappeared, following behind Mr. Hummel, a gross, pompous, over-dressed Jewish man; with staring, violent eyes, and great whiskers of the George the Fourth cut. An odour of brown sherry surrounded him, and he had evidently just risen from luncheon, for he was using a gold toothpick with insolent nonchalance. He stopped to touch the keys of a grand piano as he passed up the shop. There was not the slightest hurry about his movements. He took everything (to use a professional metaphor) in very slow time.

When he reached Arthur, by slow stages, admiring here a Broadwood, there a Collard, he smoothed the perch-back frill of his shirt, not that it wanted arrangement, but to show a coarse diamond ring on the little fubsy finger of his left hand.

"Well, sir," he said, without directing his eyes on Tolpedden, "what is it we can do for you?—what is it we can do for you?"

Pompous men love repetitions, they make an idea go so much further.

"I wanted," said Arthur, strongly disposed to insult Mr. Hummel, "to procure an occasional engagement as a pianist at evening parties."

"Oh! you do, sir; and pray, sir, let me ask

first, as a preliminary, are you competent for such an engagement? Can you play D'Albert's music at sight?"

"I think I can. I have devoted much time to practice."

"Think you can, sir! You must be sure you can; we must be sure you can, sir. We do not pay guineas to incompetent persons. Hummel and Tong have a character, sir, to maintain—yes, sir, a character."

"And I have one to lose," said Arthur, his blood at fever heat. "Give me some music, and hear me play! Have you *Les Ravissantes Quadrilles*, Nordmann's? I do not want to obtain any one's money under false pretences."

"I should think not—you won't get mine. Mr. Turner, hand this gentleman the *Palermo Quadrilles*; let's hear his style. We want a light finger, sir, a full tone, and a brilliant touch. That's a piano on which the great Thalberg has played—yes, sir, the immortal hundred-fingered Thalberg. Stop that tuning, Mr. Turner, and see what that lady wants who's just come in."

Arthur sat down, choked back his disgust, and dashed boldly at D'Albert's music. He then sprang at Coote's capital *Great Eastern Polka*, and concluded with the *Geneviève Waltz*. He was fond of dance music, and performed the pieces without pause or blunder, with great spirit and in excellent time.

Mr. Hummel deigned to smile languidly, and

even in one instance beat time with his tooth-pick.

"That's your style," he said; "a little amateurish, but up to the mark. Can you manage an overture—'Fra Diavolo,' or 'Domino Noir?'—it does to start 'em—wake 'em up."

Arthur played part of an overture with much expression.

"That's your style—only wants a little more equality in the shakes. Mr. Turner, put this gentleman's name on our list."

"Is there no immediate work to do?" said Arthur, a little anxiously, for he feared that his name would be shelved.

"See, Mr. Turner," said the Anglo-German potentate, "if there is anything down in the book for to-night—Levison and Hoffman are both engaged, I know, at Lady Brockleby's private concert."

"Yes," said the man, referring to the book, "there is a dance at Mrs. De Castros, 7, Tudor Road, St. John's Wood, 9.30. We promised to write to Cramer's for a pianist. We have just sent up a grand to her for the evening."

"Oh! very well, you can go there, sir, and call to-morrow any time after ten for your money. Evening dress, mind, be punctual, and don't do like Levison, one of our men, did last week, and guzzle down too much champagne, especially if you ain't used to it."

"I do not come here to receive advice about the

manners of gentlemen," thought Arthur; but he only replied, "I will be there, sir, at the time," and bowing, left the shop, elated at his good fortune.

Punctually at a quarter past nine, Arthur, with a roll of the requisite music lent by Messrs. Hummel and Tong, was at the door of No. 7, Tudor Road.

He looked very handsome in his sombre evening dress, a mere thread of a white cambric tie round his robust neck; his boots were perfect, and his gloves fitted admirably. The hall, lit with a gay Chinese lantern, was full of people taking off coats and hats, and giving them to two maid servants, neat and smart as French grisettes, who had the care of the tickets.

"32, sir, is your number," said the smiling maiden, handing Arthur his ticket. "Coffee, sir, in the next room."

"What name, if you please, sir?" said the footman, as Tolpedden re-emerged into the hall.

At that very moment some one pulled his arm. It was Dodgeson, tall and quaint as ever, his Gibus, like an accordion, under one arm, and a light grey wrapper thrown over another.

"What, you here, Tol?" he said; "why, what a tremendous get up—I don't like these hops much. I ought to be at work. Stay for me, old fellow, and we'll make our bow together to the old bird—I shall go in for dancing, I think. You must come to Fisher's on the 7th—we're going to have

a supper after his pictures go in—such a lark—sparring and chanting.”

“Names, if you please,” said the footman.

“Mr. Tolpedden and Mr. Dodgeson.”

“You shouldn’t have given mine,” said Arthur.

“I’m not a guest, Dodgeson, I have only come here as a pianist—I am the slave, who is to play all night—you mustn’t know me.”

“Stuff and nonsense—no chaff, Tol,” said Dodgeson, stopping on the stairs, and eyeing him with an incredulous and grotesque humour, as he pulled his enormous curly moustachios and pointed beard of the François Premier type.

“It is so—really it’s no chaff. To-night I am a musical serf, earning my guinea by hard work, and some mortification. I am a social leper—shun me, or you will become unclean. Look, there is the hostess nodding to you from the top of the stairs.”

Yes, there was that old young woman, Mrs. De Castro, all ringlets and arsenated green garland, nodding a welcome, and begging Mr. Dodgeson to ask the footman in the hall if the pianist had come yet.

“Do you take me for a snob and cad?” said Dodgeson to Arthur. “I shall come and have a jaw between every dance. What do I care?—ain’t you a gentleman and my friend? Does earning a guinea honourably disgrace anyone? I should rather think not; and what is more, I’d cut any one who wouldn’t do what I do, so I tell you, old man!”

At the top of the stairs Mrs. De Castro shook hands enthusiastically with Dodgeson.

"Now, how very, very kind, Mr. Dodgeson," she said, "of you coming here, so engaged as you are too, and to a foolish, little, out-of-the-way suburban dance like this. Pray introduce me to your friend—and how kind, too, bringing a dancing friend. Oh! you are an invaluable man!"

"My friend, Mr. Arthur Tolpedden," said Dodgeson, boldly, and without any very perceptible flinching.

"The pianist from Messrs. Hummel and Tong," said Arthur, laughing, but stoically.

"Oh! nonsense; one of your wicked artist tricks, I know," said Mrs. De Castro, sweeping off to repeat the joke. "I'll introduce him to a partner directly for the first dance."

"If you do, Mrs. De Castro," said Arthur, following her in a hurry, "you will leave no one at the piano, that I can assure you, for I certainly came to officiate there; and as for meeting Dodgeson, it was a mere accident."

"Is it possible?" said Mrs. De Castro, drawing herself up, and a little colder in manner. "Well, I never should! Might I ask the gentleman, then, to begin an overture, as the people are now nearly all come, I think? Thank you—if you please—anything of Verdi's. Mr. Dodgeson, let me introduce you to Miss Hawkins, that pretty blonde there by the window. Oh! nonsense, you must dance. Come, you'll catch cold at the door."

A good-natured social person was Mrs. De Castro, but she had not the courage to treat a hired pianist as a gentleman, whatever might have been his education.

Arthur sat down and plunged manfully into the overture to the "Trovatore."

In about ten minutes Dodgeson came up, and leaning over his shoulder, said :

"The old bird, Arthur, wants the Como Quadrilles. Fire away, old fellow, you're in for it now. Just agoin' to begin ; walk up, ladies and gentlemen. Such a nobbby girl I've got !—wish you were dancing too."

It seemed like a dream to Arthur, as he kept his face steadily fixed on the music, and played vigorously till the hands clapped, the crowd again began to circulate, and the talk to quicken.

"What a swell pianist," said one young Somerset House man.

"What airsthese vulgar musical people give themselves," said a dowager to her daughter, a young lady in red nose and blue snood, who was watching Dodgeson and the blonde laughing and talking to Tolpedden.

At a second signal from the fogleman Dodgeson, Arthur broke forth into the Geneviève Waltz, and everybody began to spin round like the people in Wieland's "Oberon," when the magic flute sounded its irresistible incantations. It was a heavy-bodied people to discover such a fascinating dance. On poor Arthur played ; like the bees in

Virgil (*sic vos non vobis*), he made honey that others ate. It was hard bondage to see an amusement, and yet to be denied a share in it; it was harder still to sit there unheeded, derided, forgotten, or despised.

It was in the interval between the Venice Quadrilles and the Great Eastern Polka, that Arthur sat with one hand unconsciously on the silent ivory keys, absorbed in his own thoughts. In that day-dream he forgot for a moment the whirling dancers, the talkative lions, the smart public-officers, the jaded old dandies about town, who were airing their small talk, the fussy dowagers, and even the pretty faces that flitted about the well-lit rooms; his memory turned fondly to dear old Cornwall. Again the scene at Endellion, and that still more hallowed spot by the ruined chapel, arose before his half-shut eyes. There by the door, where the old gentleman in the white waistcoat stood, now stretched a long line of moonlit cliffs; at the foot of the yellow satin ottoman descended the dangerous path from the crags of Dunchine; there by the passage leading to the card-room loomed the Mermaid's Rock. In an instant nimble fancy transformed the jarring babel of voices into the sullen moan of the Atlantic, and the murmur of the inner room into the whisper of the wandering wind on the wild western shore.

All at once some one shook the pianist roughly by the arm, and broke into his reverie. It was Dodgeson, hot and angry, his hair flurried and

rough with annoyance. He was pulling up his shirt-sleeves fretfully.

"Look here, Tol," he said, "that old guy is a regular snob. She won't see me here again in a hurry, I can tell her. I went to her just now, while I was getting an ice down-stairs for Fanny Power, that little blonde you saw, and asked her to let old Scrooper, who'd said he was all there to play the next quadrille for you; and what do you think the old humbug said?"

"Don't know, really; but I wish, my dear old fellow, you would let me bear my lot in my own way. I am not a guest here, and I don't want to seem one. Well, what did she say, tell us?"

"Why, the old fool said that it was really impossible—quite wrong; sorry to refuse me anything, only she really must this once—social prejudices must be respected. She should never hear the last of it—oh! dear me, no!"

Here the indignant and honest-hearted Dodgeson made such a hideous face in defiance and scorn of poor Mrs. De Castro, that Arthur had to caution him, and, to divert his mind, began to discuss general subjects, such as how much could be got at "The Slaughter House" for "pot-boilers," how much the enterprising M. Joubert gave for sketches, also who would be the next associate, and so on.

Arthur was all this time sitting playing a fragment from "Puritani," just to pass the time, while Dodgeson stood in a quaint attitude with his back

to the wall of the ball-room, and facing the door.

Suddenly Dodgeson stared violently at a group of ladies, new arrivals, that had just ascended the stairs, and had been confronted and grappled with by Mrs. De Castro, then, with an irrepressible exclamation, he rushed at them as violently as if he had been going to drive them down-stairs rather than merely to welcome them. Arthur saw nothing of this, but leaning on his hand, he returned to his dreams, as an opium-eater might have done who had been temporarily roused to some short-lived exertion.

In less than five minutes Dodgeson returned with a lady on each arm ; Mrs. De Castro following in the rear in a reconnoitering way, and at a distance.

"Tolpedden," said Dodgeson in a curious sort of voice, "here are two ladies who wish to be introduced to you."

Arthur looked languidly up, cursing in his heart the good-natured fellow who would not leave him to brood alone over his day-dreams. He rose to his feet, slowly, but with the ease and calmness of a gentleman, and looked round.

How the blood rushed to his heart ! For a moment he had to hold the piano for support. There stood Lucy Tregellas, paler and more pensive than she used to be, but still with the same pure, frank gaze as of old. The snowy cloud of her ball-dress gave her beauty a refinement almost supernatural, as she glided along, the undisputed

queen of the party; her deep brown eyes, full as ever of innocent surprise and delight, were tempered by momentary glooms of sadness that she could not control.

She turned pale when she saw Arthur; then instantly recovering herself, and radiant with a joy, that seemed to light her face as with a halo of beatitude, she held out her hand. How Arthur pressed it with that soft, magnetic pressure that lovers will imagine. Love has many a deaf and dumb alphabet, and not the least subtle and expressive of them is the shaking-hands alphabet.

There could be no display there of what each felt. No inquiries, no explanations, no reproaches, except those thousands of entreaties, denials, protestations, that shot, in quick signals from their eyes. The words were common-place—mere anxious inquiries as to success from Lucy—mere concealed reproaches from Arthur, questions as to where Lucy was stopping, and how long she would be in town.

“And so you wont know me, Mr. Tolpedden?” said Lucy’s *chaperon*, who turned out to be no less than old Mrs. Penrose.

Arthur apologised, and shook hands cordially.

“Ha! we old people can’t expect much notice,” said the chatty old lady, smiling her admiration of Lucy, and her pleasure at meeting Arthur so unexpectedly.

Then, in pure kindness of heart, she took Dodgson aside, to allow the two obvious lovers to talk

alone and enjoy that brief moment of pure delight.

"Did you ever," she said to Dodgeson, "see Lucy look so pretty? That white silk body so becomes her, and the fern leaves, too, looping the white tulle. Oh dear, yes, she is a Lily, indeed—dear, modest little thing! She was too proud, I can tell you, to wear my cameo bracelets, she would have her own Roman pearls, and, I do declare, she looks to perfection in them! Ha! Mr. Dodgeson, it is we old creatures who need the pearl-powder and the jewels. Youth and beauty want no diamonds."

"Do you remember that jolly pic-nic at Endelion?" said Dodgeson in his blunt, pleasant way; "that was something like. Please pardon me for a moment, Mrs. Penrose; here's old Scrooper. I want him to play a quadrille, and let Arthur dance."

"Why, on earth, *should* Arthur play?" said Mrs. Penrose; but Dodgeson had already shot off, and was lost in the crowd.

"They're always strange impulsive creatures, these artists, so I've been told," said the old lady. "Of course Arthur will dance with Lucy. It would be barbarous if he didn't. He's evidently in love with her. It was beginning as far back as the picnic, though no one saw it but me."

All this time Arthur was in Paradise; for he was gazing into Lucy's eyes, and asking her a thousand questions, not unmingled with some lover's reproaches.

"I could not write, dear Arthur," said Lucy, in a low voice—"I could not write, really, Arthur. Papa had accused your father of spreading cruel reports against us."

"It is untrue, Lucy," said Arthur passionately. "He is incapable of spreading falsehoods. Some enemy has done this. You cannot—you cannot believe it of him—so brave and generous as he is?"

"I do not, Arthur; I never did. But my father has taken it to heart, and you know he is a proud man, very resolute when he takes a prejudice; and he would not let me go to the dear old house, and see dear Mrs. Tolpedden. Then mamma teased me about Fred Boscawen, and made me promise not to write a word to you, for she suspected everything; and then when it began to prey upon me, because I knew you would think I was unkind and cruel, she sent me to stay with the Hawkinses in Portman Square."

"But, Lucy, I shall see you at the Penroses'?"

"Oh! yes, dear Arthur, I shall be there all Thursday. Oh! do come; we shall be so happy; shan't we?"

"Will I come, Lilly?—will the sun rise on Thursday? Do not these few moments redeem all I have suffered from your silence and my own misfortunes?"

Lucy turned suddenly, and looking at her bouquet, asked when the dancing was going to begin, at the same time placing her little white hand, so charmingly and confidingly, on Arthur's left arm,

to lead him off. Anyone could have guessed they were engaged.

It needed all "Mr. Greatheart's" moral courage to bear up against this last trial. As his pride fell all but dead, his eyes seemed to lose their colour, and his whole face relaxed and narrowed.

"Lucy," he said, "I am not here as a guest."

"Not as a guest?—oh, nonsense, Arthur!"

"No; I ought to have told you so before. I am only a poor wretch playing the piano for money."

"For money!" the words came in such a tearful echo. "Oh, dear Arthur, no—you must dance with me?"

Dear, brave girl, she would not see his mortification! She would not seem to see that it was impossible for him to do that night as he liked. He so bold and so impetuous! There could surely be no trammels for him. She stood there irresolute and silent, her hand weighing on his arm.

Just then up dashed Dodgeson, hotter, more angular, and more excitable than ever. He dragged with him a broad-faced, over-dressed, fat little man, who was patient in his clutch.

"Come along, old man," he cried, "here's Scrooper, a good fellow, going to play a spell for you, Arthur—the old bird's no objection. You can do the trick, can't you, Scrooper? Now, go along, Arthur, you and Miss Tregellas, and we'll see to the playing—we'll pound away, won't we, Scrooper?"

"I believe you, my boy."

Scrooper sang comic songs.

"Come, why don't you go, Tol?—get out of this. There's Mrs. De Castro telegraphing like fun for the Lancers. Fire away, Scrooper—now then. I'm engaged to Fanny Power for the next waltz—I'm a free nigger till then. Now, then, Scrooper, I give the time—take it from me."

Scrooper was just tucking up his wristbands, and sitting down, with his chest out, and his prominent eyes fixed on the music, when Arthur stepped forward and resumed his place.

"Good-bye, Lucy," he said, "till I'm off work again. Dodgeson is longing to dance with you. No, thank you, Mr. Scrooper—no, thank you, my dear fellow. Dodgeson," he said, drawing his friend apart, "I won't be a coward—I won't shirk my work, I was paid for it, and I'll do it."

And with this brave resolve, in which Lucy acquiesced by a look of admiration that would have roused the meanest of ancient knights to deeds of unrivalled daring, Arthur sat down at the piano, and accomplished his task with spirit and with almost professional vigour.

Many were the pleasant moments snatched that night by Arthur, between the intervals of work, to tell Lucy the hopes and fears of his present life. Long before the gas in the chandeliers began to grow pale in the morning light, a tumultuous "Sir Roger de Coverley" had closed his labours. Mrs. Penrose, in her kind, sensible way, took Lucy home. At the carriage door Arthur thanked Mrs. Penrose, as she hoped he would be sure

not to forget Thursday. One last soft pressure of Lucy's hand, the wheels moved, something white fluttered from the carriage window, and they were gone.

CHAPTER VII.

THOU COMEST IN SUCH A QUESTIONABLE SHAPE.

A PLEASANT fresh morning on the shore below the unlucky Wheal Fortune mine. The tide turning fast, and the waves just beginning to leave the long line of wet yellow sand, that dried the instant the water had oozed back through it, and leaving behind them spoils of pink-veined sea-weed, bright brown shells, and great black bladdery fan branches, torn from the forests of ocean.

The lieutenant, out for his usual professional walk on deck, commemorative of more than twenty years of far other walks in the Coast Guard service, had persuaded his student brother to relinquish work for an hour at least, and to go out with him and the children, Mrs. Tolpedden being confined at home with a sick headache.

There were the two brothers pacing up and down, with the fresh breeze in their faces, and the pleasant savour of the sea all around them. Bobby had not come, but Jack and Ned were clambering about from ruddy rock to rock; while Kate, red

with excitement, was shouting to the boys at the pitch of her voice, and holding up an irritable live sand-crab, triumphantly, for their admiration.

Mr. Henry Tolpedden was silent and abstracted. That very morning he had all but resolved to tell his brother his opinion of Bradbrain; but still he delayed, from very pity, to arouse suspicions that might after all be undeserved.

Mary was a warm-hearted, thoughtless woman, he thought, the young wife of a man older than herself; she was indiscreet, but he was sure she was still innocent—he would watch that rascal closer—he did not think Bradbrain had been so often since he met him that day with his sister-in-law in the orchard. At all events he was sure he had no means of writing to her.

How little the worthy lieutenant knew what was passing in his brother's mind, as he told the story of a wreck that he had been in when a boy, without much heeding his auditor. He had just shouted orders to Jack to come down from some dangerous altitude, and then went on with his "yarn."

"When I was washed off the mast, Harry," he said, "the waves drove me on just as I might push Jack; I felt something below me, then down I went, at last felt it near my hand, it was a rock, and I clung on with my eyelids, I can tell you. Then off I was washed, and beaten and rolled in among the boulders, rocks, and tide, till all of a sudden down went my feet on shingle, and

I leaped forward, fell, and scrambled, till I got out of the full lick of the waves, and lay down for a moment to take breath. Now I saw the cliff, Harry, going up steep and dark above me, and I climbed and climbed till I reached a small ledge with grass, fell down flat on my face, and either fainted or fell asleep, I hardly know which. When I awoke, it was just break of day, and there was a little yellow flower of bird's-foot clover growing close to my face, and I knew I was on dry land; and just then some church bell down in the valley behind me broke out, as if the angels were singing to comfort me. What did I do, Harry, but fall on my knees and thank God, who holds the seas in the hollow of his hand, for having saved me, as it were, out of the very jaws of death."

At this moment there came a shriek from Kate, for Master Jack, that hopeless reprobate, was belabouring her with a great swab of wet sea-weed. The lieutenant rushed off with raised bamboo, shouting, "If I only come after you, you good-for-nothing, I'll beat you within an inch of your life!"

"That boy 'll be very good or very bad," said the lieutenant, when he returned, puffing, and out of breath, having failed to run down the enemy; and off he goes to sea as soon as he is old enough to know a pump-brake from a marling-spike. He'll drive me mad, that boy will, what with his stealing the hen's eggs, getting thrown off Gipsy, running

over the flower-beds, and cutting the filbert-trees. But you're out of gear, Harry, this morning. What does the glass say—stormy weather? Or are you thinking over your air-pumps, pots and pans, and things, eh? What cheer, Harry, you don't look like one of the *Good Fortune's* crew this morning?"

"We haven't had much to cheer us lately, Nel," said his brother, looking round sorrowfully at the grim cliffs, furrowed here and there with old mine workings. "All my money gone at one wash of the sea, part of this very land stolen from us by a low canting villain, who now threatens to force the other from me because he knows I am helpless to dispute it, and can only throw hindrances in the way, for fear of the expenses of a Chancery suit. He has me in his grip, and he knows it."

"But what on earth does the Cornish shark want with a bit of cliff like that? It is no good for quarry or pasture. I do believe these Cornish fellows—though I'm Cornish, too, by blood, if it comes to that—are stark mad about mining. Hasn't the rogue burnt his fingers bad enough already? Why, isn't half the county a regular churchyard with the heaps of rubbish dug up to make pits to bury money in—hide fools' fortunes in—all old wrecks?"

"I tell you it is engrained in them, Nel; it is in the blood. Look at our father, he was as bad as the rest. Look at that Wheal Fortune to the right there, wasn't half his money poured down that hole? Why, he might as well have taken

out a boat-full of the guineas, and then scuttled it in open sea."

"Better, because the anxiety would have been sooner over, Harry. He would not have expected them to float up again then. It's the worst sort of gambling, this mining is, because it not only ruins the holder of the mine when he sinks, but all the small craft, too, that moor round him. I'd like to pass a law against it, if I were ever head bottle-washer."

His brother laughed at the idea of a nation being governed by the old lieutenant.

"It's always the same thing," continued the lieutenant, "wherever you go here. Some miner finds a bit of ore, traces it up to a lode, which he discovers, or thinks he discovers; then there's a fuss all over the country, a company is formed, and the poorer sorts of small tradesmen and farmers venture their savings. All goes well for a time—clear sailing and good reports—as for fine promises, they're always cheap. 'Gossan good—sure to intercept a lode;' all that lingo. By-and-by they come to all rock, no gossan now—hard weather sets in; then things go worse, and snap goes the whole venture—bang, like a copper cap! It's a complete wreck, and down the whole craft sinks in forty fathoms, nothing recoverable!"

"A very complete chart of the whole business, Nelson. Undue hope and credulous covetousness for the gulls, mean deception and stealthy villainy for the hawks."

"Shall you fight the ship, Harry, if the pirate tries to get this bit of rock here?"

"Fight the ship? of course I shall! Am I to have all my land that is left squeezed from me acre by acre like this? He is trying to ruin us, but he shall find he has driven me to bay. He shall get not a pinch of earth more, if I mortgage my house to raise money to defend it."

"What craft is that in the offing?" said the lieutenant, as a man suddenly emerged from a hole in the cliff, with a lantern, which he blew out as he descended a winding path that led to the beach.

It was an old working called the Wheal Arthur from which the man had come, an old mine, begun by the father of the two Tolpeddens, and abandoned long before even the Wheal Fortune had been initiated. It opened on a little platform of rock half-way up a small headland that ran down sheer into the sea, and formed one side of a little bay of rugged slaty cliffs beyond Endellion.

A craggy weather-worn pair of shears still stood on the platform, above the sloping entrance to the shaft, and had evidently been used to lift timber, and there were portions of the steam-engine, the "thug" of whose piston had once sounded along the shore, sending false comfort to the hearts of listening shareholders. That shaft was but one of the many "tasters" pierced by the mining projectors of Cornwall.

"Warn the skulker off the property," said the

lieutenant, irascibly. The cliff just then hid the man from them.

"I daresay he's one of those rascals they call 'searchers,' and he's 'shroding,' trying to trace a boulder-stone to the lode on the cliff from which it came. Worthless, low, cheating fellows generally—always pretending to make some discovery. What a morning it is! How I wish Arthur was here! I do think he's doing well in London, Nel, from all accounts."

"No doubt of it. He'll be first class soon in painting; and, in the meantime, he'll get a partnership at Blizard's. Of course they will; bound to do it. First Lieutenant, you know, then captain. I say, Harry, here's the fellow again—let's overhaul him."

The man had reached the shore, and was advancing towards them. He was a short, thin man, who wore an old snuff-brown great-coat, and carried a small stick in his right hand, which he stuck here and there in the sand conjecturally as he walked slinkingly on, with one eye on the two brothers, and one on the cliffs. He paced slowly and apologetically at the very edge of the water, so that the less respectful waves washed up over his feet; and as he advanced his eyes stole towards them with a sort of mean and thievish fear. He was now within eye-shot.

"Why, it's that rascal that showed us the way the night I came," cried the lieutenant. "It's the man you called the Dowser. I'm sure of it."

"So it is, Nelson," said Mr. Henry Tolpedden, who was a little short-sighted; "you see further than I do. What on earth does the rogue want with us, of all people in the world? Why, he was captain in Mordred's speculation—the rascal's chop-fallen enough now."

By this time the Dowser, for it was no less a person than that gifted man, now sadly threadbare and knee-worn, had approached the two brothers, and thrusting his lantern into a side-pocket, with all the alacrity of habit, had removed his rusty brown and contused hat, and stood bare-headed; his livid face, half sallow, half purple, looking ghastly enough in the fresh daylight.

"Good morn t'ee, Maester Tolpedden, and good morn, Lieutenant Tolpedden t'ee; the Lord be about you in all your ways, and be a light to lighten ye. Hallelooliah!"

"What do you want with us?" said Henry Tolpedden. "Ain't you the fellow that my son Arthur warned off our land, and who afterwards urged Mr. Mordred to throw money down the mine yonder, that turned out so well. Is this what your divining rod leads to?"

The Dowser stood contrite; moving the hazel twig he held helplessly between his two hands.

"I deserve it all," he said—"I deserve it all—coals of fire, I deserve it all, because I did not follow the road of my conscience, but went backsliding bravely out of the way. I knew the way, and yet I did not follow it. I sowed the wind, gentlemen,

and I ripped the whirlywind. 'T'es zackly so, as I said when I was driving the odit level at hafe tribute up at Wheal Mary Anne."

"I've no money in my locker," said the lieutenant. "Why don't you apply to the parish? Give me a shilling, Harry, and get rid of the beggar."

"I think I've got a shilling," said his brother, feeling in his pocket.

"You missed your contract, gentlemen—the Lord be thanked! I want no money, and I never axed for none. I threw my bread on the waters, but I found it again after many days, and there's some of it now in my pocket. No, thankee—not a doit, not a stiver."

"So you and the skipper of the Wheal Fortune quarrelled?" said the lieutenant.

"Yes, Mr. Tolpedden, for he was a child of wrath, and a man of sin; so I left him to perish with the sons of perdition, and shook the dust off my feet, as a testimony agin hem. He was a bad behaved man, and I'll surely make him repent it."

"Is that the divining rod, that has brought you and Mr. Mordred so much good fortune?" said Mr. Tolpedden, pointing sarcastically to the hazel stick that the Dowser carried.

"Yes, that is the blessed rod," said the Dowser unabashed; "that never failed yet by day or night, and points to the champion lode, as sure as the compass points to the north star."

"Why, you infernal unbaptised scoundrel!"

said the lieutenant, starting forward; "avast heaving! Why, ain't you on a lee-shore at this very moment, and short of victual, because you got clean out of your reckoning! Do you take us for green hands, you slabberdegallion!"

"Gently, Nelson," said his brother; "the man's really not worth your anger nor mine."

As he said this, Henry Tolpedden observed that the Dowser's greenish eyes kept wandering deprecatingly and uneasily from his face to that of his brother, as much as to say, "If *he* was away, I could tell you something."

"Nelson," he said, "I think the man wants to have a private talk with me. Just you go to the children, there's another row amongst them, I hear Kate shouting to you to arbitrate about a barter of shells, about which Jack has been evidently tyrannising. Come back in ten minutes or so, there's a good fellow. I'll soon send this cheat of a fellow packing."

This was said in a whisper, and he drew the lieutenant aside to say it.

The moment Nelson Tolpedden had turned his back, and was well out of hearing, the Dowser slunk nearer to Mr. Henry Tolpedden, and half lifted his hat.

"The Lord has softened my heart," he began, "Maester Tolpedden. I was once in the gall of betterness, and the bond of inequity—bad as the rest of them, but now I'm changed. Aw! yes, I am. Halleloolah! Glory be to his name, for

he doeth wonderful things! There was a time when I'd 'ave walked hafe way to the Lizard to do you a bad turn, but now I'm brought down, and quite changed. Aw, yes!"

Mr. Tolpedden uttered an exclamation of impatience.

"Are you come to preach to me," he said, "and convert me to something like yourself, Mr. Sandoe? My time is valuable—I have no great fondness myself for field preaching."

The Dowser groaned, and his yellowish eyes moved painfully in their orbits.

"I deserve it," he said; "'tis a deceitful world, and I know I've been in the wilderness with one who wishes you no good; but I'm changed. Mr. Tolpedden, eleven 'eers last first of Aperl I've had a secret that concerns you weighing on me—yes, my dear, weighing on me tons weight, a blaw (I believe)."

"Pshaw!" said Mr. Tolpedden, contemptuously, yet, in spite of himself, surprised by the earnestness of the man's manner; "well, what is this wonderful secret?—a new copper mine in my back garden, I suppose, found out by your divining rod?"

"Don't revile the blessed rod, don't 'ee, please," said Sampy, piteously, "for I've learned the holiness of it, Maester Tolpedden; yes, it's a favoured instrument, et es, Maester Tolpedden. I swear, Maester Tolpedden, by the great white throne, and Hem as sets thereon, by the elders in the

white garments, and as I hope to be one day among them, that I am telling you the truth, or may the sea this minute rise and swallow me, as the whale did Jonah, or the cliff yonder fall on me, or the ground open and snap me up, as it did Korah, Dathan, Abiran, and all their crew. I'm a changed man, and I tell 'ee I want to do a good turn to the father of hem as saved me from wild beasts at St. Tudy's."

"Well, now, what is this secret? You can't think to impose on me by more of such protestations; they're the usual tools fellows like you work with."

"Eleven years ago," said Sampy, "I found a paper in an old box of my Uncle Roby's, my step-father, who I used to lev weth down at Dun-chine—I told hem of it, and frightened hem about some money he had owed me ever since he come to lev with me after my mother died; as he got weakerer and owlderer, at last he told me that he and eight other tributers, who had worked in the Wheal Arthur up yonder, for your faether, had discovered a lode of copper, a champion lode, too, just the very month the mine stopped working. They had agreed to keep the thing a secret, to paint over the signs of the metal with wet clay, and pretend it was necessary to mason up the entrance of that deep level, for fear the sea should break in, though the rock was really ten feet thick there. And so they ded, for the fear of the Lord wasn't in their hearts. And the week they finished the job, an agent came from Camborne,

and offered to send them out to the Rio del Monte mines in America, free of cost, and at good wage ; so Roby and they agreed to go, and wait there till they could return, when your father died, and get a pitch (bargain) down here by Endellion. But the Lord's hand was against them, and they all died in furren parts, or on their way back—all but Roby, and as you didn't get hurt in India, and he never could get you to sell the land, try as he would, the thing went on."

"I certainly remember that man Roby wanting to buy the cliff fields here. But, then, why did you set Mr. Mordred on the Wheal Fortune? You said just now it was the Wheal Arthur where the metal was. You began at the wrong place."

The Dowser smiled craftily.

"The children of thes world are not always wiser than the children of light. Mr. Mordred got hold of Billum's paper when Roby was dying, but I tore the other hafe from him before he could read it. The first hafe mentioned the fend of ore that had been worked at the Wheal Fortune, worked out, all but a string or two, the paper went on to say ; but he dedn't see them words—yet they were the prettyest (prettiest) and most useful words, for the second hafe went on to describe the exact place of the big lode, three feet thick, and solid as a brass pan, at Wheal Arthur. I had already been bargaining with hem, and I knew hem before to be false and slippery, as the old sarpint himself, so I thought, you've digged a pit

for me, Measter Mordred, but you shall fall into it yourself; and so he ded, for he cheated me out of all my wages, and refused my share of the partnership, as I had hafe expected he would do, for he is a child of wrath, if ever there was one. Yes, that's the secret—a champion lode walled up there in the under sea level, sealed up like a body in a lead coffin, and there it would have remained till the day of judgment, but for me or Roby, for who'd have thought of unwalling a dangerous level in a worked-out mine? Oh! 'tis well the Lord softened my heart, or there it would have been, for I'd never have told Maester Mordred, not I, for he's given over to the destroyer, and it's bad to meddle with such as hem."

"It's a strange story," said Mr. Tolpedden, thoughtfully, "and is not without some signs of truth about it, I must confess; yet I want more proofs—I'm too old a Cornishman, to be duped by stories like this. The mine shall be surveyed; if the ore then appears, and promises well, it may perhaps be worked; but I've no great hopes of the thing, for your character as a false prophet, Mr. Sandoe, is notorious, and you're accustomed to forge stories like this as ground-bait for your dupes."

"I *have* been a senner, Maester Tolpedden—I have been a senner, and I don't deny it. I fell away, but I'm changed—I'm not among the goats now; I swear that this is true—aw! dear, may I be driven into the lowest level of the bottomless

pit, may my hands wither, my eyes shrivel up, may my tongue rot and my legs drop from me, if I didn't see the masonry this very morning."

"It will not convince me, Mr. Sandoe. It may be all a planned trick. There may be masonry in an old mine, and yet it may hide nothing."

"Will you believe this?" said the Dowser, seizing the hazel-rod with professional dexterity, and placing it at the required angle. Almost instantly it began to vibrate, and turned downward to the sand. "Norra waun," he said, "ever turned the rod faster than that. I tell 'ee, my dear, all the shore here is pure copper; the lode runs under sea, perhaps, for miles. Quartz and felspar show all through the level, as I saw an hour ago. There was a cross course, and then they came on the copper at right angles, bearing towards the sea again—like the Bottalac."

Mr. Tolpedden shook his head.

"A burnt child dreads the fire! You forget," he said, "that our family was half-ruined by these two very mines. Even if we find masonry, and, on removing that, only mere threads or strings of copper, I shall not work it."

"But the blessed rod, that's never false!" said the Dowser, handing his magician's rod to the incredulous man he addressed. "Try it yourself. Tes the main lode, no leader, no branch-vein, and so Roby used to tell me. Why should I deceive you—what should I get if my news proved only false news after all? Try the blessed rod yourself."

That 'll speak to you clearer than I can. It goes down like an engine-beam, nothing can stop it. It pulls my hand down. Try, it sir."

Mr. Tolpedden took the rod sternly, snapped it over his knee, and threw the pieces into the sea.

"If this is a trick, Sandoe," he said, "I'll have you sent to oakum-picking as a common vagabond. And now your price for this secret?"

Sandoe groaned, and looked at the floating hazel-sticks.

"I've told you the story," he said, "Maester Tolpedden, and how I led Mr. Mordred to the wrong mine. I've told it you as fair as a blessed angel could tell it, and I can't tell no more. I've never seen the lode, not I. You must see it for yourself. Here's Roby's writing, and Billum's too."

Sampy whipped off his dirty white neckcloth, and produced from the fold the half of the letter which Mordred had torn in two.

Mr. Tolpedden sat down on a rock and perused it.

"Well," he said, as he concluded, "it seems straightforward; but perhaps Roby had some motive in deceiving you, even if you have none in deceiving me. You said, I think, that you forgave him a debt on account of the secret?"

"Yes, I ded. Uncle Roby repeated the story to me word for word the day before he died; and Uncle Roby was never no liard. No, there's a lode under the sea there, or may I never work an

eight-hour's ihor at Bal agin. If I cheat you, make any fuss about it you like, flog me at the cart's tail, shut me in Bodmin gaol, drive me out of the country, for I should not be fit any longer then to be called one of the elect—aw dear, no!"

"And what led you to tell me this? Could you not have got better terms by sharing with your old partner, who is now trying to cheat me out of this very bit of land. You owe me nothing, for I have always laughed at your divin-ing rod, your preaching, and your prophecies. I tell you frankly I have always set you down as a low cheat who was too idle to work."

"I desERVE it—I desERVE it!" said Sampy, deprecatingly. "When I was upon my gammuts (frolics) years ago at the Bottalac, the preacher denounced me in his sarmon as one of the lost, yes, lost I was then, but there came a light round me one day in the Bal, after hearing the Rev. Mr. Jones of Bromechem; from that time I was a changed man, and this is a proof of it. Why did I tell you this secret? Well, I tell you this secret because Mr. Mordred played me false, and because your son Arthur saved me from wild beasts at St. Tudy's. He saved the life of a great sinner, and I have tried to repay him as a Christian man should."

"And you of course expect," said Mr. Tolpedden, fixing his severe eyes on Sampy, "some large share of this find—a third perhaps—or some money down before we even look for the masonry

that walls up this wonderful lode that is to make all our fortunes?"

Mr. Tolpedden spoke with a sarcasm that embittered every word.

But nothing moved Sampy. He only said:

"The Lord soften all our hearts, Maester Tolpedden, for the best of us is but vanity, and hard as the nether millstone. I mean what I say, and what I say is truth, before God and man! I want no reward till the lode is found—which found it will be—and then only a place as cappen, or any small gratuity you like to give me for doing common justice, and repairing a bad business."

"The mine shall be surveyed, Mr. Sandoe, that is all I promise you. I'm not going to throw away good money after bad; no gad shall enter that mine unless your story is found true to the very letter. So good morning, Mr. Sandoe; this day week the surveyor will be here, you can bring Roby's letter and go with us."

"Good morning, Maester Tolpedden, and God guard you and keep you—hallelooliah!"

With these stock sayings of his, the itinerant preacher slunk away along the shore, as humble and servile as if he had been a man merely begging for a shilling, and had been contemptuously refused. And yet that man, by his own account, was the discloser of a secret that was to enrich perhaps for ever the Tolpedden family.

"I can't make the fellow out," thought Mr. Tolpedden; "there is something in his manner

vile and hypocritical, yet the man seems sincere and truthful; but the surveyor will soon sift the story, and unless I find sure copper, not a shilling do I spend."

At this moment the lieutenant came up, driving before him all the children.

"Well, Harry," said he, "what did the beggarly, skulking fellow want?"

"Oh! who was that old man, uncle, in the brown coat?" said Kate.

"Another guy!—there goes another guy!" said the incorrigible Jack, shouting after Sampy.

"Oh! you dreadful boy," said his father; "come here, or I'll flog you within an inch of your life."

Mr. Henry Tolpedden repeated the story—the secret of Roby, its discovery by Sampy, the deception practised on Mordred, and his intention to spend a guinea or so, and no more, in sifting the strange story.

"I expect," he said, "if we find anything, it will be a string of copper, some speckles of tin, or a lump or two of metal running into solid rock, where there has been a disturbing 'heave,' that has sent the lode Heaven knows where. That is the lode men like this Dowser generally pitch upon."

"It's all my eye, Harry, depend upon it," said the lieutenant, bluffly; "not worth heaving the lead to take soundings for, that's my opinion, Harry. That skulking fellow has found a bit of ore in some old working, and he wants you

to work it, under different excuses, in hopes you'll stumble at last upon some tin, and so give him employment before you find out your mistake. What that fellow wants is a rope's end, six dozen from the boatswain's mate, and I should like to give him them. Come along, children, we'll get home and see mother."

"And I want to get to work, too," said his brother, "so come along, Jack, and don't torment that crab any more. Give me your hand, Teddy. Now, then, Kate, old lady—no, not a moment longer."

If the Dowser was an angel in disguise, sent to aid an unfortunate family, it must be confessed that he had come in a most questionable shape.

CHAPTER VIII.

SENDING-IN DAY.

ON the Thursday after the party at Mrs. De Castro's, Arthur sallied forth about twelve o'clock to Montague Street, Portman Square, where Mrs. Penrose was staying. He was full of spirits at the thought of seeing Lucy, and the very pavement seemed to turn to gold under his feet. Seeing his own reflection in the faces of others, everyone he met appeared to him to be good-natured and smiling. The cabs shot by, that pleasant April morning, more dashing than

ever, the drivers seemed enjoying the speed of their horses, and those rivals with whom they raced shouted merrily to them as they passed by.

Is there any lover who does not feel a trepidation when he rings the bell at the house where his "beautiful vision" lives? Arthur arranged a bunch of violets in his button-hole, as he rang the bell at the Penroses'. It was strange, he thought, that at that late hour the blinds should be nearly all down, but still no suspicion of evil crossed his mind.

The door opened, and a grave maid-servant appeared.

"Is Mrs. Penrose at home?"

"No, sir—name, sir?"

"Mr. Tolpedden."

"If you please, sir, she's gone back to Cornwall suddenly—she desired me to give you this note when you called."

Arthur took the note, and read it as the door closed on his hopes. It contained the following :

"DEAR MR. TOLPEDDEN,

"I am so sorry not to see you again. You will, I am sure, regret the cause of my leaving so suddenly. The fact is, Mr. Penrose is very ill with pleurisy, and Mr. Mordred sent for me, my poor dear husband being insensible when he wrote. Mr. Tregellas, who had been summoned up to town on some urgent business, brought me the terrible

news yesterday, and took Lucy away with him. It was a great disappointment for her—even an old woman could see that. Hoping to have you soon back again in Cornwall, believe me, dear Mr. Tolpedden,

“Yours truly,

“GRACE PENROSE.

“Arthur Tolpedden, Esq.”

This was indeed a blow; and at that moment some evil spirit flashed a terrible thought across the darkness of his mind. He remembered Bradbrain's warning—there was insanity in the Tregellases' family. This might account for Lucy's strange silence, and her wild, romantic manner; but he drove the thought instantly from him, as if it was a temptation to evil, and quickening his pace, bore away in a north-east direction for Dodgeson's studio, for a few hours' quiet, tranquillizing work.

He found Dodgeson and Fisher both very busy, touching up their pictures, for it was the day pictures had to be sent into the Academy, and there was no time to be lost.

In one corner, leaning against a Prie-Dieu chair, stood a truculent-looking model in orange-coloured velvet, cuirass, short cloak, sword, plumed hat, and quilled ruff. It was one of Dodgeson's St. Bartholomew Conspirators; he had represented him as leaning over Charles IX.

In an opposite corner stood a burly model in square-cut coat and cropped wig; that was

Fisher's Dr. Johnson Doing Penance. On an easel near stood one of Hewer's sea-shore pieces—a bit of painful Pre-Raphaelite study, intensely true to nature, but wanting air and breadth, and rather timid and niggling in execution.

The two artists received Arthur with a shout of welcome, as he sat down to draw from a statuette of Hercules that stood on a shelf.

"Stipple away, old fellow!" said Dodgeson. "Did you ever see such a man as that for work; he's a glutton at it. What a shame it is the Academy making such a point of stippling! Why shouldn't a man get in by an original sketch, or a first-rate outline?" And here Dodgeson launched into a comic song.

"Now, Charles the First grew worse and worse,
And the people's cries got louder;
And as threats and fines wouldn't stop their mouths,
He resolved to try gunpowder.
"Then says Vane to Pym, 'We can't stand him,
Nor his tyrannical band, oh!
He's a child of wrath, and a son of sin,
And there's blood on his lily-white hand, oh!"

"Who's the author of that wonderful song?" said Arthur.

"My friend Cargill Brough," sang Dodgeson, "and the tune is the 'Ratcatcher's Daughter.'"

"Well, what is there to be this time at the Academy?" said Arthur. "What's that prig Burford sending?"

"Oh, a regular duffer—out of drawing, and all

plum colour—isn't it, Fisher? I say just look at Hewer's work there; it's like mustard and cress—it's overdone, isn't it? I don't think it'll get in. He's gone the round now, to see what's going in. Mark's first, then Faed Calderon, and so on. Our set first. Campbell, if you take snuff so often, how am I to paint your nose?"

"I'm tired of standing, sir. I've got the pins and needles in my leg."

"Very well, then, sit down, and take your beer. You models are more trouble than you're worth."

"And you do the same, Holford," said Dodgeson to the conspirator, who forthwith descended, willingly enough, from his red platform, fraternised with Dr. Johnson, and discussed business over a pewter measure of half-and-half.

"How do you like it?" said Dodgeson, as Arthur came round and looked at his picture.

"Very much."

"Don't you think it is a little heavy in colour?"

"Well, it might be better for a little more light from above across the tapestry."

"Murder of the Innocents—good notion, eh?"

"Very."

"Oh, he's a knowing old card, is Dodgeson!" said Fisher, with a look of crafty admiration at his colleague.

"And now let's come and cut up Fisher," said Dodgeson laughing, and assuming the air of a critic. "Chiaroscuro defective; no Raphaelesque or pyramidical composition—colour spotty—faces

wanting expression—won't do—wrong tack—out of keeping—Dr. Johnson a dummy—farmers' faces caricatured—outlines hard—too much Dr. Johnson. That's what Snelgrove will say in the *Forge*."

"And here's Dodgeson's picture, so the *Trimmer* will remark," said Fisher; "cleverly grouped, but mere patches of colour—everything sacrificed to effect. A mere study of lamplight. Might be called Guy Fawkes and his companions. By-the-bye, Tolpedden, is Trevena gone? What a delicious quaint fellow he is!"

"He went yesterday," replied Arthur; "he is part of the salt of the earth, if there is any salt in the earth."

"And how is the lieutenant?" said Fisher. "What a fine old buffer he is! and your father, and that girl you were spoons on?"

"All well," said Arthur, "when I last heard. When does the van come for the pictures, Fisher?"

"About four; we all go down in it. Hewer will be here soon to touch up the fourth leaf on his thirteenth right hand branch."

"Bless my soul," said Fisher, pulling something from his pocket, "I quite forgot your letter, Tolpedden. It came first post this morning. It's your father's handwriting."

Arthur's letters were sometimes sent to Dodgeson's in order to reach him sooner.

The letter was full of home news, and was desponding in tone. One passage ran thus—

“Mordred presses me hard, and is putting on every screw to squeeze the rest of No Man’s Land from us, but for what reason I know not. His Bill of Complaint has already been sealed with the seal of the court; and Chetwynd, Strong, and Wrackem have put in an appearance. Next week they promise me the plaintiff’s interrogatories. How I shall find money to fight them, I don’t know. Delights us to hear how well you are getting on. You must husband your £50 till June, then I will try to send you more, if you want it. Aunt Mary has not been herself lately. I think she vexes about the conduct of the Tregelases. Dear good little soul! she’s not fit to bear trouble, and the lieutenant has no sympathy with undue sensibility. Jack was found the other day clambering about the roof, practising for a sailor, to the agony of his mother and old Liddy, and the rage of his father, who swears he shall go to sea in less than two years.”

Arthur was still intent on his letter when there came a ring at the bell; the next moment an old servant brought a card to Dodgeson.

“Show him in,” said Dodgeson; and in came the visitor.

It was Lucas, extravagantly dressed, and lively and riotous as ever. He was delighted to see them all, especially Arthur.

“Had a ripping time at Oxford,” he said, as he bestrode a chair, and drew off his lavender kid gloves; “nothing but sprees. Won silver sculls

last week—cleared a fifty pigeon shooting at Henley—put money on the Liverpool Steeple Chase—gone in for everything, from pitch and toss to manslaughter. Started card club—blind hookey, loo, and *vingt-un* every night—fun? I believe you. Why don't you come up, Tolpedden?"

"Wish I could," said Arthur, with a sigh—"no such luck; got to make money."

"It must be doosed queer making your own tin. Made your book for the Great Event?"

"Not I; no money to stake."

"Nonsense—oh! you're chaffing. You coin money, you fellows. My eyes! this is a picture. What's the go here? Queen Elizabeth, of course. Well, you have a nice time of it! Ever spar, Dodgeson?—got any foils or single-stick? This bloke in the ruff here looks as if he could give one a swipe, if he got inside your guard. Let's have a turn. Where's Hewer?—how's Hookem?"

Dodgeson answered the questions seriatim; and then walked round to look at Arthur's work.

"Come here, Fisher—come here! Just look at Tol's sketch of Holford. Why, it's excellent! That's your style; crafty fellow, pretending to stipple all the time. Oh! he'll do—he'll be at the top of the tree some day."

Arthur's sketch was in pen and ink, in Stothard's graceful manner, and was full of spirit.

"I want you men," said Lucas, "to come and dine with me at the St. James's—six sharp, mind—no excuses—billiards afterwards; and I want

you to join our drag for the Derby. Only two guineas each. Fortnum and Mason, and all that sort of thing, I stand to win on the favourite, so I treat, and won't hear of anyone paying."

Fisher and Dodgeson accepted both invitations. Arthur declined the latter—to the dinner he promised to come, if he might leave for Blizard's at half-past eight.

That night, when Arthur left Blizard's, in a fit of ambition he tried to set down on paper his thoughts of a picture. It was that fine scene in "Quentin Durward," where the wild boar of Ardenne murders the Bishop of Liège, in the hall of his palace. Arthur had a vivid imagination, and eager for rapid distinction as he was, he struggled hard to reproduce his thought upon the canvas. Clearly, as in a mirror, he saw the long tables, strewn with goblets and flagons, and under the dais the wild boar glaring at the pale, helpless old man, who, in his Pontifical robes, was dragged before him. Clearly, too, he saw the long rows of loathsome and threatening faces, the tossing weapons, and the outstretched hands.

He saw all this inwardly, but when he tried to put it on paper the result was a blurred and hopeless confusion. His new knowledge and his old power refused to harmonize. He tried to sketch the scene in his dashing way, but then there came in recollections of statuesque outlines and studio learning. The armour would not come accurately, he could not remember the folds the drapery ought

to have taken, and the perspective presented insuperable difficulties.

Then came into his mind desponding thoughts of the difficulties of both literature and art. There loomed up ghastly fears of failure; should he ever see Lucy or Cornwall again? How could he have the courage to tell his father of his defeat?

His overstrained mind yielded at last to the overwhelming burden. Wrapping his plaid round him, and covering his face, he threw himself on the sofa, till sleep came with its gracious anodyne for sorrow, and staunched the wounds of his despair.

CHAPTER IX.

THE DERBY.

THE surveyor who came to report on the Wheal Arthur, much to the astonishment of the Tolpeddens, and the triumph of Sampy, reported favourably. Masonry was found in the under-sea level, and on that being removed, evident traces of a large and unexhausted lode became visible.

It was determined to work the lode. The only question was where to get the money. Mr. Tolpedden resolved on borrowing money from Messrs. Chetwynd, Strong, and Wrackem; but this would occasion a delay.

The lieutenant, with the quick unobtrusive generosity of his nature, now as sanguine about the mine as he had been at first contemptuous, at once resolved on a scheme of brave self-sacrifice. He planned, without telling even his wife, to run up to London, under pretence of seeing Arthur, and urging forward the petition for his pension, sell £500 worth of his small capital out of the Funds, and lend that to his brother to buy machinery for the mine. If the mine failed (but how could it fail?) he would never, he felt sure, repent the venture for those he loved so much. It might, it would be the beginning of a great fortune.

On his arrival in London, the day before the Derby, the lieutenant instantly drove to his broker, and obtaining the money which he had before written about, walked straight to Keppel Street to find Arthur.

To his great disappointment Arthur had gone to Great Marlow sketching, with some of the Gridiron Club, and having got a holiday at Blizard's, he was not to be back till the Friday.

On returning to his humble inn, "The Three Cups," in Aldersgate Street, the lieutenant ordered a steak and some stout, and called for the newspaper. Knowing little of London hitherto but the neighbourhood of the Docks, the place struck him as larger than usual, now that he had ventured deeper into it.

Pleased at his own audacity, and at the success of his excursion to the metropolis, the lieutenant

called for the *Times*, and looked down the advertisements. The first he came to was one announcing the excursion trains for the Derby Day.

"Belay there!" he said, half aloud. "I've a good mind to overhaul that Epsom race; I've heard much of it, and I've got a day on hand."

As soon as he had finished dinner, out he strolled into the inn yard, where two ostlers were hissing over the carcase of a huge yellow omnibus, which dripped with water like a new-stranded whale.

"Where does that craft go to?" asked the lieutenant.

The second ostler did not answer, but squeezing his sponge out into his pail deliberately, looked at ostler number one.

"Where does that craft go to, messmate?" asked the lieutenant again, and this time tartly.

"Why, to Epsom, in course—am I right, Jack?" growled ostler number one. "Where should it go to?"

"Is there a place on the main-deck vacant?"

"Yes, sir," said a waiter, with a napkin over his left arm, who just then tripped into the court; "yes, sir, one place on the top—gentleman poorly upstairs in No. 6 as took his place—be kind enough to ask at the bar. Yes, sir—starts at nine—think it'll be a fine day, sir, for the 'great event?' Buckstone is the winning horse, sir—put all your money on for Buckstone. This way to the bar, sir—Miss Maitland will give you the ticket—yes, sir."

The lieutenant soon decided; he bought the ticket,

took a glass of grog, according to custom, went to bed early, and rising before seven, after a hearty breakfast, took his place solemnly on the omnibus roof for a regular day's pleasure, in good humour with everyone, and delighted at his own daring.

When the omnibus passed St. Paul's, about nine o'clock, the whole city had been astir for hours. Hansom cabs, curtained vans, costermongers' carts, brilliant traps, neat broughams, smart knowing gigs, were already filling all the streets leading to London Bridge. Green veils fluttered, the cabman had his bouquet, the van conductor his cockade. It was the first act of one vast carnival. Mammon that day had few worshippers. Fortune was the goddess, and the rolling wheel was her emblem. All London, in fact, was in a simmer, from the club-rooms in Pall Mall to the poorest beer-shop in Whitechapel.

People were rushing into shops at the last moment in an excited way, to buy flowers, primrose-coloured gloves, lobsters, champagne, veils, post-horns, opera-glasses, and dust-coats. The betting-book, that was ere night to be torn to pieces in an agony of despair, was now dotted with hopeful figures. The winning horse neighed in his stall, a mere unit among its fellows.

The suburban roads were crowded with spectators. The strings of carriages from the Westminster, Kennington, and Blackfriars Roads gradually wove themselves into one long cable. Every turnpike gate was a scene of gesticulating, wrangling,

and chaffing. The harness shone, the man with the cornet played the "Cure," in an exulting but inaccurate way, the people in the vans began to prematurely tap huge stone jars of beer; on went the motley saturnalia of noisy laughing Londoners, waving boughs and flags, and criticizing everyone they passed.

Now the rank and file of pedestrians fell in; sham negroes, enough to conquer central Africa, with banjoes and music-stands over their shoulders; Aunt Sally proprietors, with bundles of sticks; men with red pasteboard noses, who "chaffed" old gentlemen of Clapham, standing at their garden gates; men driving trucks full of sand-bags and cocoa-nuts; slouching roughs and mechanics on the tramp; Paddys with "correk cards," ginger-beer sellers and itinerant tradesmen of all kinds.

Beyond Clapham, with its ponds, stubs of furze, and clumps of trees, the country really began; the great uninterrupted fresh green fields spread open, the ripe grass glittered with sprinkles of gold flowers, the air blew freer, the larks sang overhead, the thrushes fluted from the white thorn bushes, in spite of the ceaseless roll of wheels, the ribald shouts, the clack of whips, the songs and the cries of "Am I right, or any other man?"

And now, at road-side public-houses, where vans halted, crimson-faced men stood with bundles of hay under their arms, and country children came to offer birds'-nests, oak-apples, and bunches

of blossoming thorn. On playground walls the "young gentlemen," in clean collars, were drawn up in the form of advertisements, and young ladies grouped on lawns were greeted with a fervour peculiar to the motley day.

At Brixton the great fan-leaved chestnuts began to display their white cones of flower, the elms, ruffling dark with countless leaves, were glowing in the pleasant May sunshine. Pretty nursemaids smiled from the windows, trim tigers sat at the garden gates, pugnaciously, on promising-looking corded hampers, and the daintiest of servant-maids stole peeps, with innocent pertness, over the garden walls.

On again went the jolting triple line of trucks and drags, and cabs and omnibusses, storming into the country like the camp-followers of some conquering army; officers, actors, stock-brokers, artists, noblemen, prize-fighters, publicans, and thieves, all mixed together. The duke's son "chaffed" the costermonger, the costermonger tried to "rile" the son of the duke. On the Derby Day there is no distinction of ranks.

More "correk cards," more banjo playing at road-side inns, more interchange of chaff, more veils and cockades, more rows, more cornet-playing, more drinking, more squeaks of penny trumpets, more cries of "Am I right, or any other man?" and they get on the Downs, on the soft uneven turf roads and chalky cuttings. There were the long walls of moored carriages, and the stacks of

deserted cabs; and there was the Grand Stand, looking like a huge unroofed house, with only a few persons on it choosing seats.

The lieutenant, and everybody else, got off the 'bus, and made for the course, to get a good place for the first race. But there was a great jostling to thread; men shouting "3 to 1 on Marquis!" "7 to 2 against Buckstone!"—men trying to get past gesticulating policemen—to avoid Aunt Sallys—to skirt where the bludgeons flew thick and fast—cocoa-nuts on high sticks to be shunned—sparing booths to pass—competitions for yellow wooden pears, and gilt pincushions to watch—archers to observe, and donkey-riders to laugh at.

All this took so long, that by the time the bell had rung, and the policemen drawn in line had cleared the course, the lieutenant arrived at the ropes, in so crowded a place, that he could only notice everybody's hat taken off, hear a thud of hoofs, and see for a moment a whirl of horses pass on to the winning-post.

An instant after there was a distant shout, and the crowd poured like a deluge over the broad green course. At that moment a "horsey" looking man, like a well-to-do London publican, with a good deal of gold curb chain, and a coat fastened by one button across the chest, trod by accident on the lieutenant's toe in the crowd. There was a neatly dressed young man, who looked like an upper-class shopman, with him, who carried a hunting-whip.

There was a rush just at the time to a place near the carriages, where a policeman had collared a pickpocket, the accident was inevitable. The man lifted his hat, and apologised.

"As the late Lord George Bentinck once observed at Newmarket to me," he said—"All men on the turf, and under the turf, are equal."

The lieutenant did not see exactly what this had to do with having one's toe trodden on, but as it seemed a smart saying he laughed, and said it was of no consequence. Could the gentleman tell him the way to the refreshment-booth?

The eldest of the two showed him the way very civilly to the door of the chief booth. It was a noisy, tumultuous scene, and the worthy lieutenant, somewhat confused, sat down to some cold meat, in a corner, in a hurried manner. Just as he was finishing, he caught sight of the same two men hard at work at a cold fowl close to him.

Instantly he saw him, the burly sporting man rose, and came towards him in a jovial excited manner, with a bottle of sherry in his hand.

"Do me the honour of taking a glass, captain. Stranger here, sir?"

"No sherry, thank you. Wine's a thing I never take," said the lieutenant, rather pleased at the compliment. "No, I was never at the Derby before; you'll perhaps hardly believe it."

"Only think of that! Did you ever hear of such a thing, Jem?" he said, turning to his companion.

"Not as I knows of—bless me if I ever did! Now, look here, Joe, I'll make it twenties on the Marquis, if you like. Pass the sherry, Joe; here, waiter, cheese, and quick, or I'll spifficate you!"

"Buckstone will win, my lad," said the other; "put the pot on for Buckstone."

"The bell's ringing," said some one at the door; and hastily paying, everyone rushed out.

"Keep near us, and we'll put you through," said the burly man to the lieutenant, making way to a place nearly opposite the left-hand corner of the Grand Stand, the seats of which were fast filling.

The crowd scattered and retired, remonstrating before the steady advance of the line of policemen. A forlorn man and his wife raced across the course, but were stopped and driven back. A lost cur rushed madly down the course, pursued by the yells of ten thousand people.

"That's the usual dog—seen him twenty years," said the smaller man.

"That's a remarkable coincidence," said the lieutenant.

"The dog's *jolly green* to come at all," said the bigger man, and winked at his friend.

Now the weighing over, the thirty-four horses that were to start came out of the paddock for their canter. Down they came across the long green slip of turf, bare, except for the yellow patches of orange-peel, and the white sandwich papers blowing before the wind.

There was a stir and flutter in the crowd as when the breeze passes through tall moving grass. The horses dashed past. The crimson and yellow jackets puffed out in the sunshine as the horses swept by with careless vigour and great strides. The favourite led them all—his backers were loud and exulting. The burly man went nearly mad with excitement, and waved his hat.

There was a good deal of bonneting going on among the crowd, and a good deal of pushing for good places; but the burly man elbowed and shouted—"Make way for the gentlemen, you roughs—make way, or I'll make it!" and the lieutenant was at last placed in front, much to his own contentment, and the satisfaction of the burly man's sporting friend.

Mr. M'George, in his scarlet coat, was busy starting the horses.

"They're off!—they're off!" shouted thousands of voices.

"Oh, no, they're not," said the lieutenant's new friend sarcastically; "it's not so easy starting four-and-thirty horses."

"They're off!" went the shout again.

"Don't let go the ropes," said the taller to the lesser man.

"Not if I know it."

"*Now* they're off!" roared the mob again.

"That's right this time."

There is a peculiar pulsation when the real start takes place, that no one who knows the Derby well

can ever forget. There is a murmur that rises of deep satisfaction and it comes as an undercurrent to the shout.

Only a second, the whole race is over in less than three minutes, and yet it seemed an hour before the horses came over the hill, moving as slow, it appeared, as if they were mere toy-horses on a slide, drawn by a child. All at once the heads on the grand stand turned one way, and the white of the faces showed like a sudden transformation. That change expressed the deep emotion of a thousand hearts, the hopes and fears that could not be suppressed.

There they came slashing along, twenty of the thirty. The favourite racing on with a clear lead, Argonaut, Neptunus, Caractacus, and the ruck close after him, fleet as the wind. Coming down the hill, and rounding the turn into the straight, there was a clear length of dark turf islanding Marquis from his pursuers.

As the horses approached, the crowd surged forward on to the ropes; the shouts of "Red!" "Blue!" "Yellow!" "Black!" rose louder than before. The burly man pressed forward on the lieutenant, and shouted "BLUE! BLUE! BLUE!" till he got black in the face, while his companion with shriller violence screamed, "*Red!* RED! RED!"

The pace in racing appears tremendous only at the moment that the horses pass; then they seem to flash across the vision swift as bullets. Four

horses were in a line—the Marquis, Caractacus, Buckstone, and Mr. Jackson's colt. The jockeys leaned forward, plied their whips like madmen, and worked their horses with a pull and hustle for the last tremendous rush. The Grand Stand went stark staring crazy, thousands of hands waved hats and sticks, the cries of "Blue!" and "Red!" warred together. The horses passed out of sight like flashes of lightning; people were frenzied with excitement. A moment after up went the telegraph with the number of the winner, No. 17, and the cry of "Caractacus!" proclaimed the winner. Then, close after the last horse, the mob rushed in, like a deluging black sea that had burst the dykes, and the course was covered by shouting costermongers and contesting eddies of winners and losers.

The instant the number went up, the burly man rammed his hat over his eyes, and exclaiming, "Ruined!—every penny! Oh! my mother, my poor mother!" plunged into the thickest of the crowd, followed by his sympathizing but alarmed friend.

That same instant a sudden alarm flashed across the lieutenant's mind. He felt in his side-pocket for his pocket-book, with the £500 in notes. It was gone! A suspicious-looking quiet man stood next him. He must be the thief. The lieutenant instantly collared him, crying "You rascal, you've been and picked my pocket!" The man denied, resisted, and threatened. The infuriated

lieutenant knocked him down, and shouted "police" with all his might. Some roughs ran up to the rescue, surrounded the lieutenant, hustled him, knocked him down, and beat him. He shouted for help, rose, felled one of his antagonists, and attacked another. In dashed the police, with truncheons out, and hewed their way to the half-maddened lieutenant, whom they dragged off to their booth, together with three of the leading roughs.

In the police-tent was the superintendent, a severe, grim Rhadamanthus, in a tightly-buttoned blue frock-coat, who sat stiffly at a table, writing out a folio charge sheet.

"What do you charge these men with?" he asked, turning sharply on the almost frantic lieutenant.

"Charge!—charge them with robbing me of £500 in bank notes—£500 in good notes! Put it down. I'll have them hung at the yard-arm, every man Jack! Search them. I say, boatswain, I insist on their being searched—you'll find the notes on them. If I lost those notes, I should go mad. They were put by to save my family—they were not for myself. Search them—I insist on their being searched. They were all in it, and they struck me too; put that down. If I don't get the notes back, I'll have them punished—mind that, by —, sir, I'll have them flogged at the cart's tail, if I have to do it with my own hand!"

"Now then, what have you been up to?" said the superintendent, familiarly to the unabashed prisoners.

"Nothing, Mr. Davers," said one of the roughs; "we're only here for a spree, not for business. It was Billy Barlow and little Jemmy as took this old gent's money."

"That's right," said the others.

"Is this so, do you think, Roberts?" said the inspector to one of the policemen.

"It is about it, I think, Mr. Davers."

"Did you see any suspicious persons near you just before the robbery?" asked the inspector of the agonized lieutenant, who, with his hand plunged into the side-pockets of his Flushing jacket, was pacing up and down the tent in a paroxysm of grief and rage.

"Yes, there was a burly talkative man, well dressed, with a white hat, cutaway coat, and gold curb chain, and a little man, with a whip. I saw them in the refreshment tent, and they asked me to have some sherry."

"That's Billy and little Jemmy," said Roberts (P. C. 44), "that's them all the world over. He's all jaw, Billy is, and I seed him driving through the crowd just before the tussel began. They've got the notes. I'll bet a fiver on it."

"Search these fellows," said the inspector, with an ominous twinkle of the eye.

The roughs were searched, but no notes were found on them.

"Will you believe it now, Bobby?" said one of them.

"It was Billy, then. I wish I could get the bracelets on that fellow," said the inspector. "Discharge these men. Roberts, give the gent a glass of water, he looks faint. Ask him his name?"

"Tolpedden," gasped the lieutenant. "But why are those men let off?—I'll have justice!—I've been robbed of £500!—I'll have justice!"

"It is two men named Barlow and Jackson who have robbed you," said the inspector; "they are well-known hands. I'll send one of our detectives after them by the night train—they'll be off to Paris—I know their little game. We may perhaps get you back part of the money. Let me have the numbers of the notes, and we'll stop them. Where do you live?"

"In Cornwall. I did not take the numbers."

"That's a bad job; but never mind, we'll nab 'em if we can. You should have taken the numbers. You can go back to Cornwall, sir—leave your address—we shan't find them in London—they're too knowing for that. Good morning, sir."

The lieutenant reeled out of the tent, almost heart-broken. At the door a crowd of persons wanted to hear about the robbery. All at once some one caught him by the arm. It was Lucas.

"Why, hallo, lieutenant, who'd have thought of seeing you here of all men?" he said. "Don't you know me? What, you've been robbed by the

swell mob—never mind, there's more tin where that came from. I've lost £200 on the last race—make it up at the Oaks—this is a bad business. Come and have some champagne” (“pop” Lucas called it) “with me, Dodgeson, Hewer, and Fisher—they're all out there shooting for nuts—such a lark! Come along, old boy, don't be down-hearted. Here's a fiver, if you'd like to borrow it—Oh, cheer up!”

The lieutenant's heart was too full to speak, but he grasped Lucas's hand, and took the proffered note.

“God bless you, Lucas,” he said; “I'll take this—I hadn't a penny left to get back to Cornwall—I can't face Arthur after this blow. I shall start back to-night—first train—good-bye. I shall send you the money by post. Don't tell poor Arthur, for God's sake!”

The lieutenant found his omnibus putting to, and hid himself in one corner of it. The people began to move homeward; the dolls in the hats, the waving boughs, the drunken humours, the noise, the chaff, the sights, all passed before him like a dream. He had but one thought, and that was the loss of his £500, that had been destined to start the Wheal Arthur.

CHAPTER X.

ARTHUR LEAVES BLIZARD'S ABRUPTLY.

"THERE was a man of your name was robbed yesterday of £500 at the Derby," said Hookem to Arthur, who had called on the Sultan editor for literary advice the day after the Derby, the same day in which he had returned from his sketching party at Marlow. The lieutenant had left no name, and Arthur had put down his visitor as some artist friend.

"I'm afraid there's no one of our name now who's got so much money," replied Arthur, laughing.

"Will you believe it, Arthur," said Hookem, throwing himself back in his great chair, and tousling his hair in a perturbed way, "those fools of publishers have refused to take my rehabilitation of Guy Fawkes—say it is too glaring a paradox—doubt my sincerity—yes, sir, actually doubt my sincerity—think the immortal creature was a low assassin, and talk bunkum about Protestantism, and that sort of thing. I'll have my revenge, sir. There is a Spanish proverb, 'We're both carriers, we shall meet again on the same road.' I'll hold up their books to ridicule—they shall feel the power of the *Forge*, as others have done. I'll publish Guy Fawkes at my own expense—I'll stereotype it—I'll permeate the world

with it—I'll advertise it even on the Pyramids—I'll vindicate the fame of this martyr of science, or die in the attempt. Do you see this?"

Mr. Hookem here shuffled among the letters on the table, and drew forth three folio sheets of MS. memoranda.

"What is that?"

"What is it?—why, no less than four hundred blunders, entanglements, contusions, and rhythmical errors, discovered by me in "Romeo and Juliet" alone. This idolatry of Shakspeare must be put a stop to, sir—it is undermining our literature. I will publish an alphabetical list of errors, to bring his genius to its level. How do you and Davis and Blizard get on?—Pull together better I suppose now?—You must bear with the tradesman element, till you get your foot well on the ladder, and have some editorship offered."

"We shall never pull together."

"Oh! yes, you will."

"Never—I can bear scant payment, but I can't endure the insolence of ignorant, purse-proud men."

"We all have to pocket insults sometimes."

"I'll not bear them from anyone," said Arthur; "especially from men like that."

"Ah! you're young—you're not half broken in yet to our London life—it's a hard world ours—it must be humoured—Blizard's is a good beginning—a safe stepping-stone."

"I'll never enter their door again. I went there

this morning, sat down to write a short leader on American affairs, that the foreman was waiting for. Davis and Blizard were both out—presently they came in together. ‘What is he doing now?’ shouted Davis. ‘Writing verses, I suppose,’ said Blizard, sneeringly. ‘Writing a leader that was wanted,’ I said quietly. ‘Oh! we’re no use now, Davis, not a bit,’ said Blizard; ‘it’s all Tolpedden here.’ ‘Let me see that leader,’ said Davis, insolently. I rose, Davis took my seat, elevated his eyebrows, and thrust out his lower lip, as full of malice and jealousy as he could be. Blizard looked over his shoulder, and whispered criticisms. At the second slip Davis drew his pen violently over a third of the page. ‘Verbiage,’ he said, ‘bad style, too many metaphors.’ ‘He’s got plenty to learn, though he doesn’t think so,’ sneered Blizard. ‘I’ll not have my work spoiled by an ignorant scribbler,’ said I, snatching up the leader to finish it upstairs in the printing-office.”

“A want of due subordination.”

“Perhaps so, but my blood was up. Well, Davis blustered, and Blizard ran to the door, to prevent my going out. The latter even threatened to strike me, on which I knocked him down, tore up the leader, went downstairs, demanded my two guineas for last week’s work, and told the clerk to give Mr. Blizard the balance to buy any brown paper and vinegar he might require.”

“A retreat and a victory,” said Hookem laughing boisterously. “So much for Blizard. Pegasus

won't go in harness, that's evident. You're too independent, I fear, for journalism. Why, you're a regular fire-eater, Arthur, I declare ! Well, you must now go in for a regular good novel—not sensation—not trigamy—not bigamy ; no throwing husbands down wells—no arson—not too much parson ; but a downright good novel, to take the town by storm—natural, strong, tender, humorous—Miss Evans, Anthony Trollope, and Miss Bronte happily blended, without too much dialect or too little incident. I'll review it for you."

"Not so easy to do a novel, Hookem," said Arthur good-humouredly. "I'd rather write poetry—I haven't seen life enough yet for a novel. Young men don't write good novels."

"Can't live on poetry—an epic a year wouldn't do it. It's only meant for rich people. Live on prose, and write poetry at grand moments."

"But amateur poetry is always slip-shod. Nothing keeps one up to the mark so much as writing for the critics."

"True ; but people will read the old poetry. They don't want new poetry, like muffins, every morning for breakfast."

"It takes time to get on to the periodicals. If I write an essay, back it comes, with a note saying the subject has been treated before in No. 270. If I send a story, it is too long, or too short, or too sensational, or wanting in dramatic power. The editors exhaust on me their stock of critical

phrases. They have their cliques, and don't seem to want outsiders."

"We all begin so; *sic itur ad astra*. One can't get on without cliques. Every staff is a clique more or less. You'll have a clique when you get editor."

"It does seem hard to have to bear with all these caprices and fancies. Here's a thing I've just had returned from the *Evergreen*. It's a poem founded on a Greek legend. I tried to make the verse Shelleyan and flowing, yet chaste and simple. The wretch writes that it is 'cold and bald'—they've always these cant phrases."

"Read it," said Hookem, grandly. "I've got a little time just now, till the proofs come in."

Arthur read:—

"BACCHUS AND THE WATER-THIEVES.

"Journeying from Naxos, swiftly towards Crete,
Leaving behind him now the Cyclades,
Those island gems that necklace the blue sea
With strings of pearl, and emerald Sporades,
Bacchus, as the swift bark skimmed, dipped, and leaped.
Beneath the fluttering canvas softly slept.

"The god had left his panthers in fair Crete.
His thyrsus-bearers and his corybants,
His frolic satyrs and his Indian pomp.
In vineyard caverns and in forest haunts;
And now alone, his beauteous limbs at rest,
The cypress planks of a poor galley prest.

“ The boat by magic moved upon the wave,
The sea-nymphs drew it thro’ the deep unseen ;
Great dolphins gambolled round the frothing keel,
White sea-birds flew above the ripples green ;
While Iris from a bright cloud smiled to see
That youthful god disdain the wrathful sea.

“ Sudden from Lemnos, rising bleak and blue,
Down sea-side crags the eager robbers came,
Leaping to man their boats and seize the prize.
Seeing the heedless craft, no fear or shame
Restrained that rude, fierce horde ; a hundred oars
At the same moment pushed off from those shores.

“ Waving their knives and darts, they leaped aboard,
Yelling out war cries with a drunken glee ;
Flashing their axes, and each crooked sword,
In ravenous rage and murderous ecstasy.
But still the youth upon the sunny prow
Slept with one hand crossing his fair white brow.

“ Enraged to find no spices, wine, nor gold,
With blows they woke him, and with laughter grim,
Binding him to the mast with biting cords,
That made the blood spring from each radiant limb.
Then piling pine-knots, vowed to sacrifice
To Vulcan this fair youth, their trembling prize.

“ ‘ Spare me ! ’ he cried ; ‘ my mother sighs for me
In Naxos, where my father, old and blind,
Begs for his bread ! O Fate ! thou mystery,
That brought me to this woe. O seamen kind !
Spare a poor youth, so free from sin and blame,
And do not give me to that cruel flame ! ’

“ Now one relented ; but they stabbed that man,
And threw him bleeding to the wistful sharks ;
And then, mid cymbal clash and barbarous drum,
Blew from the smouldering logs the crimson sparks ;
Unbound the lad, and threw him on his knees,
Singing their savage hymns to the hushed seas.

“ Then he raised up his hands unto the sun,
And prayed in agony to Father Jove ;
And lo ! a strength divine came to his heart,
And thunder answered him from far above.
Now he stood luminous, a starry crown
Glittering upon his brow and tresses brown.

“ And suddenly the rigging's knotted ropes
Were changed to creeping tendrils of the vine,
And from the mast the purple clusters hung,
Every rich berry swollen with red wine ;
The very bulwarks began next to grow,
And long green shoots rose from the hold below.

“ The little curling horns of tendrils spread
Round all the canvas, and continually
Rose through each plank. Then those base, coward men,
With one consent, leaped headlong in the sea,
And changed to dolphins, hiding from the day,
Pursued by sharks in terror broke away.

“ Now in his floating vineyard Bacchus passed
To longing Crete, and Iris graciously
Arched him with rainbows, and a glory shone
To welcome him o'er all the neighbouring sea.
While in the distance angry lightnings played
Wrathful on Lemnos, and that isle dismayed.”

"I think those classical things perhaps rather incline to the cold and icy," said Hookem, thrusting his thumbs into the arm-holes of his waistcoat, in his grand Sir Robert Peel manner. "Look here, write more on the life that surrounds you—London scenes. Squeeze poetry out of omnibuses and railway carriages. The public mind is large but shallow, it does not know much about the classics, or knights, or any high-faluting stuff of that kind. The great poets and painters have generally dealt with their own times—at least, so the critics say, and they ought to know. At all events, Hogarth did so, and Dante did so, and also that great, but too careless genius, William Shakspeare, of Stratford-on-Avon. Now look here, I took up *Chambers's* just now, and there I found these lines, which are to the point, for they take a common street incident and transform it into poetry."

Having delivered this oracle, Hookem took up a number of *Chambers's Journal*, and read the following :

"LITTLE PEGGY.

"In a blind little alley, deep sunk in Saint Giles,
Little Peggy's blind father lights up with the smiles
Of Peggy, who, now that there's tidings of spring,
With her warblings makes the whole alley to ring.

"She answers the blackbird, the eating-house bird,
Who loves her, and echoes her every word.
Then binds up her violets, purple and sweet,
And sallies out singing to Threadneedle Street.

" Her basket is full of the fresh country flowers,
Those dear little tremblers that rise from March showers.
It is not the rich that alone love the spring ;
Its joy and its hope make the beggar-girl sing.

" Oh ! dear little Peggy, they're longing for thee,
In the second-floor back at that dim number three ;
Then proffer your violets, purple and sweet,
To yon banker, the Croesus of Threadneedle Street.

" He is childless, and buys for the sake of your smile,
So innocent, loving, and free from all guile ;
He flings down a shilling, and passes away :
Oh ! Heaven is smiling on Peggy to-day !

" The omnibus rolls, and the cabs rattle on ;
They may roll, they may rattle, but Peggy is gone,
To bear back her spoil to that lane in Saint Giles,
Her eyes full of hope, her face beaming with smiles.

" How she blesses the spring, and the sunshine, and flowers,
That rise when March comes with its wind and its showers ;
The violets she'll kiss, oh ! they're purple and sweet,
When she, singing, trips back to old Threadneedle Street.

" The rich people talk of the spring, for it brings
The flowers for their ball-rooms, the wild bird that sings ;
But the spring little Peggy regards with such glee,
Is the spring that brings daddy his baccy and tea."

" How do you like that ? It is fresh and simple, although, between ourselves, all those flower-girls are well known as thieving, good-for-nothing huzzies ; but that's neither here nor there. There is a dash of Wordsworth in it, ' At the

corner of Wood Street,' and a *soupçon* of Tom Hood; still there is no plagiarism. I do say that that's the style. People understand that. They've all seen girls selling spring flowers, and sentimental pity is pleasant, and costs nothing. Who cares for Bacchus?"

Arthur praised the anonymous verses, as kindly and natural. He smiled, too, because they happened to be his own.—The Jupiter of the *Forge* was graciously pleased to be pleased.

"Go on," he said. "You'll do—you'll do, go on; there's the right grit in you. You have the true instinct of the century about you; you do not stick mulishly to the old conventions, that held that no poetry could exist in anything short of a classical epic—great mistake. But remember, whatever you do, begin with a great hit; it's all-important. *Il n'y a que le premier pas qui coûte!*"

Accepting this vague but comforting advice as a valediction, Arthur took his leave of the Sultan Editor. When he knocked at the door of his lodgings in Keppel Street, the servant who opened it placed in his hand a letter.

Arthur ran up-stairs with it, lit his candle, and read it at once. It was from his father, and contained the following important news.

"MY DEAREST BOY,

"By the strangest combination of circumstances, I have just discovered that an old mine on our property near Endellion still contains

copper sufficient to amply repay working. I hope it may retrieve the fortunes of our family. Come back directly, dear Arthur, and be a witness of our luck. The lieutenant, who went to London, and has just returned, ventured to the Derby, and was there unfortunately robbed of £500 of his savings, which the dear old fellow had generously intended to devote to buying machinery for the Wheal Arthur. You remember the old working close to the sea. It grieves me to the heart that I cannot at once repay him, but it shall come out of our first profits. I know you won't object to that. I am borrowing £1,000 to start with from a client of Messrs. Chetwynd, Strong, and Wrackem. We all long to see you. Aunt Mary and the children send best love. Come by the first train to-morrow, I and your uncle will be at the station waiting for you. Imagine with what joy and gratitude I fell on my knees last night to thank God for this happy event, which restores me not only my fortune but my son. Arthur, you shall go to Oxford now. That villain Mordred is pressing me hard with a Chancery suit, but I hope the mine will enable me to defeat the rascal.

“Your loving father,

“HENRY TOLPEDDEN.”

Need I describe the rapture with which Arthur flew to the dusty cupboard in his bed-room, dragged out his old portmanteau, crammed it with clothes, and ringing the bell, gave notice of his intention of

starting for Cornwall by the first train in the morning. What floods of hope and joy filled his heart to overflowing! This was indeed a reward for months of self-denial and self-sacrifice. Now he should see Lucy again, and be able to claim her hand as an equal.

CHAPTER XI.

TO AND FRO.

THE morning after Arthur's return to "the rocky land," Mr. Tregellas and Mr. Trevena were "hob-nobbing" in the study of the former gentleman.

It was near the end of May, and the open first-floor window commanded a pleasant view over the green velvet surface of the broad lawn, in the centre of which rose an immense hawthorn-tree, now a mountain of white scented blossom, the busy mart of a million bees. In the soft sunshine the hill of flowers looked like a well-powdered wig. To use a metaphor of Mr. Trevena's, the hum was like the first murmur of a cathedral organ, when the bellows are just set to work.

There was a bright little fire in the grate, but the fresh morning air came in agreeably at the window, and seemed to ridicule the comforts of winter.

It was a handsome room, walled with books, the colours of whose bindings were so rich and varied that they supplied the place of flowers. Mr. Tregellas was a student of out-of-the-way lore. Armenian myths, Rabbinical legends, and Druidical traditions, especially those relating to Cornwall. Open folios lay on the table, intermingled with ivory-carvings and illuminations, that had been brought out to show Mr. Trevena, and to furnish subject for chat; in the centre of them all stood a bouquet of Lucy's manufacture, that gave a sense of elegance and woman's kindly thought to the whole scene.

Mr. Trevena delighted in a quiet morning with the High Church rector, whose curious learning he venerated, and whose quiet strength of character, and knowledge of the world, he respected and admired. He had walked over to breakfast, and had now come up-stairs to read and talk till lunch.

"And so you saw Arthur yesterday at Bodmin?" said Mr. Tregellas, laying down the "Anthony Wood" he was reading, and eyeing his excellent friend, who was deep in a volume of "Thomas à Kempis."

"Yes, I never saw such a scene; there he was, looking like an acrobat, supporting a pyramid of laughing, shouting children; and there was his dog Billy leaping and barking, and the very pony restless with delight. The lieutenant was as bad as any of them, the father was serenely happy, while little Mrs. Tolpedden stood holding up Bobby, and

crying with joy, yet reproving Susan for crying too."

"I do like that young fellow, and I cannot persuade myself to believe that he could ever have told defamatory stories of me or mine. The person who told me so must have been mistaken."

"Was it not an enemy?"

"By no means—there's the difficulty."

"Do not believe it," said Trevena, warmly; "he is the very soul of honour. I would trust Arthur beyond all the world; he is so frank, generous, and brave, he is incapable of deception."

"When I look at him I cannot doubt him, and yet——"

"Trust no one, Tregellas, who defames him. I have no right to ask the name of your informer; but I would trust no one who ran down Arthur. The fellow may have some motive—he may have been misinformed."

"You are a warm advocate; but the person who told me heard Arthur utter the most infamous and injurious falsehoods about my family."

"I do not believe it, if an angel told you. Sift it further. You will find Arthur guiltless."

"It may be so—I hope it is," said Mr. Tregellas, thoughtfully, as, taking up a little red-bound quarto, he said, "Hawker of Morwenstow has got such a curious Armenian tradition here. He will have it that the Magi were the three sons of Noah raised from the dead to come to do homage for all mankind at the Cave of Bethlehem. They rose

from their sleep on Ararat, led by the Southern Cross, that Pentacle of stars, with two for the transom and three for the stock."

"I like those old legends," said Trevena, rubbing his hands. "What was that you told me the other day, Tregellas, from the Rabbins about the Schechinah?"

"Oh! a beautiful thought. The Rabbins held that the Schechinah was a column of soft, fleecy cloud, which ever and anon took human shape, while within its breast the glory of the Presence sojourned, as in a tent."

It was a delightful feature of Trevena's honest and child-like nature, that he was alternately thoughtful and inconsequential. If you tried to fix him to one subject, he was sure to leap away.

"I like Hawker's lines on St. Nectan's Kieve," he said; "how soft they flow!

'It is from Nectan's mossy steep
The foamy waters flash and leap;
It is where shrinking wild-flowers grow
They love the nymph that dwells below.

'But wherefore in this far-off dell
The reliques of a human cell,
Where the sad stream and lonely wind
Bring man no tidings of his kind?"

"Yes, Hawker is a real poet, and his verses have the true Cornish flavour, as Highland honey tastes of heather. By-the-bye, didn't I tell you, Trevena, how Mordred, our vice-chairman,

has been urging our Bodmin Society to force Mr. Tolpedden to show his experiments in search of metals in public? I've been opposing any such efforts. Let him have time—he may have been a little too sanguine—what of that?—there is no deception in that.”

“Mordred hates Tolpedden—he told me on Tuesday his reported experiments were all tricks—all brag, and should be exposed.”

“I wish you were reconciled to Tolpedden, Tregellas.”

“No one regrets our disagreement more than I do.”

“May I tell him so?”

“Yes.”

“Bravo! I am glad to hear you say that—glad with all my heart. By-the-bye, I've got something important to tell you. You know that sermon I published, thinking I should sell thousands—I sold just one hundred and forty-two. I had ordered one thousand to be printed. On Monday the bill came in, sixty-four pounds—a pretty thing for a poor clergyman nearly ruined by a mine failure. I was in despair. There was my excellent sister, who for two months had been reviling me for plunging into a speculation I could not keep her from, and now she abuses me for my vanity and folly in wasting money on profitless printing—I did not know where to turn for the money—dreamed of duns, gaol, and pleasant things like that. Yesterday came another letter from Mr.

Smallgood, dry, business-like, but kind, begging to be pardoned for an innocent deception. Thinking me too sanguine, he had only printed three hundred sermons, and I had only £20 4s. to pay—that's a good enough sort of man. Oh! a nice warning it has been for me. What a fool I was, to be sure!"

"You might have fallen into worse hands."

A knock came at the door; Kitty put in her head.

"Mr. Waverton, sir, wants to see you on very particular business, and alone."

"Show Mr. Waverton up."

Trevena snatched up his wide-awake, and going close to Mr. Tregellas, assumed an air of ludicrous supplication.

"Do," he said, "put in a word for me about dear Milly—I feel sure she would have me. Do, as a friend, bring round the conversation to it somehow—you know, you promised me, but don't say I asked you—for Heaven's sake don't let me seem to have asked you; but I must be off—I don't want that fellow to see me."

There was the confusion of the lover about Trevena—in fact, he bungled about so long, that just as he was effecting a precipitate retreat, he came full butt against Mr. Waverton, who was even more hot, excited, and nervous than himself. Waverton was the essence of Puseyitish decorum—cassock waistcoat, collarless coat. Trevena was rough and careless, and his Inverness cape was

always awry. In the eyes of Waverton he was a worthy, but rough fellow, who ought to have been a farmer.

Trevena shook hands with Waverton, and apologised. Waverton looked flurried, glanced anxiously at Tregellas, and just touched the extreme tips of Trevena's fingers. To tell the truth, Trevena gripped a friend's hand with bone-crushing force.

The moment the door closed on Trevena, Waverton put down his hat nervously, and drew his chair close to Tregellas, who began to feel rather anxious to know what had happened.

"I'm afraid something disagreeable has happened, Mr. Waverton? I trust your sisters are not ill?"

"They're quite well, thank you—quite well. The business I've come upon is most pressing—most important—I am about to leave the heretical church of which I have been minister."

"Leave the church!" said Tregellas, with horror, fixing his shrewd grey eyes on the perturbed little pervert; "you don't surely mean that?—it hasn't come to that?"

"Yes, indeed, it has, I regret to say. I am on my way now to Father Hood, at Camelford, to beg him to receive me into the communion."

"On what grounds do you chiefly feel compelled to leave us?" said Tregellas, blandly, and with the air with which a mad doctor examines a hypochondriac. "Is it our disbelief of purgatory, or of transubstantiation, that jars most upon you?"

"Both! both!" exclaimed Waverton, enthusiastically; "I lament our burial service, because it contains insufficient prayers for the dead; I lament the poverty of our scant ritual; I lament our ignoring the real presence; I lament the infamous theft of our church lands, and the confiscation of the monastic properties—I sigh for the quiet, tranquil belief of the old times."

"So do I," said Mr. Tregellas; "but who is to restore it?"

"I long for unity—for one universal church, to war against heresy and unbelief."

"Who does not, my dear Waverton? But I fear you are seeking an ideal you will never find—certainly not under the rule of an old troubled man, whose whole life is one struggle for petty temporal power."

"Then the absence of confession," said Waverton; "that admirable means of comforting wounded souls—no, Mr. Tregellas, I cannot any longer belong to a sectional heresy, when the universal church is stretching her arms towards me."

"Then do you really swallow all the dogmas of Rome—the Pope's temporal power—the indulgences—the praying souls out of purgatory—the invocation of saints—the worship of images—the idolatrous service to the Virgin?"

"No—no; there I must protest—not idolatrous. There is no worship of the Virgin; but she is justly venerated as blessed among women. There is no worship of images—they are mere provoca-

tives to faith. There is no invocation of saints ; but the saints are surely to be honoured, and their example held up by the preacher."

"Ah ! you are far gone, my dear Waverton, I see. I know all the arguments that win converts to the old errors. Take care this step is not a premature one ; take care you do not repent it—it is too late, mind, when the step is taken. Have you well thought over the abandonment of the Church in which you were born ?"

"I shall not repent it. I have taken the step advisedly. I have sacrificed all earthly considerations to it."

Waverton assumed the air of a man volunteering for a forlorn hope. There might have been just a grain of vanity alloying the sacrifice.

Then Tregellas set himself to grapple hand-to-hand with the misguided man ; but all in vain—the poison had done its work—Father Hood's Jesuitisms had been only too efficacious. Waverton, flushed with the discussion, took a hurried departure.

"God bless and guide you !" said Tregellas, as they parted at the door, and he looked with manly regret at the face of the enthusiast jaded with anxiety. "Better go at once than take the money of our Church, and remain in its ranks a cowardly traitor and rebel."

In the garden Mr. Tregellas found Lucy playing at croquet with the children, and intent on all the mysteries of the game.

"Why, papa," she said running to him, "you look as thoughtful as if all the Church and State were on your shoulders."

"Well, Lily, a small bit of the Church is there just now, and I want to forget its weight; so come and let us walk to your favourite Endellion, and you shall sing me 'Those eyes of spring—the violets,' your pet song to drive dull care away; and bring Clara with you, and let Herbert and Bertha follow."

* * * * *

Mr. Tregellas was a High Churchman of a peculiar school—opposed to Dissent, but relentless against Rome. To him ceremonies were vital things—emblems of the profoundest inner truths, and of great importance for carrying Christianity into daily life.

It was the neglect of these ceremonies that seemed to him to render Protestantism so often cold, lifeless, and worldly. He did not force others to practise such ceremonies, not wishing to turn his household or parish into organised hypocrites, but he himself was inexorable in their observance.

It was Mr. Tregellas's daily custom, when the days were long enough, after an early dinner, to walk to his little retired church about an hour before sunset, and read aloud the prayers and lessons of the day. It was a venial eccentricity, solemnly performed, and not without its calming

and salutary effect on the mind. Shadowy congregations seemed to surround him there as he prayed, and saintly faces to gaze from above with a mournful pleasure.

It was the evening of the very day of Waverton's visit that Mr. Tregellas went to church, according to custom. It was a little later than usual, and sunset had already begun. The little valley was one great glow of light, and the golden outlines of the distant hills were standing out only a little deeper in colour than the luminous horizon against which they stood. The tall plumes of the grass flowers on the graves shone transparent in the glory that wrapped the "God's acre." The little grey church, the old crosses, and the burial mounds, were all hallowed by the Schechinah of the sunset.

Gravely the rector passed between the rows of humble dead and entered the little quiet church, whose doors were kept open all day. Then, throwing on his white surplice, he began those prayers that holy men have consecrated by ages of use—the prayers that have relieved so many hearts, and soothed so many sorrows. The echoes were the only responses, except when some thrush on the yew tree in the churchyard fluted its gladsome psalm—joy and gratitude in every note. The Rector stood there like the last surviving priest of some desolated country. The world seemed far from him now, with all its jar and selfish tumult. The age was no longer an age of ceremonial—it was

too busy and self-seeking to snatch an hour for the worship of God. Religion had become a religion of action, not of meditation.

Mr. Tregellas had just begun to read that beautiful chapter of Isaiah, the 53rd chapter.

“Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?”

He stood at the little carved lectern facing the west window, whose panes were fast turning to rubies, and whose stone-work was growing blood-red with the sunset. Mr. Tregellas had a deep sonorous voice, and he read the words in full, swelling cadences, that were never slurred and never hurried. They rolled through the church and seemed to fill it with organ tones.

He went on with the prophecy :

“He is despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief ; and we hid, as it were, our faces from him ; he was despised, and we esteemed him not.

“Surely He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows ; yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God and afflicted.”

A sound of passing feet in the churchyard made him pause for a moment to listen. It was only some miner returning from the Wheal Arthur ; the people were accustomed to hear him at that hour.

He continued—

“But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities ; the chastise-

ment of our peace was upon him, and with his stripes we were healed."

The sound of feet came again, a man presented himself in the doorway—a thin, pale, worn, man, his dress dusty, his face streaming with heat and excitement. It was Waverton; he rushed in, and knelt at the Rector's feet.

"My heart is breaking!" he cried, in a paroxysm of despair. "Oh, Mr. Tregellas, my brain is going! I cannot leave the Church of my fathers. I am the most miserable and sinful of men. I have had no peace of conscience, not a moment, since I left the Communion."

Tregellas led the poor weak pervert to a bench in the chancel, and as he sat beside him, he tried to calm him, and gently to lead him to explain the causes of his relapse.

"That priest," he said at last, with tears of excitement in his eyes, "tried to persuade me to remain in my own Church, to lead others more readily away; he tried hard to persuade me that such deception was venial, and approved by God; he insisted on my belief in the Pope's infallibility, and other points that I had never thought to be dogmas of Rome. He required me to believe that certain condemnation awaited all the members of the Protestant Church; he——"

"And you refused, of course, to accede to such errors?"

"No!—no! I consented, but against my better conscience. I felt then that, after all, I had given

but half my heart ; that I never could really believe those articles of their creed ; that if I remained in the English Church a traitor in disguise, I should die of self-detestation, of contempt for myself, and of regret at yielding to such baseness."

"Then you left him in disgust?"

"No ; then I yielded against my conscience—ashamed to go back, my pride fighting against my conscience. Then—then I felt—God alone will ever know how passionately, how bitterly !—what broad margins of difference of opinion our wise and tolerant Church allows—what opportunities there are within its pale for revision and amendment. I thought some vessel of my brain must have burst at that moment ; but I was baptised, and the priest who had deceived me received me into the Church, whose creed I can never accept. I was weak, miserably weak, and God has punished me for it. I bear about now in my heart the torments of Cain—the quenchless misery of the first murderer."

"The priest lied—I see it all ; he had taught you that all the errors to which you had objected were exploded doctrines of darker ages. Ha ! my dear brother, I know these priests, they allow no change in an infallible Church. All that Luther struck at they still believe. But come, my dear Waverton, I know the only balm for your wound—let me receive you back into the fold from whence you have strayed. Remain in the false Church, to which only false romance and impulse has led

you, and your fall will be great indeed, for you will then sink into the whirlpool of Atheism. Come—in all essentials you are with us.”

“I am ready,” said the almost heart-broken man. “I will return, no more to wander; but pray for me. I have sinned; but I may repent.”

Then Tregellas rose, and led Waverton to the altar; there kneeling on the steps the latter repeated after him, with trembling but earnest accents, a recantation of his grievous error.

“Do you feel happier?—now that you are again a true member of the Catholic Church?” said Mr. Tregellas, as they rose from their knees.

“I do!—I do!” was the heartfelt reply.

As they walked home together, Mr. Tregellas broached the subject on which Trevena had petitioned him.

“Waverton,” he said, “this day has been a day of mercy to you, for God has enabled you to retrieve a great sin; conclude it, then, with an act of generosity and kindness. Let poor Trevena have your good word when he claims Milly’s hand. She loves him, I am sure. He is poor, but the world is before him, and he will work hard for such a prize. He loves her dearly, and he will be a good husband. He may differ from you, but he is a good man, if ever there was one.”

Waverton made no answer for a moment, then he said,

“I should have liked Milly to marry some other

person, but I will not stand in Trevena's way, if Milly really loves him."

When they parted, Tregellas looked after the impulsive man with a feeling something akin to that of the Legate in Mr. Browning's poem, who had seen two-and-thirty revolutions.

"No one would have believed so sudden a change," he said, half aloud, as he pushed open his own garden gate, "if he had not been himself witness to it."

CHAPTER XII.

THE MERMAID'S ROCK.

THE morning after his return Arthur devoted to inspecting his guns and rods, disporting with the children, chatting with old Liddy, and arranging plans with his father. The lieutenant had been called away to Truro for three days, to his great annoyance, to arrange with Sampy for the purchase of some old machinery for the Wheal Arthur.

Riding very early, Arthur found time about ten o'clock, while the children were at their lessons, to run down to Endellion, and take a look at the beloved spot, the grey rocks, the little cove of white sand, and the Mermaid's Throne. He carried his gun on his shoulder, in case of a chance shot at a rabbit on his way there, and singing the

“Young Recruit” lustily, he struck out smartly for the sea-shore, longing once more to feel the breath of the ocean, and see once more the great waves breaking against the long line of granite cliffs.

What was his delight to see standing upon the rock, with her face to the sea, a figure that he instantly knew to be Lucy’s! Stealing down the path in the cliff, he approached her as softly as a hunter would the deer he was stalking.

He crept for a moment behind the rock. There she stood, watching the sea, that glittered in the morning sunshine, one hand veiling her eyes. Arthur called her by name, once softly, then louder.

Lucy looked round astonished and alarmed, then, catching sight of Arthur, she uttered not one word, but trembling perceptibly, clung to a point of rock. In a moment Arthur was by her side, covering her with kisses.

“Dearest! dearest! sweetest!” he said as he seated her beside him, “my soul’s darling! how I have prayed for this hour during my dreary, sordid toil!”

“Have you thought of me, dear?” said Lucy, as she looked fondly into Arthur’s careworn face, and passing her hand over his hair, as he took off his wide-awake and laid it on his knee; “did you not sometimes forget dear old Cornwall, and those who loved you there?”

“Could I forget you for a moment, Lily? Do

what I would to get rid of your troublesome image, it peeped at me from every cloud, and from behind every picture that I tried to copy. I could not chase it away,"

"Cruel to try and chase it. And what triumphs we heard you had won, Arthur, with your poetry, your painting, and your writing, which people talked of so—we all heard of it."

"Ha! Lucy," said Arthur, taking her hands between his, "you little know how poor and contemptible I seemed in that great cruel city. Those reports were miserable deceptions, only sent to cheer them at home. Do all I could, I got only a subsistence. I went, eager as Hotspur, to pluck honour 'from the bright-faced moon,' but I soon found it was hard climbing—awful hard, dearest, even with your face looking from the sky to cheer me on. It would have taken years for me to have made an income at painting—half my life to have won fame as a great painter—all my life to have become even a first-rate versifyer, much more a poet; and if I had tried to be a mere honest, drudging journalist, even that would have taken all my life, and required also the sacrifice of the other two ambitions. It is only in novels, Lily, that the admirable Crichtons succeed in everything, and then they do not strive to earn money for home, or to eke out with £50 a year."

Lily looked grave, played for a moment with the red and black cockade of her hat; then she said,

"Dear Arthur, how you must have suffered!—with your proud spirit, too! And what did Mr. Hookem do?"

"All he could do, Lily; there is no royal road to success. Pompous, paradoxical, and dogmatic as he is, he is a kind, shrewd fellow, sometimes worldly and selfish, I admit, but who is not? Ah! Lily, how could you think I was attaining such success, when you yourself saw me toiling as a poor pianist at an evening party?"

"I thought it was only a freak of yours, and that what you said was to tease me. And oh! what pain it gave me never to be able to write to you, Arthur, and not to be able to see you that day you called, when papa fetched me suddenly. But, dear, what good fortune this mine is, because it brings you back to us all. We shall never part again, my own love—shall we?"

Arthur's answer to this question was not in words. It was in a simple, but a far more expressive and more eloquent way.

"And this rascal Boscawen, Lily—where is he, that I may rid the world of any one who dares to think of you?" Arthur said this with humorous grandiloquence. "I'll do battle with him for the Mermaid Queen."

"Dear Arthur, there is no danger of the poor, silly, good-natured fellow, though mamma did pretend to like him so very much; he got tired of me, because I treated him so badly."

"We are affianced, you know ; nothing can part us now."

"Nothing but death, Arthur."

"And not even that, Lily. Well, let Boscawen live, if it be your will—I will not waste a spear on his recreant carcase, dear Lady of the Sea. But there is one thing, Lucy, I want to ask you very particularly—will you tell me? There should be no secrets between us. Who was it who dared to accuse me to your father of spreading slander about your family?"

Lucy was silent ; she did not raise her head for a moment.

"Lily, there should be no secret between us—I must know—I will know."

"Promise me not to be very cruel and angry—do not look so terrible, Arthur."

Arthur kissed her eyes with passionate tenderness, half coaxing, half insisting.

"Whatever you tell me," he said, "I will receive with patience, and as a secret. The name of the slanderer may be a clue useful to me, and it will help me to discover the motive of the slanderer."

"You promise, sir," said Lucy, placing her hand on his shoulder, "on your honour—very well, I will tell you—it was Mr. Bradbrain."

Arthur started.

"Bradbrain!—and what did he accuse me of saying?"

"I had rather not say—oh ! spare me, Arthur,

for it offended my father deeply, and pained me, although I knew you could never have said it."

"No, Lily, I must hear—I will meet him face to face, and accuse him of this—I'll brand him as an infamous liar before the whole town. I'll——"

"You promised to be patient, sir, and you call this patience, you firebrand! I will tell you all. He told my father that you had been saying everywhere that there was insanity in our family, and that we were a mad lot, and all because my poor aunt's uncle's sister's husband died in France of madness, brought on by a fall from his horse."

"The infamous liar!" broke forth Arthur; "why, it was he himself who told me of madness, and cautioned me against your family, without telling me the true facts. That man is a liar, some day I shall tell him so to his face. That man hates me—always did hate me. I ought to have known it at first, and laughed at his story when he told it me. Lucy, does that fellow go to the lieutenant's as often as he used to do?—tell me whether he does? I suspect him—he is vain and selfish, he has no heart—he is bad to the core—I see it all now."

"I do not think he does, Arthur. A coldness has sprung up between him and your poor father, and he is seldom at Tolpedden now. It is so cruel of mamma, she won't let me go and see dear Mrs. Tolpedden as I used to do—I do miss it so much."

The two lovers sat silent for a moment, gazing

at the sea, on whose tremulous surface the sunshine seemed to sleep. Lucy held Arthur's hand in hers, as if he was some vision that would pass away, but for this detention. The blue sky was above them, calm, as if sympathising in their pleasure; the great sea below murmured, as if in its slumber, for it slowly had moaned itself to rest; the sea-birds had settled like specks of froth upon the waves; the cliffs were white in the sun; a fishing-boat or two in the distance glided silently across the horizon, mere grey phantoms of boats.

All at once Lucy started up, as if from a dream.

"Some one calls me from Fairy Land," she said, laughing; "I have Clara's French to correct, and Bertha to hear practice. We must part, Arthur—they will wonder what has become of me, mamma will be sending for me."

"It is very cruel to leave me," said Arthur; "here am I like the prodigal son just come back, and you want to leave me directly we meet."

"And you're very selfish and cruel, Arthur," said Lucy, patting his cheek with her soft white hand, "to wish to keep me, when I've got my little sister to attend to. Help me down, sir, directly."

"I've a good mind to chain you, Lily, like Andromeda to the rock, and not rescue you till the sea-monster come looming up dark and threatening from the deep. How should you like that, Lucy?"

Lucy held her hands behind her, and stood

against the rock, like a real Andromeda, only laughing and dazzled, for the sun was in her eyes.

“I should feel no fear, Arthur,” she said, “if you were by, for I know you would be victorious. No, I can get down alone—do let me get down alone. I know the path so well—I’ve been here so often, thinking of the night you saw me when I was playing the mermaid, like a silly, vain creature as I was.”

Get down alone—was it to be thought of? Arthur’s arm was so useful round her waist, his hand so ready to grasp hers at dangerous steps—now a kiss, now a little anger at being detained, now a reconciliation to be effected, so the enchanted time went on.

Slowly they took the slant path to the upper cliffs, pausing here and there to turn round and look at the great sea, with the mantling purple shadows, and the frothy edge, white as ermine, that bordered the azure robe of Amphitrite.

As they turned the last corner of the path, they came full upon Mr. Tregellas, who was descending at that moment. Lucy’s colour changed in a guilty way as she ran to her father; even Arthur was a little confused, but always frank and bold, he instantly held out his hand. Mr. Tregellas, eyeing them both for a moment, but quite calmly, grasped the proffered hand warmly.

“I am so glad to see you, my dear Arthur,” he said, turning to go back with them. “Do you

know, I almost felt I should meet you this morning. I am so glad that I happened to meet Lucy with you; how singular—how fortunate! I trust another of the troublesome family will not be *de trop*. Endellion is one of my favourite places, too. I claim at least that portion of good taste. What a wonderful thing this mine of yours is! and how glad I am that Mordred, with all his cunning, stumbled on the wrong one!"

All this was said with a quiet, harmless sarcasm, that betrayed too clearly how thoroughly the speaker saw the real state of things.

Mrs. Tregellas received Arthur rather stiffly and coolly, but she grew somewhat more friendly before the visit terminated. As for the children, they were noisily enthusiastic. Arthur longed to remove from himself the odium it was now clear that Bradbrain had thrown upon him; but in that short visit he found no opportunities.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

LATE in the afternoon of the day in which Arthur had been to the Tregellas, he strolled out about seven o'clock, to try and shoot a rabbit or two.

Throwing his gun over his shoulder, and whistling to Billy to follow, he plunged into the plantations that lay between his father's house and the

lieutenant's. It was one of his favourite strolls after sunset, and no walk could have brought back the old familiar places more rapidly to his mind.

Keeping Billy rigidly "to heel," Arthur soon filled his bag, but as he wanted to leave a couple at the lieutenant's, he lingered for one last double shot. At first the young rabbits had come out and gambolled across the path, stopping every now and then to sit up in the taller grass and watch the intruder, but when Arthur had discharged his gun once or twice, they began to grow shy, and to peep from the burrow with wistful timidity. It required a fresh exertion of sagacity in the man to match the animal, grown so rapidly wiser by misfortune.

The meadow in which Arthur had been shooting was a field, speckled here and there with tall furze bushes, and running at the foot of a hanging wood, part of which had been cleared in the previous spring. It was a sloping track of young ash-trees, hazel, dog-wood, white-thorn, with here and there a pollard-oak cropping up. There were narrow paths cut through the underwood in many parts, for the purposes of rabbit-shooting. In spring this copse was a great haunt of the children, because it was then overrun with a rank growth of blue hyacinths, primroses, and wood-violets. In the autumn they scrambled about there, climbing for nuts. There King Pippin had seen snakes, hedgehogs, and moles, and had once actually found a jackdaw's nest.

It was now June, and the trees were tangled with ivies and honeysuckles, the western sky over the wood was flushed with a sunset colour that was reflected in the east. It was very quiet and still, the only sound was now and then the long, brooding note of the wood-pigeon as it settled down to sleep.

Arthur, from his ambush behind a thorn-tree, had just covered with his gun a rabbit more audacious than its fellows, when he suddenly caught sight of a boy, with a covered basket on his arm, walking very fast along the path at the edge of the wood. He was coming from the direction of the valley of St. Petrock's, and going in the direction of Tolpedden. It was Bradbrain's boy Jackson; he was a good deal grown, but Arthur remembered in a moment his cunning eye, and audacious manner, as he passed, whistling the "Cure" with infinite expression and the intensest enjoyment.

A secretive impulse he could not control induced Arthur to bring down his gun, and watch the doctor's boy, whose antics just then roused his strangest suspicions.

After a waltz, in which the medicine-basket served for a partner, Jackson had taken off his regulation hat, and drawn a little note on pink paper from under the lining. This, just as he got near Arthur's ambush, he sniffed at with grotesque delight; then kissing it violently, and assuming a strut, undoubtedly imitative of that of Mr. Bradbrain, he replaced the note under the lining of his hat.

Finally he raced off after a passing rabbit, shouting, and flapping the lid of his basket.

In a moment Arthur threw his gun over his shoulder, and darted after him. He overtook him, much to the boy's surprise and alarm, at the very edge of the wood, just where the lane began that led up past the lieutenant's garden paling.

"I want that letter, boy, that you had just now," said Arthur, angrily.

"I ain't got a letter—'twas an old valentine of mine."

"I know better. Give it me up, or I'll thrash you."

"Ain't got no letter," said the boy, sullenly.

"You have."

"No, sir, I ain't."

"Where were you going to?"

"To Crockerton Cove with a draught and pills for old Rozzy Paul."

"You're a liar!—you were going to Lieutenant Tolpedden's."

Arthur snatched off the boy's laced hat, while he still parleyed, and drew the pink letter from the lining. It was a three-cornered note on scented paper.

It had no direction.

The boy began to whimper.

"That ain't yours," he said, "it's master's. I found it in the basket. I suppose it dropped there by accident. Give it me; it ain't none of yours—give it me."

He struggled for the letter, but Arthur pushed him to the ground; then, affecting a rage to frighten the secret out of the boy, he cocked his gun, and pointed it at him.

"If you don't tell me all about this business," he said, "I'll blow your brains out this moment."

The boy fell on his knees, and cried for mercy. Arthur's eyes were certainly rolling rather savagely, for he saw in a moment all the misery this little poisoned letter must contain."

"I couldn't help it," he said, "master will make me carry 'em. It's for Mrs. Tolpedden. I put 'em in a hole of the beech tree by the garden palings. It ain't the first I've carried by a long chalk. That's all I know—let me go."

"You must come and show me exactly where you put it," said Arthur; "and here's five shillings not to tell your master what has happened; it will be all right if you only keep your tongue quiet."

The boy promised; Arthur opened the letter carefully; it was not sealed. Jackson watched his face apprehensively as he read.

Its contents were the following—

"CARA MARIA,

"I shall be at the glass-door, leading on to the lawn at eleven to-night. I shall have a carriage ready at the turn of the lane. To-morrow we shall be free, and far from all who hate us.

"Yours passionately till death,

"DONALD."

Arthur folded the letter again carefully, and pleated it down with his nail. His face was hard now, and his mouth compressed.

"If you come back and remove this letter, or tell your master one word, I'll get the lieutenant to turn away your father to-morrow, he works at the Wheal Arthur, doesn't he?"

"Yes," the boy cried.

"Very well; but if you keep quiet I'll send you through him what I promised you. Now come and put this letter in the tree."

A few minutes brought them to the place. Arthur looked cautiously over the paling. There was no one visible; the children were not playing. Jack could be heard screaming in the parlour—it was bed-time. Jackson clambered up and dropped the pink note in, as he was ordered.

Arthur watched him turn down the lane, and pass across the valley, contrite and frightened. Then discharging his gun twice, so that the boy might think he was still shooting in the wood, and might discover him if he returned, he hurried home, and told his father that a fishing expedition with the pilchard boats would probably keep him all night.

In vain Liddy pleaded the danger of catching cold. Arthur cut some bread and meat, took a small flask of brandy, and a wrapper, and went and hid them at the edge of the wood. Then he hurried again to the tree. First reconnoitring carefully, he sprang forward and thrust in his hand—the

note was gone! Then that unhappy woman was guilty, and must have consented to elope with her infamous lover. When Arthur thought of the lieutenant and his love for his young wife, and thought of her guilt, it seemed for the moment to destroy in his heart all his belief in woman's purity and virtue.

Having prepared for his night's watch, Arthur strolled to the lieutenant's cottage, singing as he went, for fear of exciting any suspicions. He went round the house, and peeped in at the glass door leading on to the lawn. There was his aunt, in a further corner of the room, sitting with her three children, and with Bobby on her lap. They were saying their prayers to her, Bobby having been just snatched from bed in her nightgown for the occasion. What a happy scene! and yet——

A moment more, and their little innocent voices joined in the Evening Hymn, then they stopped and broke into noisy acclamations as Arthur stepped into the room, and kissed Kate, and tossed Ned into the air, much to Mrs. Tolpedden's delight.

"Why, Arthur," she said, "you've been out all day. It is too bad, considering how long it is since we've seen you. How kind bringing the rabbits!"

"Oh! do take me out riding on Nettle to-morrow?" said King Pippin.

"And me on Gipsy," cried Kate.

“And you must come and hear Benbow talk,” said Jack; “he says, ‘Bring in the grog’—‘splice the main-brace,’ and all sorts of funny new things, that papa has taught him,” said Jack.

“And we want to go fishing,” said Teddy.

“Only just hear the children,” said the delighted mother, kissing them all round, King Pippin fighting for a disproportionate share, with his usual noisy tyranny.

“There, go to bed, children—be quiet, Johnny!” said Mrs. Tolpedden; “but how low you seem, Arthur—I think you’re vexing about the Tregellases—I do really.”

“Oh, no, aunt. I’ve got a slight headache—it’s only the change of air.”

“Let me get you some eau de Cologne?”

The good-natured little woman ran out, and returning in a moment, bathed his temples with some of the fragrant spirit.

In less than half an hour Arthur pleaded his pseudo-fishing expedition, feeling sadly ashamed of the deception as he said it, and, shaking hands with his aunt, left the cottage.

The life of a spy and a detective must not be very attractive to a proud and brave man. Arthur’s frank, straightforward nature disdained the artifice that he felt it his duty to practise. But had he gone at once to his aunt, shown her the letter, and accused her of her guilt, what would have been the result? She would have denied it all; Bradbrain would have been alarmed,

and finding some intimation of danger, sure to have been conveyed to him, would not have kept his engagement.

But now Arthur hoped to show the unhappy woman the enormity of the step she had been induced to take, to confront her with her would-be seducer, and drive him from her for ever, even by force, if requisite. He would unmask the villain, and wring the heart of that weak, sinful woman with remonstrances earnest, bitter, and searching. He hoped, God blessing his efforts, to bring back that erring woman to the purity and to the loving heart from which, in an evil hour of temptation, she had wandered.

* * * * *

The moon rose late that night, but while the after-glow of twilight still lingered in the west, passing from mellow red to soft melting yellow, then fading into colder grey and blue in the east, the stars came forth and shone through the dark elm leaves and the horizontal ledges of fir, and the shapely boughs of the beech-trees glittered with tremulous, vari-coloured sparkles that lit up all the soft sapphire depths of sky between them with a soft, uncertain whiteness.

The lawn grew damp with the heavy dew, the bats ceased to flitter over the dark thatched roof, and to hover round the intruder, as if mischievously conscious that he was lurking in ambuscade; the beetles ceased to drop from the lime-trees, or to

crawl with crackling, scratching sound over the dead leaves under the laurels in the shrubbery; the moths ceased to move upon the night-flowers, and the last bird, after some restless chirping, settled down to sleep.

Arthur's mind was so sensitive to impressions, and in such a state of tension, that the faintest sound within or without the cottage roused him. A snail falling from the peach-tree among the nasturtium flowers, was as audible to him as if a gun had gone off at his ear; the very splash of a frog in the pond under the willows startled him as if it had been the splash of a murdered creature's body. It was a new position for him to be lurking at night, watching a house as if he was a criminal.

How slow the hours seemed to go! It was half-past nine when he had scaled the paling between the laurels and the unlucky beech-tree, and it seemed as if days had passed since he had hid there behind the great *lignum vitæ* bush. Once only a window had opened, and Jack shouted from it, but was instantly scolded by Susan, pulled in, and the window shut.

Once Billy had darted out from the kitchen, and rushed down the garden, madly barking at imaginary thieves. Then the bolts had been drawn, and the house closed for the night. Arthur knew all the movements of the lieutenant's cottage, and all the habits of the inmates; he amused himself, anxious as he was, and important

as was the object of his watch, by speculating on what was going on under the sheltering roof. The windows of the light-house, for it now shone from among its vines like a friendly beacon, were backgrounds to the occasional *ombres chinoises* of the inmates. First the children's shadows passed, then Susan's, visibly remonstrating and battling with King Pippin; that pretty trim shadow flitting from window to window was Mrs. Tolpedden's.

Ten o'clock came, and the lights began to die out; first the little side window on the basement, that was the kitchen; then a little window lit up at the top story presently grew dark—Susan had gone to bed. Now the last light moved from the children's room to the parlour—that was Mrs. Tolpedden. Half an hour afterwards it passed into the room over the entrance, and presently went out. The house was asleep.

Ha! would it had been! Arthur's vigilance did not for a moment relax, but now, striking a fusee to see the time by his watch, he changed his position from behind the tall, dark pillar of *lignum vitæ* to a large Portugal laurel, whose circle of shadow, now the moon began to rise, furnished him with ample shelter. It seemed no more than half-an-hour, for drowsiness had begun to steal over his senses, when a slight rustle in the paling aroused him to full consciousness. Just then wheels sounded faintly in the distance at the turn of the road.

Presently the paling creaked and shook, some

one vaulted over, and pushed through the laurels towards the house. Arthur looked, and, to his surprise, saw a light appear at the now unbarred parlour window. The next moment, a dark figure stole past him, and went towards the window, from which the tree stood about ten yards or so. It was Bradbrain—Arthur knew in a moment his long swinging strides. He laughed mockingly as he passed, and threw down on the grass the burning end of a cigarette. He tapped at the window—the half of the glass door opened noiselessly, and he stepped lightly in.

Swiftly Arthur stole to the window, at one side of which the shutter still remained closed. He heard two voices. Bradbrain was urging Mrs. Tolpedden to fly with him, and that moment. She was crying violently, she was begging him to leave her; she was praying for mercy. He used mysterious threats, mixed with passionate entreaties and wild adjurations.

He twined his arms round her, he pressed his lips to hers, he drew her towards the window; she half struggled, half yielded; she was about to leave innocence, and hope and love, husband and children. The fascination of Satan was over her; she was powerless under the strong, magnet will of that bad man. Hell yawned at her feet.

At that moment a strong hand shook the glass door open, and, warm in the lamplight, there shone a well-known face. Mrs. Tolpedden uttered a half-suppressed shriek, as Arthur stepped roughly

in; Bradbrain drew back to the fire-place, as if seeking a weapon.

"A check-mate—a positive check-mate," he said bitterly. "Snapped, by Jove! Glad though it is not the old boy."

"Bradbrain, you are a detestable villain. You shall pay for this."

"Strong language—take care, young man, my temper is rather short."

Arthur beckoned him into the garden. Bradbrain led the way, first kissing his hand to Mrs. Tolpedden, who lay half-fainting on the sofa, her face hidden in her hands.

"Oh! Donald—Mr. Bradbrain!" she cried, suddenly starting to her feet, and seizing him by the arm, "tell Arthur that I am not guilty. Tell Arthur that it was you who forced me to this interview, and terrified me with those letters. Have mercy!"

"I shall say nothing," said Bradbrain coldly, turning round from the door where he stood; "who would believe me? You brought this on yourself, my little woman; this is some trap of yours, and you must take the consequences. Good-bye, *cara mia*, we shall soon meet again, and perhaps under pleasanter auspices."

Arthur caught but a few of these words, which were uttered in a low quick voice as Bradbrain leaped out upon the lawn, and turned upon him fiercely.

"Now, my fine fellow," he said, "if I was at

Rio I should get you pistolled or knifed, as sure as eggs are eggs, for this insolence ; but as that sort of thing might be misunderstood in this infernal old stick-in-the-mud country, we will agree to arrange our difficulties at a more convenient time. If you escape, you can marry that half-crazy Tregellas girl ; if you don't, I may perhaps go in for that interesting party myself, if she's tin enough, and when this row has blown over. Fisticuffs would be undignified. No, thank you. *Au revoir*, mind. However you like, and whenever you like. For your own sake, for the old tar's, and the little woman's, I'd keep this matter quiet if I were you."

Before Arthur could rush at him and strike him to the ground, the impudent villain had sprung over the paling and leaped into the road. A moment more there was a sound of wheels, and he had driven off.

When Arthur returned to the parlour he found the unhappy woman sitting by the window, her face hidden in her hands. She did not look up when he entered.

"Aunt—Aunt Mary," said Arthur, "I wish I could have died before I discovered this terrible secret."

She looked up, her pale face covered with tears, her hair dishevelled ; she wrung her hands.

"Think badly of me, Arthur," she said, "but do not think me guilty. I was heartless and wicked—I forgot the husband who loved me so tenderly, and the children I loved ; I was weak and vain

enough to listen to this man's soft, dangerous speeches, and to write to him. Foolish letters of mine he used to force me to interviews, and to urge me to fly with him. He would not return my letters. I was in his power, but I had long ceased to love him as I once did, because of his hard, cruel nature. But I am not guilty of more than this. Oh! do not tell Nelson. It will kill him—it will kill him on the spot.”

“How can I conceal it?” said Arthur, “how can I be sure that you may not deceive me? You have deceived him. Your love for your children and for him had no power to make you tread this temptation under foot. I must see your true penitence, watch you daily, before I promise anything; I must hear you swear never to speak to this wretch again. I must see you love my uncle dearer than before—I must see that the children become to you as they once were. If you try to do this, God will help you, and I will guard you from open shame.”

“Heaven bless and reward you!—angels guard and keep you!” said the weeping woman, covering his hands with kisses. “May I die an outcast and a beggar, forsaken and alone, if I do not forget my love for this man as if it had been a fever dream. I swear by—I swear by my hope in a gracious Saviour, I will promise as you wish; but do not cast me out to shame, and do not kill my husband.”

“I will not promise yet; but now leave me and go to your own room. To-morrow I will tell you

what I mean to do. I sleep here, to guard the house. To-morrow, when I leave, I shall send Liddy, and tell her you are ill, and need a nurse. To-morrow your husband returns. I must tell my father then, and consult with him."

With tears and passionate promises, that seemed to well up from the recesses of a bleeding and really penitent heart, the unhappy woman sought her room. At daybreak, before Susan was about, Arthur unclosed the shutters, and leaping out on the lawn, left the house, no longer, in his mind, the happy, innocent place it had seemed only two short hours before. It was still an Eden, but an Eden, alas! to which the serpent had found an entrance.

CHAPTER XIV.

OBDURATE.

THE day after the events in the last chapter, Mr. Tregellas sallied out early in the morning to call on Mr. Mordred. He had two motives in his visit, an exoteric and an esoteric motive. He had long observed a coldness and distrust springing up between the two partners, and he hoped to gain from the one some inkling of the slanders which he (Mr. Tregellas) now felt almost sure had been disseminated by the other, to the prejudice of Arthur Tolpedden. As he banked with Mr. Mordred, and there were unpleasant rumours preva-

lent about the bank at St. Petrock's, there were abundant excuses for his visit.

On being shown in by the corpse-like butler, Stonecott, he found Mr. Mordred in Bradbrain's sanctum, with two or three poor persons, sick miners and old women, whom he instantly dismissed with a few hurried words, and received his visitor with (for him) considerable warmth, first apologizing for taking a dose of tonic from a bottle on the mantel-piece.

"My health is very indifferent," he said, coughing painfully, as he replaced the medicine-glass. "We all do fade, as doth the leaf! Ha! my dear sir, we have our warnings; I am not what I was—I feel death creeping nearer and nearer; but it is His will, and I submit. I try to be prepared."

Both Mr. Mordred and his visitor were antiquarians, and Tregellas soon turned the conversation on the legends of the wild country of the west,

"Where the great vision of the guarded mount
Looks towards Namanco's and Bayona's hold;"

that country that a local poet apostrophised so finely as his

"Native Cornwall, throned upon the hills.
Thy moorland pathways, worn by angel feet;
Thy streams, that march in music to the sea,
Mid ocean's merry noise—his billowy laugh."

"Do you know, Mordred," he said, "I've just found a curious passage in an old monkish writer,

quoted by Leland, relating to Hawker's place, Morwenna."

"And what is it, may I ask? I know few of these old Cornish stories. Who was this Morwenna?"

"She was the daughter of the Welsh king, Breachan, who founded the town of Brecon, and Gladwise was her mother. I tell you the story as the old gossip tells it. She came over to England and became the instructor in all goodness of the Princess Edith, the daughter of King Ethelwolf, whose sons were taught by Saint Swithun. Morwenna came one day to King Ethelwolf, and cried, 'Largess, my lord, the king, largess for God.' 'Largess, my daughter,' said the prince, 'be it whatsoever it may.' And she said there was a stately headland, that looked over to the Severn Sea, and was called Hethnacliffs, or the Raven's Crag, and often in wild Wales she had seen the sun fall red on that rock, so she prayed the Saxon king that on that hill an altar might be raised among the stones. The king granted her request, they built a church there, it was called Morwenstow; and there it still stands, after ten centuries of storms."

Tregellas's eye glowed with fervour as he repeated this simple old story, and his cheek brightened in colour.

Mordred heard him through with a cold patience.

"Don't you think," he said, "that perhaps these stories are dangerous, inasmuch as they lead the young to romantic recollections of the past, and

so, by degrees, into the sloughs of Puseyism, and the abysses—the terrible abysses of Popery.”

There was always a good deal too much of the religious meeting about the banker; but when he shook off this cold formality and Pharisaism, he could be a sensible and pleasant companion.

Mr. Tregellas laughed.

“We do not agree in our appreciation of the past, I fear, Mr. Mordred. There is an old Persian proverb—‘Many sorts of glasses, but one kind of water.’ I venerate the good of all ages—*vix-e-runt fortes*. There were good men before the Reformation, I presume.”

“Doubtless. I wish to be charitable to all creeds; but it is the tendency of these things I blame. They lead from the right path by slow and imperceptible degrees. Young ladies take to the poetry of religion wherever they find it; but the truth, the truth, is less inviting.”

“When is our next scientific meeting at Truro to be, Mr. Secretary?”

“On the 1st of August. We decided that at the meeting on Friday.”

“I hope you are not going to press Mr. Tolpedden to a premature exhibition of his experiments?”

“We are indeed,” said Mordred seriously, and handing a circular across the table. “Have you not seen this? You ought to have had one yesterday, only our boy has been so busy taking out medicine.”

"Yes, and perhaps assignations, Mr. Mordred."

Mr. Tregellas read aloud—

"On the 1st of August, at the Institution, Truro, H. Tolpedden, Esq., will exhibit his experiments on the discoveries of the Alchemists, and on the bases of metals."

He looked up with a serious sadness, as he said,

"Mr. Mordred, this is hardly fair. Mr. Tolpedden's experiments are not yet completed. You are forcing him to expose his failures, his mere immature discoveries."

"Why does he boast, then, of his embryo discoveries. It is a Christian man's duty to expose such imposters, and bring them to their level. That man has a motive in flaunting about these pseudo-discoveries of new metals."

"What possible motive except a love of science and of truth?"

"What motive?—why, a mean, restless vanity and ambition, Mr. Tregellas, and a wish to flourish these pretended discoveries in my face, in order to stop the Chancery suit that the interests of the Corporation compelled me to institute to recover our just rights. We did, as you know, recover one portion of the property so unjustly detained. We then instantly set to work to win back the value of the purchase-money; but we had been deceived, sir—we were unsuccessful. Providence was against us. It proved worthless in the balances—mere froth and emptiness."

"I am not a business man," said Mr. Tregellas,

“and perhaps do not sufficiently enter into their feelings; but your conduct, I must confess, appears to me somewhat ungenerous. You revive an old claim that had been, at least, two hundred years dormant—you discover, I suppose, a flaw in the title, that gives you some leverage—you recover part of the land—you search for metal, and are disappointed, you then go to law again to squeeze out the remainder—roused by news of the extraordinary discovery that has rendered it valuable. Is it uncharitable to suppose that you will, on acquiring it this time also, purchase it from a Corporation, who dare not resist you. But, then, you business men, bankers or lawyers, are all alike—you are unaccountable. Excuse my frankness. The Tolpeddens, you know, are no longer friends of ours. I only speak from my feelings, and you business people do not listen much to those promptings. Let us change the subject. I hope these rumours about the bank are, as I presume, utterly baseless?”

“Baseless as the morning cloud or as the early dew, sir. The bank never stood so well. Pray let me fetch you our books. The losses in the Wheal Fortune, perhaps still retrievable, have come out of our private capital. The bank stock has not been entrenched upon, and shall not be.”

“I have entire confidence in you as a banker—do not trouble about the books. If I had any fears, I should have withdrawn my money when the mine began first to fail, and people commenced

to talk of a run. It would be a little after the fair now. May I ask you a question in confidence? It involves the happiness of persons who are dear, very dear to me."

"Ask me anything, my dear sir, and I will answer you with candour. I am indebted to you for the confidence you place in me."

"My question relates not to yourself, but to your partner," said Mr. Tregellas.

A knock came at the door, and Jackson thrust in his head.

"If you please, sir, James Penfold wants some more of his medicine."

"Tell him to wait, or ask Mr. Bradbrain to see to him."

"Mr. Bradbrain is gone out, sir, half an hour ago."

"Very well, then, let the man wait."

Mr. Tregellas continued. His heart was in the questions he was going to put. He could scarcely help showing his anxiety to the banker.

"There have been some painful falsehoods, most unjust rumours, spread about the country relating to my family. I am anxious to discover who originated them. I first heard of them through your partner, Mr. Bradbrain—he reported them as told him by a person whose name it is unnecessary for me now to mention."

Mr. Mordred had been listening with great interest, but when the name of Bradbrain was uttered, he fell back in his chair, shut his eyes

and groaned deeply. There was a hopelessness about the sigh that did not augur well for Mr. Bradbrain's reputation.

Mr. Tregellas continued,

"I have reason to think that those slanders were set in circulation by Mr. Bradbrain, and Mr. Bradbrain alone, but for what purpose I can only dimly divine."

"That wilful young man, Mr. Tregellas," said Mr. Mordred, with sanctimonious bitterness, "that erring man has been a thorn in the flesh to me for now seven years—his irregularities, and his ungodly violence of character, have alienated friends and increased the number of my enemies. He is a prodigal, he is a false swearer, he works evil continually, he despises those who try to do good. I have reason to know in this case that he originated these slanders, and then cruelly accused another of them—he boasted of it to me only yesterday. I will rid myself of him—I will not let my house be any longer polluted by his presence. I had before resolved, and this has confirmed me. He shall go—we will divide our goods and part for ever."

"Report says that Mr. Bradbrain's frequent visits to Lieutenant Tolpedden's house are for no good purpose. It is even said that he has tried to gain the affection of his young and heedless wife."

"I have sometimes feared it is so," sighed Mr. Mordred. "I have warned him, I have entreated him, I have exhorted him, in season and out of

season, on this very matter. But he is violent and headstrong, and not to be led. But we will part—I will not be associated with a man who has wandered from the right paths, and whose very name has now become a byword and a reproach.”

“I have no right to interfere or to give counsel in this matter; but as a humble, yet, as I hope, faithful minister of the gospel, I think it my duty to speak to you as my parishioner, when grievous faults exist, and not the less when they affect the happiness of my own household.”

“It is your bounden duty, my dear sir—do not apologise. I have tried to be candid with you, as you have been with me. I have owned my fears and my dislike; I lament even more than you do Mr. Bradbrain’s conduct with regard to these Tolpeddens; but he shall cease to go there. I shall again insist on his discontinuing those more than suspicious visits, visits that have become a scandal, visits, to say the least, dangerous, and better avoided. We are neither of us especially friendly with the Tolpeddens, but it is a Christian act to avert evil.”

With more such frank and philanthropic speeches, denunciatory of Mr. Bradbrain, and tending to assert a general high standard of morality, Mr. Mordred bowed out his surprised visitor.

When Jackson answered the bell, with a mischievous grin on his face, and the glass door had closed behind the rector, Mr. Mordred went to the mantel-piece and leaned his forehead for a minute

or two meditatively against the marble ledge.

The more excuses, he thought, to quarrel with Bradbrain the better. His violence and tyranny had become insupportable; he claimed too large a share of everything; he kept too keen an eye on the accounts; he scandalized him by laughing openly at his religious pretensions; he ruled the house, the servants were afraid of him, and, above all, he (Mordred) was afraid of him.

He would at once strike a disabling blow at that nightmare of his; he sat down at his kneedesk, drew out the last letter he had received from Bradbrain's deserted wife, complaining that she should soon be compelled to apply to the parish, and posted it, with a few lines of comment, to Mr. Tregellas. He always sealed important letters. He had just lit a wax taper, the seal was ready, the red wax flared in the flame, when his eyes happened to turn to the glass door, and there he saw a face distorted with anger, glaring at him through the pane. It was Bradbrain, he had overheard all the conversation with Tregellas.

Bradbrain burst open the door, slammed it behind him so fiercely that a top pane broke, and fell with a crash; his heavy whip was in his hand, he had come in from riding. He beat it fiercely on the table, and struck the ink in a black pool over the floor.

"You old canting humbug!—you psalm-singing mean thief!—you old lying hypocrite!" he cried; "so this is the way you keep faith with your part-

ners. If I hadn't some more tin to get out of you, I'd break this whip over your head, sack the safe by main force, and ride off to Bodmin this very day."

"Take care—take care! There is law in this country, if there was none in that from which you came."

"Law? hang law! I'd take your life for half a dollar, if that's all. Do you think I fear being scragged, when I could get revenge? Not I. I'll be down on your friend Sampy, for tricking us. I'll have my turn at young Tolpedden for an old debt or two, and I'll, last of all, have a fling at you, old boy, if you don't look out, as sure as there's tin in Cornwall."

"Threatened men live long. I'm accustomed to bluster, and know it's value. You have no right, sir, to play eavesdropper in my house."

"In *your* house! Who paid for it? Now, look here, old Eighty-per-cent., if you don't dub up my last year's share in the bank profits before next Tuesday, I'll split about a thing or two, just to let the world see who and what you are, old blood-sucker. You Pharisaic beast, do you think I'm going to pay for your losses in that fool of a mine? I'm not going to be cheated as you cheated Sampy, so don't think it, no, not if I have to sell you up, and break the bank, to get my due."

"You have a bad heart, Bradbrain; you have no gratitude. Who helped you when you came

back poor, and without character, a mere ruined gambler, from Rio?"

"Gratitude!" Bradbrain snorted and neighed, he never laughed. "I like that! Gratitude? Yes, for putting you up to bank dodges and accommodation bills at Liverpool, and teaching you how to do the flats in the Cuban and Yankee ways. Do you think your texts and cant have any effect on me? I know you—you may run me down to the fools here, but I'll try and pay you out. I can take my own part. I know my way about, and, by the great devil himself, I swear I'll spoil your little games, if you try to cuckoo me out of the business I've helped to make. On better consideration, I'll have some of those arrears now. You're d—d afraid of me, I see. Come, stump up. I'll have it, just to show you that I'm not scared by you, and to prove that you daren't resist me. Now, stump up; there's three quarters due. Come, look alive."

Mordred shook, and his livid face darkened.

"You are right," he said, "Bradbrain; we have both power to injure each other. Let us live together in unity. I cannot make up the sum now. All my spare cash has gone this morning to Chetwynd, Strong, and Wrackem, for a loan."

"For a loan!—are you mad?—a loan without asking me?"

"Be patient—you shall hear. Providence is very good! Now, no bluster—you've tried it too often. Messrs. Chetwynd, Strong, and Wrackem

wanted to raise a thousand pounds on some securities for one of their clients. They applied to me, as a man of fortune, and to my extreme pleasure and surprise I discovered the person wanting the money to be no other than that proud rascal Tolpedden. I advanced the loan, and the new mine, Bradbrain, is now in my power. Think of that; depend on it, man, I will so entangle them, through the lawyers, and by new loans, that when I choose to shake the tree, the fruit shall fall ripe and ready into our hands. Congratulate me, Bradbrain, and learn to rely more in future upon my activity as a partner, even if I do sometimes resist your ceaseless demands for money. There shall be no arrears when we have once spare money lying by, not likely to be instantly required for business purposes."

Bradbrain's expression changed, his large wild eyes softened with cunning smiles. He stared at Mordred with affected surprise, and slapped his thigh with his hand till the white powder flew out of his thick gloves.

"Oh, you remarkable old rogue," he said, "why, you beat Bannagher! Demonio! you are as staunch on the trail of those d—d Tolpeddens as I am, but take care they don't baffle you. That old muddle-headed lieutenant, you may do him, but that sharp whelp of a son, and that old moon-struck father, with his chemical tricks, take care they don't circumvent you. The Chancery suit won't frighten old Tol a second time; a burnt child dreads the

fire—he'll run it this time. If the mine pays, he has you, pays off your mortgage, and laughs in your face."

"I'll drive him from the country. I'll crush him in Chancery. I'll torment him by foreclosing the mortgage at the very nick of time, when debts are accumulating, and before the mine has begun to pay."

"You're an amiable old Christian, you are!" said Bradbrain, admiringly, offering Mordred his hand; "and, by Jove, I respect you for it. You're a thoroughgoer—you can't hate the lot worse than I do. They've come twice in my way, and made cannons off me, and, by the Lord, I'll have my innings at them now. You worry them for tin, I for my own reasons. We shall go together in harness well this time. Hallo! there's the gong for luncheon, come and have some sherry. Hew Agag in pieces, it's the Lord's will—that's about the size of it, eh? Ha! ha! haw! haw! Well, you are a fine old stepper!"

As Bradbrain strided, laughing boisterously, into the luncheon-room, he did not see the white compressed lips, and the snakish cold eyes with which the older man was intently regarding him.

CHAPTER XV.

ANOTHER DARK CLOUD.

IN the morning after his too successful ambuscade, Arthur resolved on his line of conduct. An hour's thought convinced him that he should not tell the lieutenant or his father of the terrible discovery till his aunt should show some wish to renew the dangerous acquaintance. If she at once crushed the fatal passion, and resolved never to see Bradbrain again, the old love might be renewed, the secret kept, and all again go well. He felt convinced that she was not yet guilty of anything more than imprudence. Her heart was not yet fully alienated. A short interval, she would see the folly and her error, and forget the fascination of the would-be seducer. Her secret sorrow would be the best punishment for her past imprudence.

He wrote a hasty note to this effect, plain, stern, but not reproachful, and gave it to Liddy to hand to Mrs. Tolpedden, desiring her to stay with his aunt all day, as she complained, so Susan had told him, of feeling unwell with a nervous headache.

Immediately after breakfast a fly came from Boscastle to take Arthur and his father to Bodmin, where the lieutenant was to arrive by a mid-day train. King Pippin and Kate went with them,

Ned and Bobby being left with Mrs. Tolpedden, who was not yet visible.

On the way Arthur was so silent that his father bantered him about it, as he began to discuss the lieutenant's loss, and the utter hopelessness of trying to recover the notes.

They had just got down from the fly, and had entered the waiting-room, as it still wanted ten minutes to the time when the train was due, when Mr. Tregellas came towards them with his daughter leaning on his arm.

He bowed to Mr. Tolpedden; he did not offer his hand, but, leaving Lucy to chat with Arthur (her cheek flushed slightly at seeing him), requested a moment's conversation with Mr. Tolpedden, who shook hands with Lucy, while the children ran to see first the station-master working the telegraph, then the railway porter alter the signal.

"Mr. Tolpedden," said the rector, when they got upon the platform, and in a retired part, "I have to sincerely apologise to you for the coldness that has sprung up between us, and for the estrangement arisen between our two families."

Mr. Tregellas said this with such honest frankness, and with such evident confidence in the man to whom he spoke, that no generous person could have resisted such an overture. Mr. Tolpedden, proud and high tempered as he was, was not long in accepting a hand so offered. He took it and shook it warmly.

"It was no fault of mine, Tregellas," he said, "that led to the estrangement. I thought we should have been friends for ever, so far as I went. It was unjust, I know, but in the first bitterness of my late misfortunes I felt almost inclined to regard you as one of those summer friends who leave us like swallows when the frosts come."

Mr. Tolpedden said this with no sentimental regret, but with a frank avowal, that seemed to leave no subject for future soreness untouched.

"I am not a fickle fellow, Tolpedden, but I confess I was deeply hurt at some slanders about my family which were reported to me as having been disseminated by your son Arthur. Those slanders I have at last traced to their author, and I now apologise for attributing them to him."

"Arthur," said Mr. Tolpedden, with a shrewd glance at his son and Lucy, who were pacing up and down entirely absorbed in their own conversation, "does not just now look much like a person likely to slander any one belonging to you, but I have no doubt your suspicions of him seemed plausible to you at the time. May I ask the name of the retailer of these slanders?"

Tregellas hesitated.

"I will not press you."

"I have no wish to conceal the man's name. It was Mr. Bradbrain."

The soldier's spirit flashed up in Tolpedden's eyes.

"I hate that man," he said between his teeth ; "bad—bad. Twenty years ago, I would have called him out; now I shall only shut my door at him, as a convicted slanderer. Tregellas, we are firm friends again. The broken bone grows stronger than before. But here is your train and ours. Good-bye."

The two trains hove in sight simultaneously, and, looming out from the horizon with noise and smoke, drew up together side by side. Lucy and Arthur parted, and Tregellas shook hands with the children, who shouted vociferously, as the lieutenant thrust his old head, and his well-known stick out of the window of a second-class carriage, and cried, "Bring her to; let go the anchor there!"

The door opened, and out he came, with a lobster in one handkerchief, some prawns in another, and a small carpet bag slung over his back. He was in boisterous spirits, for the business had gone well. He was delighted to get back, and talk his robbery over with Arthur.

The driver of the fly, young Beswetherick, drove gallantly round dangerous corners, and down steep streets.

The captain was in great talk. A superstitious Scotchman might have thought him "fay," for high spirits used to be thought ominous of evil.

"Trim the boat, Kate," he cried ; "you sit by me, and let Johnny go by Arthur—trim the boat, sir. But where the goodness is Polly?—where's mother,

Kate? She said she should come. Those were the sailing orders, weren't they, Kitty?"

"Yes, father, but mother had one of her bad headaches, and wasn't up when we left."

"And so all went well at Truro?" said Mr. Henry Tolpedden.

"Like a house on fire. Travers said he had never seen such specimens of ore, not even from the Devon Consols. Offered to send the fresh kibbles and whims, and machinery for shares, or a bill at six months. 'But avast there,' said I; 'we'll pay when we sell the first ton of ore.' Short credit, long friends, eh, Harry? Why, Arthur, you are as glum—what sail's in sight now? Why, what cheer, messmate, who's been and enlisted you in the Blue Devils? Any more news of that infernal banker, Harry?"

"He has pushed the Chancery suit on one step further, one screw closer, on us. We must meet him in court, I fear."

"Fear!—why fear?—d——d shark! We'll fight him, if I have to spend my last guinea. Well, Johnny, and how does the schooner get on—got her rigging up?"

"Oh! I'm getting on, father. Cousin Arthur helped me with the shrouds and the catheads. We tried her yesterday in a wash-tub; she sails so beautifully. We are going to call her the 'Flying Fish,' like Mr. Hookem's yacht, ain't we, Katy?"

Kate assented with enthusiasm.

"I'm longing to turn captain at the mine, uncle,"

said Arthur, "and be of some use. Father wants me to go off to Oxford next term, but I won't think of it. I'll stay and see this rascal crushed, and the family re-established."

"Which his name was Greatheart," cried the lieutenant, laughing, and clapping his nephew on the back. "The true grit, as he always was."

"So he is Greatheart!" cried the children clapping their hands.

"Mr. Greatheart, Bunyan calls him," said the father proudly.

"By-the-bye, didn't I see you just now talking to those stuck-up Tregellases?" said the lieutenant. "I thought they were too high and mighty to have anything to say to us since the bank broke. Larboard, there!" This to the driver, who was making too close a shave to a sand-cart that was passing.

Arthur sprang forward in defence of the Tregellases.

"They're not stuck-up, uncle," he said; "there was a misunderstanding. They'd been told I had been slandering the family. Wouldn't that rile you?"

"Rile me! Why, I'd beat the dog to a mummy! Starboard, there, driver; don't you hear me?—now let her go. Well, I must say, I do like that girl of theirs. I never see her, but she reminds me of a primrose with the dew on it, as the song says."

"Well done, Nelson! why, you'll make Arthur

jealous; he's rather cruising in that direction, we tell him."

"Ha! she'll never equal Polly, though," said the lieutenant. "You should have seen her the day I led her to church! Oh! she *was* a pretty craft!"

Now the moorlands began to spread before them with their great scorched ranges of rushy grass and wasted churchyards of granite blocks; and in the distance Brown Willy and his fellows rose in huge dark billows, like the petrified waves of some bygone deluge.

The lieutenant over the luncheon, which Arthur had taken care to stow in the coach, and after a glass of excellent sherry, grew chirpier and pleasanter than ever. Even his loss seemed a mere trifle now, for it had melted into the golden haze that surrounded the Wheal Arthur in his imagination.

"Hang the money!" he said. "Who could have thought that fellow was going to nail it, tho', in that short time, and I having it close buttoned up in a breast-pocket, too. No one could be sharp enough for fellows like that, that's the fact. And after all, it was my own loss, and I don't care a pinch of snuff for it, if the mine turns out well. What do we care, Arthur! we're all capitalists now, and can snap our fingers at the d—— lawyers. Jack, don't wipe your fingers on my coat. Arthur, take some sherry. Harry, you let me do all the talking."

"It was an extraordinary discovery," said Arthur.

"A providential one," said his father; "and that fellow Sampy, after all, has turned out sound—tired of cheating, I suppose, and glad to earn his bread in a safe way. All for Arthur's sake, as he says, for I always laughed at his divining tricks. Walker, too, does admirable as a grass captain."

"Do you go down to the under-sea workings, uncle?" said Arthur to the lieutenant.

The lieutenant's yellowish, East Indian eyes winked over the brim of his glass of sherry, and he shook himself together.

"I believe you," he said; "why, I'm head bottle-washer there, ain't I, Harry?—and I don't let that rascal Sampy waste the men's time with too much psalm-singing; egad, I see the ore broken up, I look to the engine, I work the surveyings, and I write the reports."

"You should only see him, Arthur, start at 7.15 A.M., hat hard as a board, and short smock, all red and yellow—why, it was as much as I could do the first week to prevent him working with gad and pick."

"Do let me go down the ladder, papa?" said Jack.

"And me too?" supplicated Kate, seizing both her father's hands piteously.

"My gracious!—what next?—you dare to go near the shafts!—why, if anything happened to you, don't you know it would kill your mother stone dead? Let me never hear a word more about it."

"Oh! you mustn't go down mines, Katy," said Arthur, laughing; "it's no work for young ladies."

"But I can climb ladders," said the indomitable Jack.

"Jack, be quiet—no mutiny, d'ye hear!" said the lieutenant, gravely, "or I'll wop you now, so I tell you!"

The lieutenant's choler was soon roused, and equally soon abated.

"Have you learned that stave of the 'Shipwreck' yet, Kitty?"

"Yes, father," said Kitty, demurely smoothing down the fingers of her gloves; "I think so."

"Say it off, then, there's a dear."

Kitty put her hands behind her, as if no memory could be exercised without that precaution, and began,

"While o'er the ship the gallant boatswain flies,
Like a hoarse mastiff through the storm he cries."

But the lieutenant's enthusiasm was most roused to beating time and other demonstrations of delight, as the reciter reached a more technical part—

"Now some to strike top-gallant yards attend,
Some travellers up the weather backstay send;
At each mast-head the top ropes others bend.
The youngest sailors from the yards above
Their parrels, lifts, and braces soon remove,
Then tight an end to the travellers tied,
Charged with their sails, they down the backstays slide."

"There's poetry, Arthur, if you like," said the

gallant enthusiast; "better than all your Timpson's" (Tennyson, the lieutenant evidently meant).

"Too much for me—it is more than I can follow, some of it," said Arthur; "but the worthy poet at least deserves some credit for crowding in so much instruction, doesn't he, father?"

"He does indeed—he has triumphed over difficulties almost as much as Hookem's favourite, the author of the 'Babyloniad,' who really revels in almost impossible subjects."

The rest of the journey is soon described. Fierce sun, thicker dust, more moorland, a stone cross defaced and lonely, more hills, a white engine-house or two, away across wild fields; then a great wall of wavering azure, and a cluster of houses at its base—that was the sea, the houses were Boscastle. The children fell asleep, each in a corner of the open fly.

Arthur sat and thought over the meeting of the lieutenant and his wife, and rather dreaded being present. The roads and fields grew more familiar.

The road wound on, nearer, nearer—over the common, then down the lane, past the mill-farm, down by the plantations and the orchards.

"I make her out now, and without a glass," said the delighted lieutenant, rousing the children, as the little cottage came in sight through the fir-trees; "steady there with the helm—larboard, you lubber!—larboard, it is. Here we are—Harry, get the door open."

It was about seven o'clock, and rapidly getting

dusk. A rough, rainy wind had sprung up, and the trees were tossing in a troubled way. A golden thread of moon was rising above the wood. There was no light in any window.

"Polly's gone out for a turn."

"Yes, she's gone in the village to see some poor people," cried Jack and Kate.

The carriage drew up, but no one appeared. The lieutenant put his hand to his mouth and shouted,

"What cheer there!—hallo! there, Polly!"

While the lieutenant still shouted, keeping one hand over the garden gate, Arthur and his father paid for the fly.

"Stay and have some ale, my man," said Mr. Tolpedden to the driver, as the children ran up to the door.

The lieutenant knocked at the door a good ringing, hearty knock, a loud, vigorous, hurrying knock. The door instantly opened, slowly and timidly, and Liddy appeared, crying, her apron to her eyes, her false hair turned round, so that the parting was over the left eye, her whole face wearing an expression of the most agonizing anxiety. At the same moment the voices of Teddy and Bobby could be heard upstairs, crying as somebody struck at a closed door.

"Why, Liddy," cried the lieutenant, seizing her by the arm, "woman, what's this?—quick, tell me, where's your missus? What are those children crying for? What is it all about?"

"Why, what on earth is it, Liddy?" cried Arthur and Mr. Tolpedden, in a breath, while Jack and Katy clung to her apron, half-frightened at their father's alarmed voice.

Liddy burst into tears.

"I went out at four with the children, sir, as missus wished. When I came back, half an hour ago, I found her room door locked, and she will not answer. I picked up one of her gloves by the garden-gate. Oh! what shall I do?—what shall I do? Dear Mr. Arthur, do try and push the door open."

Here Liddy showed strong tendencies to hysterics.

A ghastly expression of horror and alarm passed over the lieutenant's face, a dark yawning pit seemed to have opened before his very feet. Arthur saw in a moment what must have happened, and flew up-stairs, three steps at a time, followed by his father and the lieutenant.

There was Neddy lying outside the door, crying, and Bobby thumping with her tiny fists at the wall. No one answered. Arthur knelt down and listened at the key-hole—there was no breathing. The lieutenant shook the door till the very wall trembled. The children ran to him crying about "mamma."

"*She is dead!*—Polly is dead, or she would answer!" he shrieked, and dashed at the panel twice; the second time the lock tore from the wall, and the door fell inwards. In a moment the lieutenant, his brother, and Arthur were in the

room ; but there was no one there. A shawl lay on the bed, a desk stood open on the drawers. The window-blind was down, Arthur pushed it on one side, and with a match from his pocket lit one of the toilette candles. The other children had followed ; Kate ran to the mantel-piece, and took a little pink note from a pin-cushion, on which it had been pinned. The note contained only these few words :

“Do not try to follow me. It will be useless. I am the most unhappy of women. Nel, I love you as I ever did. Kiss the children for me. Do not judge hardly of me. I have been deceived. My agony, even while I write this, is my greatest punishment. I dare not see you.”

It took but an instant—Kate ran with the note to her father ; he read it, then, with a deep groan, he fell heavily face downwards on the floor.

* * * * *

Two hours had passed—the lieutenant had slowly recovered from his fainting-fit, had even been able, with sorrowful face and bleeding heart, to hear Arthur’s narrative of the detected intrigue.

“Oh ! Arthur, Arthur !” he said, his face resting against the sofa, “you should not have kept this from me for a moment. Better have killed me at once, than let me fall suddenly down this well shaft of misery. If God does not help me, in His great mercy, my brain will surely burst.” (Here he

leaped up, and seized a knife from the table). "Where is he?—where is this wretch, this cruel monster, who could take my own dear little wife from me, and leave me here despised, crushed, and wretched? I'll cut the life out of him. I'll stab him at his own fireside. Cruel!—cruel! She—"

A reaction came; dropping his knife, the poor broken-hearted man sank down again on a chair, and sobbed bitterly.

His brother and Arthur tried to comfort him. Arthur threw his arm round him, while the children and Liddy sat crying together.

"She must be at the man's house," said Mr. Henry Tolpedden. "It is a fit of madness. We will go at once and demand her, or take her by force. She will repent of her folly. Maybe she is not yet guilty. He has persuaded, forced her to elope with him. Come, I've kept the fly; we will go straight to St. Petrock's, and know the worst. Let us go, Arthur."

"I am ready, father. Are you strong enough to go, uncle?" said Arthur. "But don't you go; let us fight it out with this scoundrel."

"Yes, I must go," said the lieutenant. "I will go and know the worst. "Oh! Polly! Polly! how could you run a knife into my heart, and not kill me at once? And the dear children—Kate, come and kiss me. Oh! your poor mother! Yes, I am ready. I will know the worst, though it will kill me to see her. She shall not return. I will strike her to the earth. Oh! Polly! Polly! I

never knew I loved you so much till now that you have left me."

* * * * *

It was nine o'clock, the doctor and his partner were enjoying a hot supper, if Messrs. Bradbrain and Mordred could be said to enjoy anything when together.

Bradbrain's temper, naturally fierce and overbearing, had been quite intolerable since the evening Arthur had unmasked him. Mordred had met this violence by conciliation, and more than usual affectation of decrepitude and illness, seen through instantly, and loudly ridiculed, as such pretences always were, by his rough partner.

"Some excellent sly scheme of yours has gone awry, Bradbrain," said Mordred, as he helped himself to wine. "I know it has, by the serenity of your temper, and your unusual Christian calmness of manner."

"And some schemes of yours, you old canting weasel, are fast ripening to mischief," was the amiable answer. "I can tell that by your oiliness and your additional texts. D——n it! don't keep sipping that wine, as if it was medicine. It makes me sick to see you. Oh, you are a nice one to preach to me!"

All this was said before the ghostly butler.

The hatred between these two ill-assorted men had led them long since to renounce all concealment of their mutual antipathy. Each was only watch-

ing how best to cuckoo and out-stratagem the other. The bank and the practice were there between them—prizes for the most daring, or the most dexterous.

The moment the butler removed the cloth, and left the room, Bradbrain rose from his chair, went round to where Mordred sat, and stared insolently into his face.

“Take care of excitement, old boy,” he said; “you’ve got far advanced *pericarditis* already. Your complexion shows that, and your eyes don’t look well at all. Take care, or some fine day you’ll be made a subject of at the infirmary, and I shall sweep the pool. Wouldn’t that make you turn in your grave, old truepenny?”

“And you, let me give you a warning, if you take brandy as you’ve been doing these last two days, you’ll have delirium tremens for the third time—your constitution is undermined already.”

“Del. trem. won’t touch me with such brandy as you keep, old toad-in-the-hole; so don’t you be afraid. I can take care of myself. You must find some better way of saving your brandy than that—that notion won’t wash at all.”

“You’re a ruffian, and not fit for a civilized country!” said Mordred, roused at last to unusual anger. “You are one of those bad——”

An uproar in the hall, a scuffle, and a sound of angry voices, interrupted the agreeable conversation. Mordred was ringing the bell for Stonecott, to ask what was the matter, when the door flew

open, and Stonecott backed in, followed by three men, who were insisting on being admitted, contrary to the servant's wish.

"Master's engaged," said Stonecott. "I tell you, gentlemen, we don't see people on business after eight o'clock."

A rude hand seized his collar, and threw him back into the hall.

"I am come," said the lieutenant, striding ominously towards Bradbrain, "to demand my wife. Where is my wife?—where has this villain taken her to? Is she here? I will see her!"

He would have rushed on Bradbrain with his clubbed stick, but his brother and Arthur held him fast between them.

"We have come to demand the woman," said Mr. Henry Tolpedden, "whom Mr. Bradbrain has seduced from her home."

"What does this mean, Bradbrain?" said Mor-dred rising from his chair in righteous surprise.

"How should I know? I haven't seen this man's wife. I haven't been out to-day, but with you—you know that very well. Let Stonecott say if any lady has called here to-day. Good Heavens! why should I be accused?"

Bradbrain said all this boldly, and with an angry frankness that seemed innocence itself.

"*Why should you be accused?*" said Arthur, fiercely, but still holding the lieutenant back. "How dare you ask that?—when I myself detected you in a clandestine interview with Mrs. Tolpedden?"

"I am hurt—I am distressed, indeed, at this," said Mordred. "Mr. Bradbrain, is this lady concealed or not under this roof? I insist on knowing."

"She is *not*. I have not seen her for some time. I swear she is not!—have the servants up!"

"Will you swear that she is not concealed here or elsewhere by you?" said Mr. Henry Tolpedden.

"Yes, let the fellow say that," stormed the lieutenant, trying to break away.

"I do."

"Liar!—hear him—the fellow's lying. Dog—beast—let me get at him!"

"Brother—Nelson, be quiet; this violence does no good."

"You will swear that you do not know where she is?—or that her present flight was not encouraged by you?"

"I will swear it—I do swear it."

"This is a solemn oath, and on an important occasion," said Mordred. "Will you swear that before a magistrate?"

"I will. I know nothing of this event." Bradbrain here lit a cigar. "Why should I?"

"Sir, we shall meet some day," said the lieutenant, "and I will then tell you what I think of you. I suppose, fellow, you're not afraid to meet me as one gentleman meets another?"

"Anywhere, and at your own time," said Brad-

brain, coolly taking some wine, and eyeing the lieutenant as if he was some strange beast. "But duelling is rather dangerous work—bleed me in an action; it is a better revenge. I tell you again, I know nothing about your wife, except that she is a doosed pretty woman. She must have run away with some other friend of yours. It's not my fault this time."

"We must leave," said Henry Tolpedden; "we are bound to believe the fellow's story. Good night, gentlemen, we shall go further in this matter."

The lieutenant was half led, half pressed into the fly.

He fell back in the corner, and, the excitement over, burst into an agony of tears.

"Be a man," said his brother, as Arthur tried to compose him with the tenderness of a woman; "be a man again, Nelson, shake all love for this woman from your heart—tread it under foot like blighted fruit, bury it in the sea, forget her, she is unworthy of your kind and good heart. If this man has won her love, let him keep it—it is only fit for such a God-forsaken vagabond as that; let her go and perish on a dunghill, or in the streets, as she deserves."

"Do not judge her without some thought of mercy, father," said Arthur; "remember our Saviour, and what he wrote upon the sand. Think how she must suffer before she can ever repent this sin."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE COUNTING-HOUSE.

OUTSIDE a long, rough-built shanty, used as a counting-house by the lieutenant when on duty at the now thriving Wheal Arthur, one July morning, a month after the mysterious flight of the unhappy Mrs. Tolpedden, sat a gang of miners smoking their pipes, and waiting for Captain Sampy and the twelve o'clock "chor."

The men, dressed in their short miners' coats, were smoking just below an open window, at which a white blind flew and fluttered to keep out the fierce heat of the sun, and lying or sitting on the ground with their backs to the hut. The centre of the group was Tom Tremaine, a little wiry man, about forty, whose head and left eye were bound round with a blue handkerchief.

All at once the blind was pushed back, and Walker, now a "grass captain," second in command to Sampy only, thrust out his head among the tribute men, who were there waiting for the bi-monthly auction, to be held at two o'clock. A dozen rough heads turned, and twice as many wild dark eyes stared upwards, to see what the grass captain wanted.

"Good mornin', cappun."

"Good mornin', my dears. What I want is,

for Tom Tremaine to tell us the story of how he lost his eye at the Wheal Buller—he promised to tell me last survey, and never did. I can't get on with the accounts till Mr. Sandoe comes up to grass—I can hear it here."

"Come out and take a seat, cappun," said Tity, the giant who long ago had assaulted Walker at the inn.

"No, thankee, it's handier here—now then, Tom."

"Zackly so, cappun; but my story ain't much, but what it is, here you have it. Billum, that's the son of Dick Penrose, who faled ovvur clift a smuggling years ago, was with me driving the odit level at hafe tribute—well, we'd got a side hole bored all ready for the powder, and I was putting down the swabstick out of my hand. 'Get a snoff,' said I to Billum, 'while I chaarge.' I'd about four fingers deep of powder in the hole, and had begun a-ramming down the tampin, when ould Billum foaches up agen me with the candle in his hand, and in a moment, like a flash of lightning, t'was all bang and darkness, and away I went, dashed in rags. I was knacked back into the level, and when I begunned to wake like, I felt all whizzy and sleepy like, but I weren't killed at all. The first thing I tried to do was to get 'pon my leages—but my hands were smartin', waun of my eyes was knacked out, and I was as deaf as a haddick. At last I heard 'em comin' down the shaft, and then I heard 'em spaik. 'Beest hurt, Tom?' said waun of 'em; 'thou'st

braave and bloody, Tom.' 'Hurt!' said I, 'why, I'm knacked in rags, and I'm as blind as a dumble-dorry! But why ever dedn'ee bring a light weth 'ee?' said I. 'So we have,' said they; 'why, there's three candles burning by thy side now.' 'Then I'm blind,' said I; 'so let us go to grass, for I'm na good here, nor nowhere else.' Billum wasn't hurt, only bruised a little. They put me into a kibble, and Tom Pierce with me, to hould me study, for I couldn't see, and up we went to grass. And then they helped me into the sumpman's house, sawed up my skull, and doctored my eyes, but one was gone. I beared up all the pain, and tried to loff a bit, but I cudn't do it. Then, if you plaise, they wanted me to ride hum 'pon planks, 'No, no,' said I, 'I thankee all the same, I waen't frighten Grace into fits—(Grace, that was my wife,) so I waelked hum, and 'cause I couldn't do nothing up, I went to bed; but howsomever, I got better in three months, and here I am."

There was a murmur of sympathy as Tom Tremaine finished his narrative. Every one there, down to the sumpman's boy, felt that the same thing might one day happen to him.

"Ha! Tom," said Walker, leaning out of window, and patting the old miner on the back, "the patent fuse has stopped all those kind of things now—you ought to have been born a little later, messmate. Come in, Tity, into the counting-house here, I

want a word with you about the work in the low level."

In lumbered Big Tity, and sat down clumsily on a chair opposite the sub-captain, and ex-coast-guard.

"Where's Captain Sampy, Tity?"

"At the engine-house with Mr. Arthur; he's going to look at the whims and see about some improvement in the ropes. He'll be here in about ten minutes. There's some ladies going down in the tram-waggon, and me and Rozzy have been trimming it up with a bass-mat, all tidy like."

"That's the lady Mr. Arthur's going to be married to—Miss Tregellas; she is a beauty."

"How he do take to the mine, Mr. Arthur; one would think he'd been a miner from generation to generation, Armen; and as for the Lieutenant, he does his dialling as if he was working a ship."

"How does the lode look, Tity?" said Walker, arranging his sheet of figures half-made out reports, and tables of wages; "no fear of cross course—no ugly heave to throw us all out of gear—eh? Not like Wheal Fortune—eh? No danger of getting too near the sea, I hope? I sometimes think we's been driving rather too much south. I'm sure we ought to sink a shaft and find the other end of the lode—the land side of the lode."

"Yes—and lose all the money we get out of the other. No, no, push on, but keep ten feet of good rock between you and the sea. I tell 'ee, next

ticketing day, our ore'll sell for ten pound a ten, for it's all but solid copper—it's a champion lode, and we'll run it half way to Wales before we get tired of it—run it, I tell 'ee, my dear, till we hear the cocks crow in China. Hang sinking other shaft—that's the way speckylators is never satisfied—like a dog in a snow-storm, running after everything and catching nothing. The pitches'll be let thes time, low as ever they were—the pebble won't take long throwing up."

Throwing up a pebble is the Cornish mining captain's way of showing that the lot is knocked down to the lowest bidder, and that the bargain is concluded.

"Sampy now is worth twice what he was," said Walker, "isn't he, Tity? He's not the lying loafer he once was—he works hard enough now, and does his duty, too, and Mr. Tolpedden trusts him, and so does Mr. Nelson, though the lieutenant doesn't like his canting ways. We shall swim in money in a year or so. Wheal Arthur is no relation to Wheal Fortune—is it, Tity?"

"Not a bit on't—I never thought much of the Wheal Fortune after I once put a gad into it—too deep below the elvan—nothing but tailings, not worth the blasting powder—those were my words second day. I say, Walker—captain—how does the lieutenant bear up about his wife? No news of her?"

"No news. No, she's gone, but she's not worth thinking about. The lieutenant tries to

forget it, but he breaks down sometimes. It was a great blow to him, it was; he's never been quite the same man since."

"That he hasn't."

"Here comes Captain Sampy," said Tity, looking out at the window, "I'll be off—he's singing a hymn; he always does that when the lode promises well."

A moment after Sampy entered—no longer in his snuffy coat, dirty wisp of white handkerchief, and crape-swaddled hat, but in good, hearty miner's linen jacket and stiff felt hat, stained with orange oxide and gossan, and smeared with wet red clay.

"Good mornin' to 'ee, my dears," he said, as he took off his hat, and went up to con the great framed and coloured ground plan of the mine that hung flapping against the counting-house wall, "we must have a winze," he said half to himself, "in that fifth gallery. As I was going to the dressing floors this morning, who do you think I met, Mr. Walker?"

"Can't guess, Captain."

"Why, that Mr. Bradbrain. And what he said to me was this, and he looked like a mad dog when he said it, for when he saw me I was praising the last sample:—'Sampy,' says he, 'you take care of yourself, my man—mining's risky work.' 'Tweren't nice the way he said them words, but he's always in the seat of the scornful; they as walks in the narrow path are not to his mind, my dears, and

that I tell 'ee—'tes so—no, he'll never get in that path, do what he will—never."

Here Sampy got down a Bible from the shelf where it stood, half hidden by accounts, cash books, and notes for reports, and began to solace himself by some verses from Job, which he read with nasal unction.

"Surely there is a vein for the silver, and a place for the gold where they find it.

"Iron is taken out of the earth, and brass is molten out of the stone.

"As for the earth, out of it cometh bread, and under it is turned up, as it were, fire.

"The stones of it are the place of sapphires, and it hath dust of gold."

Then, as if fired by this pious exercise, the ranting preacher broke out into full force, and with a professional enthusiasm, almost amounting to insanity, he threw up the window to its full height, and shouting, "Number 74, 'New Sabbath,'" loudly intoned the first verse of a ranting hymn.

As soon as he had repeated the words, the men below, most of them, at least, leaped and scrambled upon their feet, and singing after him, roared out to inappropriate music.

"In evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object met my sight,
And stopped my wild career.
Oh the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb,
The Lamb upon Calvary,

The Lamb that was slain, that liveth again,
To intercede for me."

Sampy had just begun to read the second verse,

"My conscience felt and owned my guilt,"

when a rough voice from outside shouted,

"Belay, belay there, Sampy. There's time enough for that; if you want to do that, go up on the cliff. Mr. Arthur and I have got work to do here."

It was the lieutenant and Arthur, come to talk over some business till Mr. Tolpedden arrived with Mr. Tregellas and the ladies.

The lieutenant took Walker's chair, and swept back the loose tracing-paper and sheets of figures.

"I tell you, Arthur," he said, "we must have our 170 fathom rope all twenty yarns to the strand. That sort of rope has the best hemp. There should be 1,305 threads in every 14-inch capstan rope."

"We must make a new ground-plan to send to the brokers," said Arthur, who had already set to work with pencil and compasses. "I propose to make it five fathoms to an inch."

"Good!" said the lieutenant, "and check it by trigonometry. On Monday, too, we must try the real bearing of the new shaft in the sixty fathom level. I shall apply the instrument at some point in the level away from the pumps. You'll carry the light down the shaft as far as it can be seen. Then, after the graduated circle has been screwed fast,

I shall apply the rack, and turn the sight till I cut the candle in the bottom of the shaft. We must mind and keep ten good feet of rock between us and the sea."

"I want you, uncle," said Arthur, "to do this sum with me, to see if I have worked it right."

"Hand it over."

"Here it is:—'From the depth of thirty-six fathoms, four feet--' "

"Four feet; yes."

The lieutenant took it down.

"In an engine shaft, A B, a cross cut was driven, which pierced a lode C, fourteen fathoms two feet from B."

"From B; all right."

"The lode was found to make an angle of thirty degrees, inclining towards the shaft."

"Shaft—yes."

"Required the depth at which the shaft will intersect the lode, and the length of the lode from C to the point of intersection D."

"All right. I'll work it out, Arthur."

The lieutenant and Arthur went heads down at the sum. Arthur was the first to finish. He looked up at the lieutenant; at that moment a great hot tear splashed on the last figure his uncle had written.

Arthur said nothing.

The lieutenant rose, and turned as if to con the great working plan on the wall; but his shoulders shook, and he was silent.

Arthur knew too well the bitter fit of grief that had

come upon him. He went on with his work, and presently the brave old fellow went on with his, but not a word was spoken.

All at once there came the sound of well-known voices, and a little merry laugh. Arthur sprang to the door. It was his father, Lucy, and Mr. Tregellas.

"Here we are, lieutenant, come to trouble you busy men," said Mr. Tregellas. "Lucy's mad to go down the workings."

"Of course I am, papa," said Lucy, who looked more beautiful than ever. She was now considered as affianced to Arthur, and called him by his Christian name. "Arthur, do show me that plan of the mine."

Arthur explained to her how, from the perpendicular shaft, ran at right angles horizontal galleries, joined by small shafts or winzes, both for ventilation, and to raise the ore. Up the main shaft went a huge chain of pumps to drain the mine.

"And what are all those men waiting for outside, Arthur?"

"Tribute men, Lily dear, waiting for the auction. They take their contracts to-day. Up this shaft come the buckets that bring the metal, you see. The men in the levels will race to leap into them as they pass. It is dangerous, but it saves them an hour's climbing."

"What brave fellows!"

"What reckless rascals!" said the lieutenant.

"It must be a wonderful scene down in the mine, Mr. Tolpedden," said Lucy.

"Dirty men with wheelbarrows," returned the unromantic old sailor; "puddles, gunpowder, smoke, dripping candles, and muggy air. The men die young."

"Come, Lucy, you must change your dress," said Mr. Tregellas, "and put on a flannel bedgown, and a hood, wooden shoes, &c."

"Oh! I needn't make a fright of myself like that, need I, Arthur?" replied Lucy, looking ruefully at her bright gown, of the most delicate grey, and her forget-me-not-coloured bonnet-ribbons, which she rearranged with the lightest touch in the world.

"You must be quick, Lucy," said her father. "Mr. Tolpedden tells me the men are waiting."

"No, no, Lily," laughed Arthur, coaxingly, "they're only making fun of you. I've had the tram waggon fitted up for our distinguished visitors. I'll give you a mackintosh to put over your head instead of your bonnet, and another to wrap round you; Mr. Tregellas must wear a miner's hat. You shall go down the Roslyn level, but you mustn't go up the galleries—they're so wet and dirty."

In less than twenty minutes the party had collected on a platform of rock, hewn out of the surface of the cliff below the engine-house, a hundred feet above a little bay, where the waves were stained red with the refuse of the mine, and the washings of the tin ore—for the Wheal Arthur had now begun to yield that shy metal as well as copper.

Beyond the great blue plain of ocean glittered and trembled. It was near noon, the sun shone hot and fierce upon the amphitheatre of reddish slaty rocks above and below, and on the bridges, ladders, and plank platforms perched on various ledges of the cliff.

There was the sound of a signal bell, and down out of some shed, like the self-moving car of Indra in the cumbrous Hindoo mythology, came a tram-waggon, fitted to sloping rails, that disappeared in the darkness of an opposite cavern.

"Oh! how very dreadful!" said Lucy. "I can't really go in that, papa."

"I and Mr. Tolpedden go first, then you and Mr. Tregellas," said the lieutenant. "I have enough of it other days."

The tram-waggon moved nearer, and Sampy from above shouted some directions to the engine man. In Arthur leaped, with his father, and lit their candles; ducking their heads down, and laughing, as the iron waggon moved off with them down into the black cavern. The roof, supported by stout crossbeams, grew darker and darker, till the light quite disappeared. There was Lucy in the sunshine far above, watching them as Beatrice watched Dante from Paradise.

When the car returned, Sampy lit two candles, and thrust them into lumps of fresh clay, then he handed them to Lucy and her father; down again glided the tram-waggon, with a noise of chains, and they left the hot sunlight, and the blue

sea and sky, and the hot cliffs and the darkness received them, and clammy stone galleries, and dripping passages, echoing with the blows of gad and pickaxe, and noisy with the clang of pump-rods, and the jar of loaded buckets.

Down, down it went—it seemed miles that it went rolling on its check chain down the grinding rails. The air grew denser and hotter, now and then, but only by glimpses, the bulk beams of the roof, black and moist, showed through the partial light of the flaring candles.

At last a bell sounded, and the waggon stopped with a gentle shock. A gang of swarthy men, with candles stuck in the front of their hats, came clustering round them like the demons in an opera. Then appeared the well-known faces of Arthur and his father.

“Welcome, Miss Tregellas, to the Wheal Arthur,” said Mr. Tolpedden; “such beauty has never before consecrated this temple of mammon.”

“Well, Lucy, and how do you like our underground life?” said Arthur.

“Oh! not at all, Arthur. It is dreadful—it is being buried alive, and knowing that you are buried. Suppose it all blew up, or the pumps stopped, and you were drowned. Oh! papa, and Mr. Tolpedden, do make Arthur promise never to come down here again!”

“Why, you little coward, Lily, you used to be much more plucky,” said her father.

“Oh! but it is so horrid. I can hardly breathe,”

said the fair logician. "I wish Milly was here. Do you know, Arthur, she wrote at the last minute to say that she couldn't come. She was so sorry—dear Milly!"

"By-the-by, Tregellas," said Mr. Tolpedden, as Arthur explained the mine to Lucy, "I am going to have a sort of rehearsal on Thursday, before a few friends, of my alchemic experiments. I shall have to show them at Truro, and I want you and Lucy to come."

"Hookem is coming round next week, Mr. Tregellas, in his yacht, from Plymouth," said Arthur. "I heard from Dodgeson yesterday; he, Fisher, and Hewer are to be with him. They go from here along the French coast to Barcelona. Dodgeson, who's fond of punning, says he's rather *nuts* on Barcelona."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE REHEARSAL.

LIDDY, Fanny, and Lizzy, now all reinstated, were in a state of enormous bustle, curiosity, and excitement, for the guests had begun to arrive for the rehearsal of Mr. Tolpedden's chemical experiments.

Lord Rostrevor, the Tregellas, the Trevenas, the Penroses, the Wavertons, and some half a dozen other families, were there. King Pippin, Kate, and Ted,

and even poor little, disconsolate, forsaken Bobby, were there, dressed up by good old Liddy. Three or four rows of chairs were already filled by the curious, the learned, the young, the fashionable, and the idle. The Tregellases' children fraternized with the Tolpeddens', and were all in a simmer of intense expectation and wonderment.

Mr. Tolpedden had long been known all over the north of Cornwall for a celebrated amateur chemist, and the fame of his mining success had given an artificial lustre to his scientific discoveries. The wildest stories were indeed in circulation respecting that gentleman's latest experiments. Some said that he had discovered a new metal of greater value than gold; others declared that gold had been found in the Wheal Arthur, and these experiments were a mere cloak to hide the value of such a find.

The lieutenant and Arthur having marshalled everyone into their places, sat down in front seats, where they could be at hand to assist the lecturer, Arthur was between Lucy and Milly, the latter of whom had a general sense of the danger of their being all blown up, and the lieutenant between Mr. and Mrs. Tregellas.

The room was dark, for although it was only three o'clock of an August day, the blinds were down, and the shutters closed; the only light came from two moderator lamps, with green shades over them, that stood on the knee-desk in front of the lecturer, and which left faint outlines of the

glass bottles, electrical machines, and skeletons that filled Mr. Tolpedden's study, or, rather, laboratory. The light gloated on some strange-shaped glasses, and on a retort that stood on a side-table, close to a little furnace, the fire in which blazed vigorously, as could be seen through the half open door.

Mr. Tolpedden stood facing his audience, as calm and unruffled as if neither success nor misfortune could shake his equability. There was none of the eagerness of vanity in his manner, scarcely even a wish to please; he seemed filled only by a desire to amuse his visitors, and yet to convince them by a newly discovered truth.

Mr. Tolpedden began first to exhibit a few experiments of an ordinary description, to amuse the children and the more unlearned.

"I will now," he said, "take a small piece of potassium, a substance discovered by Sir Humphrey Davy, and drop it on a piece of ice. You see it bursts into a brilliant flame. Ice is not usually considered an inflammable substance, but chemical power discovers new properties in everything.

"I next take crystals of the nitrate of copper, I bruise and moisten them, and then roll them up in tin foil." In a moment the tin foil began to smoke, soon it took fire and exploded.

"Now," said the lecturer, "I will show a very common experiment, but still a curious one. I mix muriate of ammonia, nitrate of potash, and sulphate of soda, all in powder—I put this powder into a small

cup of water, and immerse in it a thin glass tube, containing a little water. Now, Miss Waverton, touch it."

"Why, it is frozen!" cried Milly and Lucy.

"Exactly so—the chemist produces winter when he wishes it. I will lastly take this piece of red-hot charcoal from the furnace, and fasten it to a copper wire. I let it down into this jar of oxygen gas, and you see it burns with splendour, throwing out floods of brilliant sparks."

The children shouted with delight. They wanted amusement, simply that. Mr. Trevena was as pleased as any of them, though Miss Fanny Trevena declared it seemed "impious," which she always said of anything that puzzled her.

"One more experiment," said Mr. Tolpedden, assuming the public lecturer's manner, with a secret contempt for the "popular," that he with difficulty restrained, "and this, mind, is entirely for the children. Now, Kate and Clara, look. I pour some spirits of wine into a glass, and drop a shilling into it. Mr. Tregellas, be kind enough to open the shutters just an inch or two, and let the sunshine fall in across my table—thank you; now let the light pass through the burning-glass I hold and direct it on to the shilling. In a moment or two it will set fire to the spirits."

"Yes, there it goes," said King Pippin; and so it did, in a white, quick flame.

Mr. Tolpedden then pushed back the glass bottles, &c., which he had been using, and ad-

dressed himself to the more serious business of the day.

"Now the children may go," he said; "their part is done. Take out Clara and Herbert—you, Jack and Kate, and introduce them to that wonderful cob-nut tree in the end walk—Liddy has got something good for you afterwards, I dare say."

The children very soon collected and trooped off in a rejoicing band, with a glorious disregard for chemistry.

"I must now, ladies and gentlemen," said the lecturer, "be, I fear, rather tedious for ten minutes or so, in order to relate briefly and simply the origin of my discovery of a new metal. Thirty years ago, when I began to study chemistry at college, wishing to begin at the beginning, I studied the alchemists, in order to trace the sources of the modern science. I had thought all seekers for the Philosopher's stone were idle and mischievous dreamers, at first deluged by greedy hopes, and ending by preying on mankind. I found them, on the contrary, to be profound thinkers, untiring workers, great discoverers, and true reformers; men who had wedded the art of the Arabians to the mystic learning of the Cabbala, and had carried science forward by great strides. They discovered phosphorus, alcohol, and some of the gases. It was Paracelsus who reformed medicine, rejected the authority of Aristotle, and introduced, for the first time, the use of mineral medicines, especially

mercury and antimony, and he first gave opium boldly, as the Orientals had so long done.

“It soon became impressed on me as a truth, that these persecuted men, disdaining everything short of the ‘Red Medicine’ and the Philosopher’s Stone, had thrown aside many other inestimable discoveries, and having written them in cypher and allegory, had buried them deeper than ever plummet sounded in the great crabbed folios they left behind. I first spent several years in the mere perusal of these impracticable books. I read Basil Valentine, Paracelsus, Van Helmont, and many German, Arabian, and French writers; I sought in them a clue for the legends, in which the alchemists had hidden, as I thought, their secrets of transmutation. At first the books appalled me; scripture and classical mythology were their great sources for allegory. In everything they fancied they had discovered chemical secrets. The Hesperides Garden—the Dragon’s teeth of Cadmus—were used by them to figure forth stages of distillation.

“All these researches of mine, I should tell you were undertaken by me in entire humility and faith; I venerated these great workers, and believed in them as discoverers. They had wrestled with the angel, and though they were not conquerors, they had forced from him a blessing. I did not deride or despise them, because they lived in a dark age, and had not discovered gas, steam, and printing, those useful inventions of which this

tradesmen-age of ours is never weary of vaunting.

“Then I tried to learn their way of thinking, feeling not only sure that they had discovered great secrets, but also that they had left those secrets behind them. The Bird of Hermes, that devours its own wings, and then turns into a stone; the toad that, soaked in wine, changes into a red balsam; the white and black men, who struggle with the Prince in the golden armour; the Dragon who is cured of leprosy by bathing in a well of virgin’s milk; the purifications 60 or 307, which are sacred numbers, filled my mind by night and day. Having obtained some slight clue to these entangling labyrinths, I then set to work resolutely at the Arabic and other names of the mysteries which abound in the writings of Paracelsus; here I got on faster, and drew up in time a sort of cypher dictionary, which I improved and added to from day to day. I did not care so much to find out that by Adech he meant man’s spiritual consciousness, and that Azoth was the universal medicine, Derses the occult power of growth in the earth, Evestrum, the prophetic spirit of the universe revealing itself through Nature—but I rejoiced in the more practical knowledge that ‘the tail of the Fox’ was minium of lead, the eagle sal ammonia, the bird mercury, the stag’s horn part of the still, the green lion a preparation of vitriol, the dragon’s gall quicksilver, the Philosopher’s egg a crucible, and the virgin’s milk corrosive sublimate. (Cheers).

“I then spent three years trying to discover

what these strange men meant by tracing all the elements to the three great principles—salt, sulphur, and mercury. This cost me much labour. At last I found out what they typified by the soul and body being formed of these three—the body being earth, the spirit water, and the soul fire. I will read you one of my notes on these primitive truths, to show you in what dark and devious ways I had to seek for the secrets I have discovered.

“Here is the extract from my note-book, dated ‘Rome, April 4, 1840.’

“From the four elements came the three principles, salt, sulphur, and mercury. By diminution these three produce two, which is man, soul and body; these glorified become one—the body is earth, the spirit water, and the soul fire. Fire and water set in motion by the spheres, contend together in the earth, but eventually leaving the earth behind, rise through its pores, and produce flowers and fruit, being assisted by the external solar fire.

“Even death these daring thinkers ventured to weigh in their laboratory scales. Paradise, they said, was created of the pure, incorrupt balanced element, where man, of the same construction, enjoyed conditional immortality; sinning, he was driven out into the inferior and corruptible elementary world created for the beasts, where he required nutriment, was obliged to take it of the corrupt elements, and so was infected. By little and little came separation, which is death, for

what has been compounded must again dissolve and be separated. This punishment was the first judgment. But every putrefication is a refinement and a division of the pure and impure, so the new conjunction assumes a nobler shape.

"But I must have mercy on my kind auditors, and proceed more rapidly. There was one passage in the *Archidoxies* of Paracelsus that had always seemed to me to contain some cardinal secret. It is a receipt for hatching a *basilisk*. (Laughter). Yes, I assure you the sage of Einsiedeln deliberately describes the various stages of distillation by which a certain elixir was to be prepared, first in sand-baths, then in the retort, till a certain red powder was produced."

Here Mr. Tolpedden turned and stirred a crucible that had been heating for some time on the stove.

"This powder was then to be placed in the crucible," continued Mr. Tolpedden, "till a change took place. But I need not enumerate all the stages by which at last the terrible basilisk was actually to be hatched, and an animal produced that it was, after all, certain death to look at. (Laughter.)

"Well, superficially, of course the whole receipt appeared to be a cheat and an absurdity; but I soon found that this was a profound allegory, containing an inner truth, so I set myself to crack the outer shell, and at last succeeded. You naturally ask the result; well, the result was my present discovery." (Loud cheers.)

"I have now done with theories ; I have to show you the results of practice."

Mr. Tolpedden here took the crucible into his hand ; it was already cooled by its transition from the fire to the top of the stove.

"What I have put in this crucible is of no consequence—that is my secret. It is a mixture of common earths, which have undergone a certain subtle electrifying process. I have mixed with them some materials of the simplest kind. The result is, as I believe, a new metal, with many of the properties of bronze, but yellow like copper, ductile like gold, yet hard as steel, and quite incorrodible by weather or the acids. It may be useless, it may be invaluable."

Mr. Tolpedden as he spoke broke the crucible, and there, at the bottom, was a small film of metal. He handed it round. Everyone applauded.

"I now," he said, "place this again in the crucible with six times its weight in mercury. I place it on the brazier, and submit it to that degree of heat we call the 'lion's rage.' I put in a small quantity of gold, and increase the heat till a vapour rises from the crucible. I take the amalgam, and throw it into water, which frees it of the mercury. I then mix this again with more of the pure metal. I deposit this in a crucible, covering it with charcoal, and adding a small quantity of a flux of borax. I use a still stronger heat, the '*furor Gehennæ*.' In the flux I put six drops of

my '*Elixir Hermes*.' The result is my new metal, as I shall now show."

Again he lifted the crucible, and ran the contents into a small mould. In a few minutes he tapped the mould, and there fell out a little button of a yellowish metal.

The cheering was tremendous.

"That concludes your period of torment," said the lecturer, smiling. "I leave it to scientific men, ladies and gentlemen, to decide on the value of my discovery. It may be as valuable as platinum, or as useful as aluminium—it may be as worthless as the dross of lead, and useless as corroded tin; but it is a discovery, and as such I report it to you. A reverence for my predecessors led me to this discovery, which I propose to honour by the name of VICTORIUM."

The cheering was louder than before. As the meeting broke up a crowd of visitors collected round the lecturer's desk to congratulate him.

Lord Rostrevor, Mr. Tregellas, Mr. Trevena, Lucy and Milly were the loudest in their praises and thanks.

"Oh, what a treat, Mr. Tolpedden, we have had!" cried the two Miss Wavertons, really by no means sorry that the affair was over.

"It was so interesting!" said Lucy honestly.

"Charming," said Milly.

"Oh, yes, indeed, indeed it was," said Miss Trevena youthfully, and edging between her brother and Milly all the time.

"Will you come and dine with us, Tolpedden?" said Tregellas, "*sans cérémonie*, at half-past six? Arthur has promised, and so has the lieutenant. Excuse a short invitation."

"I cannot come, thank you, my dear Tregellas," said the lecturer. "I have my notes to prepare for the Institute, and I haven't a bit too much time. I shall work better alone; I must grub on till midnight, for to-morrow I have some mine business to attend to; and I must have an interview with my lawyers about that villain's Chancery suit. I have this morning's letters about it still unopened, and I shall have those to answer. Have I not opened a budget of excuses? Never mind, you have two of our race—that's quite enough."

"I had no idea you had carried your experiments so far," said Mr. Tregellas, taking Mr. Tolpedden by the arm, and leading him a little apart. "Why, that rascal, old Mordred, represented your theories to me as mere empty chimeras."

"Oh, I've heard what he said, so don't be afraid to tell me; he called my experiments mere jugglers' tricks, and said he could do them better himself. I know his malice. He shall judge for himself next week at Truro, where he threatens to laugh my discovery to scorn. I don't hate many men, Tregellas, in the world, but I do hate that cold-blooded enemy of mine."

"Have you any doubt of your power to make this metal in larger quantities?" asked Mr. Trevena, in a bewildered way.

"None; but I have still to prove by repeated experiments whether any of its ingredients exist in the flux that I have used in the charcoal, or in anything but the sand I mix with the mercury."

By this time the shutters of the room had been thrown open, and the lamps extinguished, so that the clear full light shining on the audience, and on the glasses, the furnaces, and the crucibles, had turned the latter to the mere every-day apparatus of a chemist.

The ladies' ribbons shone, pleasant greetings were exchanged, hands were shaken. Arthur was plunging first into one cluster of friends, then into another. Half the audience was totally ignorant of what it had seen, but still everybody was pleased. The lieutenant was conspicuous, entangled among those pretty blonde cousins of Milly's, explaining to them the mysteries of mining, and happy in the new character of expositor.

Gradually the audience began to migrate. Arthur saw Lucy, her mother, and the children into their pony-carriage, reconciled to part with Lily only by the hope of seeing her two hours later. One by one everybody found their hats, discussed some sandwiches and sherry, and rode, drove, or walked off. The wheels of the last carriage sounded upon the gravel, and the house once more relapsed into its old silence.

It was nearly four o'clock, and Arthur's party was at half-past six.

Arthur had seen everybody off, and had just strolled out into the orchard to practise for half an hour with his pistol, when Liddy came towards him with a dismayed face.

"Mr. Arthur," she said, "do'ee go into the study, there's a dear, your father is took bad, I'm sure he is; he has never moved a limb since the visitors left. Do'ee, do'ee go. It's no use asking the lieutenant, poor dear man, for he's going for an hour to the mine."

Arthur ran instantly, and found his father at his desk, with his face hidden in his hands. The shutters were again close, and the lamps lit.

"Why, father," he cried, "what! in the blues—and after such a triumph? I *am* surprised. You've been overworking—rest a bit."

"Triumph, Arthur!" said his father, looking up with a mournful face, and taking two letters from the desk near him. "Look here!—these are the things that neutralize such triumphs!"

Arthur took the letters, and ran them hastily down. The first letter was from Messrs. Chetwynd, Strong, and Wrackem, the family solicitors, to announce that the Chancery cause about the mine was now ripe for hearing, and would be "set down" before the Vice-Chancellor that day week. The second was an official notice from Mordred, as Secretary of the Truro Institute, announcing that Mr. Tolpedden's lecture must be delivered on Thursday next.

"See how close this scoundrel follows our trail,

Arthur. He is trying to drive me to desperation—but let him take care!”

“We have money enough to fight in Chancery with,” said Arthur, supposing his father to be merely nervously excited by over-work; “and as for the lecture, what greater triumph can you desire? We can soon break through these cobweb toils.”

“This wretch has got me, Arthur, in one of those inquisition rooms whose walls close in on the prisoner. Look here—this is his last piece of cruel malice—this is his *chef-d’œuvre*. There is a letter from Messrs. Fox and Shakell, his solicitors, informing me that Mordred was the person who really advanced me the money on mortgage, through Messrs. Chetwynd, Strong, and Wrackem, and that he is about to foreclose. Where am I to turn for immediate money, without selling two-thirds of the mine? We have the very plant still to pay for.”

There was a tone of the most intense mental suffering in Mr. Tolpedden’s voice as he said this. His very features appeared to contract, his body to shrink together, under the crushing sense of a coming and inevitable misfortune.

“But, my dear father, you dwell almost morbidly on the dark side; think of your great triumph—look at the great result of years of labour. That new metal may make us millionaires!”

Mr. Tolpedden looked up slowly at his son; his eyes seemed suddenly sunken with long vigils; his

lips were white, and trembled; his hand shook as he took up a crucible, and threw its contents in at the open furnace door.

“Arthur,” he said, mournfully, “I must now pay the retribution of a cowardly sin—I have to pay its penalty in bitter shame and degradation! If anything could make the confession more cruel, it is that I have to humiliate myself before my own son. Arthur, that discovery was a sham—a trick! I have been near, very near discovery, but as yet I have discovered nothing. I had hid powdered metal in the flux, in the sand, in the charcoal, and I had waxed up metal-dust in the iron rod with which I stirred the contents of the crucible. I am a mean, degraded impostor—despise me as I ought to be despised.”

Arthur was silent for a moment. Then the colour rose upon his cheeks and brow, as he leaped up and grasped his father’s hand.

“No, father,” he said, passionately, “I do not despise you. I know your proud, high spirit, and your greatness of heart. I know what agony this deception must have cost you. You did it, I am sure, only in the hopes of deceiving this villain who is trying to hunt us into poverty. You have, perhaps, after all, but anticipated a real discovery by some few months. It is for my sake you have done this; you did it to save the mine, you did it to try and dazzle this inexorable bloodsucker. It is not for me to blame you—it is not for me to counsel you; your own good heart and brave spirit will teach

you what to do. Father, let me stop with you to-night, your nerves are unstrung—I shall cheer you. Let the mine go; but do not sacrifice your truth and honour. I am young, I am strong, I will go out again and battle for fame and wealth. Fighting for you and Lucy, I must be victorious!”

Now he was Greatheart indeed!

As Arthur spoke, his father seemed to grow again to his full stature. He shook his son's hand.

“Go, Arthur,” he said, “to the Tregellases’; you must not disappoint Lucy, and your poor uncle needs something to divert his thoughts. Leave me to grapple alone with these ugly devils, Pride and Cowardice, that haunt me. By God's help, I shall yet gain the victory! You will find me here when you return; you won't be late? Tell Liddy to set some cold meat in the dining-room—I shall not want a regular dinner to-day. I'll eat when I am hungry. There is the lieutenant shouting—be off. Be sure I shall wrestle, and throw these temptations that had all but overcome me. I will write at once to the Chairman of the Institute, and tell him that my discoveries are still imperfect in several links, that I have detected important errors, and that I must, therefore, beg to postpone my lecture *sine die*. That is the whole truth; when I've written that, I defy man and devil to any longer impugn my honour. Now, let Mor-dred discover what he likes, he may suspect deception, but he will never know how near I have been to discovery.”

"Do, father, do what your own better nature prompts you to, and let what will happen."

* * * * *

The temptation had been a great one ; the arch-devil is cunning in the selection of his baits. Many of the alchemists, especially Paracelsus, had fallen into this snare. Pride and vanity led some to claim discoveries they had only hoped to make. The struggler for truth died with a lie in his mouth. The lifetime of thought and seeking ended in jugglers' tricks and detected legerdemain. The possible Galileo of Einsiedeln himself turned mountebank, and died in an hospital—a bitter retribution for a great sin. Perhaps Bombastus had hoped to make the great discovery while he still lied, juggled, railed, and vaunted ; with that truth he hoped to atone for many falsehoods ; but the low purpose made the nature low, blinded the eyes, and dulled the understanding. The lies went on, but the saving truth never came to lead him from the self-made labyrinth, so he perished in his prime, half crazed, self-deceived, a by-word to his enemies, a scoff to fools, a text for moralists, scorned by his rivals, pitied by his friends, and laughed at by the world. It was a sorry end to a great man's life ; but those who sow the wind must reap the whirlwind, and that only.

Temptations seldom come alone. Pride was conquered, but other evil thoughts now came and

peopled Tolpedden's heart. That degradation and shame was avoided—that false pride was trodden under foot—that false glory was no longer claimed. Truth and humility were victorious; but there came fresh influences, and they arose from Hell's lowest pit, invisible, but deadly.

Darkness came, and brought the stars, still Tolpedden sat there by his furnace, pondering over his sorrows. How could he foil this subtle and most unrelenting enemy? The old passions of his worst nature rose again, as half-extinct volcanoes sometimes come to life. He thought of the revenges of which knowledge had furnished him the means. Were there not in that very room poisons so deadly that a few drops flung even on the dress of the man, if he could be beguiled into an interview, would deprive him of life, and yet leave no clue behind? Could he not, if he could only meet him in a secret place, at one leap press to his mouth a bottle, the very vapour of which would kill him, without leaving a wound, and with all the outward signs of apoplexy?

He dallied dangerously with these evil thoughts—old recollections of secret Italian poisoning came rushing through his mind—poisoned letters, that killed the readers—poisoned flowers, that stifled those who smelt them.

Had he not reason, so he justified himself, for hating this man, who had unjustly dispossessed him of land, who was still strenuously seeking to wrest from him the last hope of enriching his son?

Had he not treated him with contempt? Had he not probably encouraged the seduction of his brother's wife? Had he not threatened to expose him as an impostor before half Cornwall? Above all, had not this cruel and odious hypocrite once already succeeded in bringing himself and his son to poverty; and was he not now moving heaven and earth to do so again?

Why should he scruple to crush such a moral monster?—a creature so odious to God, so hurtful to man? But why should he risk his own life, or bring himself under suspicion as a murderer, in effecting so venial a crime?

A sudden thought seized him. Full of his old fire and energy, he rose, and darting to a corner of the room, drew an air-gun from behind a pile of fishing-rods, sticks, and whips. In the shortest possible time he had loaded it, and discharged it noiselessly up the chimney. Then he loaded it a second time, and sat down to think.

He thought of all Mordred's habits, as he had known them when they were friends. How on summer evenings he would sit reading alone till dusk, at a certain window looking out into a field behind the house, and after dark by his lamp at the same spot, without drawing down the window or the blind till almost midnight. What could be easier for Tolpedden than to hurry to that field within the hour, kill Mordred noiselessly on the spot with the air-gun, and then escape, before his death could be even known? That bad man gone, the

suit must cease, and the foreclosing of the mortgage stop, even if the debt itself would not be finally cancelled. The crime would never be traced to him. The air-gun he would bring back and instantly melt in his furnace. One discharge of that noiseless weapon, the enemy of himself and his son would be powerless, and a great danger would be passed and over.

Then came a temptation still more dark and Satanic. Murder was loathsome to his imagination. If discovered, it brought death to him, disgrace to the son for whom he risked the crime; undiscovered, it left a wounded conscience and endless remorse.

But there, on that top shelf, was the poison, the very vapour of which could kill. Why not end his own life that had grown so unendurable? One breath, and all trouble would be over, Arthur would begin a less troubled career, marry, and forget his short-lived sorrow. The Chancery suit would be delayed, and there would be time for the mine to produce money sufficient to enable Arthur to defend it. The thought of instant relief for all that weight of care seemed irresistible. He advanced—he got a chair—he took it down—he was about to lift the stopper, when a bright hand seemed, to his heated imagination, to suddenly pass before him, and dash the bottle into the open furnace. It was his better self that did it.

A quick flame shot out its serpent tongues, and rose in a waft of burning light, that melted into the

air. It was the exorcised devil—the temptation had passed.

Tolpedden fell upon his knees and prayed to God for strength, and strength came. While he still prayed, there came a loud, hearty knock at the door; then pleasant voices. As he rose to his feet, in leaped Arthur, and in strided the lieutenant. They had come home early on purpose to be with him, as he had seemed low and melancholy.

The crisis had passed. The evil spirits of despair slunk back into their native hell. A friendly laugh soon kills them, a kind word and a bright smile will always drive them again to their hot dominions.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ITA VITA.

HALF a dozen sumpmen—(men who attend to the machinery in the engine shaft)—were sitting round the entrance to the engine-house at the Wheal Arthur, waiting to relieve guard. Tommy Tremaine, the man with the one eye, had been discoursing upon mermaids; his auditors were lying round him in a circle, smoking their pipes, and overlooking the sea. Two hundred feet of slate cliff arose above the engine-house, and the ledge where the men sat.

"There never was such a twenty-four inch cylinder engine as that, not this side of Cornwall," said one of the men, oracularly.

"We're on the head of another rich bunch of copper, my dears—tes zackly so," said the eldest of the sumpmen; "and so Mr. Arthur told us this morning, when he came to grass. We shall have a sturt, Sampy says, within the year, that'll bring us a hundred pound a month."

"When'll Captain Sampy and Tity be up?"

"In about hafe an hour," said Tommy. "I'm waiting to see 'em about the new collar to the shaft; it begins to wear. It weren't all new, ye know, when we came to the old working. They come up half an hour before the noon chor. Now I'll 'touch' a pipe."

"I say, Tom, go on 'bout the merrymaid," said the oracular sumpman; "I do like dearly to hear 'bout them merrymaids—so you saw 'em twice, did 'ee?"

"Naw, it was faethur saw 'em twice—he was out once for wreck by night, down there by Endellion, and it came to pass that as he crossed the duck-pool on the sand there, at low-water tide, he heerd music coming out of the sea. Well, he stole on behind a rock, like a coastguard man watching a boat, and got very near the noise. He couldn't umble-cum-stumble the words—they were Greek and Hebrew to him; but the sound was for all the world like Bill Polworth's voice, when he used to sing second counter at St. Tudy's. Just

then, as he peeped over a bit of the sea-weedy rock, he saw a merrymaid swemmin' about the waves like a woman bathing, and singing all the time. Very sad and solemn, my father used to say, it was to hear, more like a funeral hymn than a Christmas carol, by far; but it was so sweet that it was as much as he (an old man too, of sixty-seven, with a wife and a houseful of children at home) could do to hold back from plunging in after her."

"Well, and now the second time," said the eager sumpmen.

"The second time was down by Polostoc; he had been looking out for spars, for a Spanish vessel had been breaking up in the Channel, well, he saw some one moving just at half tide mark, so he went on very softly, step by step, and there he saw a merrymaid, sitting on a rock, oh, the boot-fullest merrymaid that eye could behold, and she was twisting and twirling about her long hair, and dressing it like a girl getting ready to go to church with her sweetheart on the Sabbath day. Now faether made sure he should greep hold of her before she could see him, and he had got so near that a couple of paces more and he'd have caught her by the hair, as sure as tithe or tax, when, lo! and behold, she looked back and glimpsed him, and in one moment she dived head foremost off the rock, then tumbled herself topsy-turvy about in the water, cast a look at faether, and grinned for all the world like a seal."

"And you think, do'ee, that weren't a seal?"

"No, that were a merrymaid, if ever a one there was."

"Yes, that was a merrymaid," echoed the rest, undoubtingly.

"Merrymaids I never seed," said a Staffordshire man; "but there used to be a good many witches about us in Staffordshire—we learned to know 'em by the eye like—a witch had always a filmy eye, or a double pupil, with two rings, or one eye larger than the other."

The sumpmen listened, full of faith—even Tom, after his overwhelming story of the merrymaids.

"I remember, as well as if t'was yesterday, the Monday I left Burton for these parts. I went to take leave of grandmother, there she was in bed, sitting up in a clean white frilled cap, smoking a long churchwarden's clay pipe, and she said to me, 'Siah, never you have nowt to do with neckromancy, for it never comes to good—don't read any books of neckromancy, Siah,' said she; and then to show me what gipsies and witches were, she told me a story of how the pigs at her father's farm had once been bewitched. There came some gipsies—and they're as good as witches—one day and asked for some food, but grandmother's father sent them off bundling, and off they went, grissetting and sulking like; as they passed the pigsties, they called out three times, 'Cuss the pigs!—cuss the pigs!—cuss the pigs!' and from that time them pigs sickened, pined, and drooped. And

when grandmother's father heard that, what did he do but send after the gipsies, and offered them food and lodging, and the best of best, so after some little cavilling back they came, smiling-like, and when they came to the pig-sties, they stooped over and said, 'Bless the pigs!—bless the pigs!—bless the pigs!' three times, and directly they said them words, up leaped the pigs, their tails curled again, and right they were from that moment."

A murmur of admiration went round the circle, expressive of sympathy with all sufferers from witches, and supernatural power of an evil tendency.

"I don't know 'bout witches," said Tommy Tremaine, grandly, "but when I lived at St. Just, there was a wise woman there who used to sell charms, and wonderful good they were for the fits and the quinsy. I remember, when I was a boy, I'd been out bird-nesting, and had been bitten by an adder, so they took me to the wise woman, and she made a cross of hazel-wood, and laid it on the bite; then she said these words, blowing them out as if they were the Ten Commandments:

'Underneath the hazelin mote,
There's a Bragotty worm with a speckled throat,
Nine double is he;
Now from nine double to eight double,
And from eight double to seven double,
And from seven double to six double,
And from six double to five double,

And from five double to four double,
And from four double to three double,
And from three double to two double,
And from two double to one double,
And from one double to no double,
No double hath he !”

“Ha !” said the Staffordshire man, “that ’ud cure anything, that would.”

“I wonder,” said Tremaine, looking up at the sky with his blind eye, “what that boy of Mr. Bradbrain’s, the doctor’s, wants always sniffing about the mine ; he don’t want shares, boy don’t ; but here he is every day nearly ?”

“I saw him this morning,” said one of the sump-men : “oh, he comes to see his father, who is down in the ocean level, with Uncle Job, and that lot.”

“I don’t like that youngster,” said Tremaine ; “he’s too sharp for good ; but run, Sam Treweek, there’s the signal. And there it is again and again. Why, what’s forward, Penhaluna ? There’s something wrong in the level, surely, some misstatement (mistake), I tell ’ee, run, run, my dears.”

Up leaped the men as if a shell had burst among them. Treweek ran to the engine-house, and returned the signals. An instinct that some misfortune had happened ran through all like an electric shock.

Clash ! clash ! clash ! went the bell again, angrily, as a signal to put on the steam, and raise the tram-waggon quick.

“There’s something happened, sure as sure,”

said Tommy Tremaine, as the waggon began to lift below a quarter of a mile away.

"Yes, 'tes so—'tes a case," said the men, who were straining their eyes to catch the first glimpse of the waggon emerging from the darkness. Their deepest sympathies were roused. Some crawled down the tunnel and listened, with their ears to the rails, others ran to the ladders in the engine shaft, unable to bear the suspense.

"You, Penhaluna, go to Mr. Arthur and Captain Tolpedden," said Tremaine; "they're in the counting-house, or at the dressing-floors, they should know the news first."

Away leaped Penhaluna; he was one of those men who are always volunteers in such cases from sheer compliant good-nature.

Up glided the tram-waggon, at last, out of the darkness, with an increasing glimmer, as the light of the miners' candles came gradually nearer. Out leaped six sturdy fellows, with two or three lighted candles among them, which, by mere force of habit, they instantly blew out, as they vaulted out of their iron case. They were grimed with rust and dirt, and smeared with the moist red mud of the lower levels.

"Aw dear!—aw dear!" cried three in a breath, "the second ladder's broke, and Cappen Sampy and Tity are knack'd in pieces."

"They're knack'd in jowds, and their lems is broke, we tell 'ee," cried the other three.

"Where are they?" cried Tremaine.

"They're bringing 'em up the engine-shaft, now, in kibbles; we left Job and Zacky to bring 'em up gently. Aw dear!—aw dear! how Tity's groan-in'. As for Sampy, he's in jowds, he is, he don't speak. He'd been there an hour before we found hem. He told us somebody had cut the ladder, but I think his head's hurt."

"Amos," said Tremaine, to one of the lads, who had come up, "you run to the floors, get on the first horse you find, and ride to St. Petrock's for Mr. Mordred and Mr. Bradbrain."

Away ran the men to the engine-shaft, where half a dozen miners were watching the ascending kebbles, under the vigilant superintendence of the lieutenant, Arthur, and his father, who had hurried to the spot.

"Here they are," cried Arthur.

"Easy there with the kibble," said the lieutenant; "belay there, see they come steady, ease them off, I say, you men, and don't let them touch the boarding."

Up came the first kebble, and a short muscular man stepped out, carrying in his arms Sampy, pale and motionless. He groaned as they laid him on the platform, writhed once or twice, tried to turn his head, but never opened his eyes."

In the second kebble came a boy, supporting Tity, who had several ribs and his left arm broken. He was faint with pain, but when they helped him out, and gave him water, he had strength to explain the accident, resting often between the sentences.

“We had goate down,” said the poor fellow, “above four fathoms on the second ladder, when away it went with us. Sampy fell at once clean down to the third sollar (platform), but I stick’d to the ladder. I knew there was twenty fathom of dry shaft to fall through, and then twenty fathom of waeter to drown me, if I wasn’t dead before I comed to it. Bang! crash!—down, down I went. I felt my ribs and my arm break in jowds. At laest the ladder catch’d a hitch athwart the shaft, and there a-stopped a moment; I begins to think upon my doom. I was hanging to the ladder with my right hand, and when I tried to put up my tother, too, I cudn’t do it, for he was broke in pieces, and hanging down like a broken brake staff. I tried to drive my nails into the ladder staves, but my hand feeled dead, and I cudn’t do it. I thoft of death, and I beginn’d to pray, for the fust time. My hand began to slip. ‘Marcy! marcy! marcy!’ screeched I. I’ll die, thoft I, with that word. My hand slipp’d at laest, and the next moment,—what do’ee thenk, my dears?—my waun foot pitch’d upon a sollar, but my other leg was brok, so down I laid. My head was bleeding streams, and I was soon in a pool ov ut. I could hear Sampy groaning below me. I cudn’t move. I cudn’t even screech, for waikness. Aw! how thirsty I was, and fainty, too, and full thirty fathoms from grass. I lied in that shape more than an hour—it seemed a week. At last I was waked up out of

a deadness by Tom Rowse horlloing out, 'Bist dead, Tity?' That sprightened me up. 'No, not zackly so, Tom,' said I, 'I'm dash'd in pieces,' said I; 'but I'm alive yet.' Then they put me in the kibble, and by the grace and mercy of the Lord here I am, my dears."

This was told in gasps, not by any means in the continuous form here given, but the purport was the same.—Arthur knelt down by Sampy's side, and took his hand. Mr. Tolpedden knelt on the other side, and felt his pulse.

"Poor Sampy!" he said; "he cannot live an hour, lads. Send some one to St. Nectan's for Mr. Stockwell."

"St. Petrock's—Mr. Mordred?" suggested Tremaine.

"No, to St. Nectan's—do you hear me? I will have nothing to do with the St. Petrock's doctors."

"Get two litters, and carry the poor fellows to the first cottage up the valley, where there will be beds for them," said Arthur; "there is no place here. We shall meet Stockwell soonest that way."

Miners are quick, intelligent men; they soon arranged some planks. Four men were then told off to each. As they moved Sampy, he opened his eyes languidly, and asked for Mr. Tolpedden. Arthur and his father went to him, and pressed his hand.

"I'm dying, sir," he said faintly; "but I've been a true servant to you. I've been a faithful witness. I repented. I was a backslider once,

but I repented. Forgive me, Mr. Tolpedden. Mr. Arthur, God bless you! Lord have mercy on me! Hallelooliah! Amen."

Then he fell back again, and became insensible.

"I told 'ee Sampy was knock'd in jowds," groaned Tity from the adjacent litter; "and I'm not much better, but I'm a bit alive yet. Oh, Doctor, Doctor, do save my arm, or I shall never hold a gad again."

"What's this, Harry, the men say about the ladder being cut?" said the lieutenant.

"They say, sir," said the Staffordshire man, "that the ladder had been sawn near the top, and they found the bit that had been cut, like."

"Don't you believe it," said the worthy but obstinate man. "Some of the rounds were worn out. They always invent these stories, the lubbers, to excuse their own carelessness, that's about it. Now, move on with those litters; gently—step together."

The mournful procession had got about a quarter of a mile from the Wheal Arthur, when the bearers of the first litter halted at a large block of granite that stood by the path among the furze. One of them lifted the handkerchief that covered Sampy's face, then replaced it, and raised his hand, so that those who followed might understand the signal for silence.

The next moment the procession moved on, and some twenty voices burst forth with the well-known hymn:

“Brother, thou art gone before us,
And thy saintly soul is flown,
Where tears are wiped from every eye,
And sorrow is unknown.
From the burthen of the flesh,
And from care and fear released ;
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are to rest.

“The toilsome way thou’st travell’ed o’er,
And borne the heavy load ;
But Christ has taught thy languid feet
To reach His blest abode.
Thou’rt sleeping now like Lazarus,
Upon his father’s breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.”

“What does all this singing mean ?” said the lieutenant, testily, as he strode forward, and overtook the second litter ; “can’t the fellows do the commonest thing without singing ?”

Tity rose in his litter, and burst into tears.

“Captain,” he said, “Sampy’s dead ; I told’ee he was knacked into jowds.”

“Poor Sampy,” said Arthur, “after all, there was some good in the fellow. We shouldn’t have had the mine but for him.”

“Poor Sampy !” said Mr. Tolpedden ; “yes, he did what he could to redeem the past. At all events he was grateful to you, Arthur.”

“He kept the accounts well,” said the lieutenant ; “but he ought to have seen to the ladder better.”

Mr. Stockwell, the young doctor of St. Nectan's, was at the cottage in the valley by the time Tity, who had fainted, and Sampy's corpse were brought in. He was dressing Tity's hurts, when two men on horseback dashed up to the door; the next instant Mr. Bradbrain and Mr. Mordred entered the room, and forced their way to Tity's bed-side.

Mr. Tolpedden advanced to meet the partners with a hard, stern face.

"Gentlemen," he said, "the men sent for you by mistake, it was not my order—your presence is not required here. Tremaine, open the door for these gentlemen. Good morning, gentlemen; sorry to have wasted your time."

Bradbrain turned red to the very eyes, his lips grew dry and white. Mordred was blue and livid as usual. The former said nothing, the latter remarked that Tity was one of his club patients, that it was therefore his duty to attend him, and that he looked on Mr. Stockwell's intrusion as most unprofessional.

"The poor man," said Mr. Tolpedden, "shall not be paid for by the club; he shall be attended by my own doctor, and at my own expense, so your attendance, sir, may be dispensed with."

There was a murmur of pleasure among the miners, who entirely disregarded the rage and mortification of the discomfited partners.

As Bradbrain passed to the door, he whispered in Arthur's ear,

"Another insult to add to the old account—when and where?—when and where?"

"Whenever and wherever you like," whispered Arthur in reply; "you have but to write—it shall be kept quite secret—don't be afraid of interruption."

CHAPTER XIX.

HOOKEM REDIVIVUS.

THE day after Mr. Hookem's re-appearance on the Cornish coast, he dined at the Tregellases's with Dodgeson, Fisher, and Hewer, his fellow yachtsman. Their old friends, the Tolpeddens, Wavertons, Trevenas, and Penroses had all been invited to meet them.

The Sultan looked grander, and was more audaciously paradoxical than ever; he still ruled the world through the *Forge*, and was agreeably conscious that he ruled it. He still inveighed against the *Trimmer*, and was as gallant and pleasantly epicurean as of old. A very exquisite pair of light gold spectacles now invested him with an air of even greater command, while the glitter of the glasses preserved his eyes from being studied, or his elaborate irony being detected. He still wore ultra-fashionable coats, a mass of gold curb chain, strong enough to support the bucket of a well; and still, as he delivered his orations, he

tucked his thumbs into the arm-holes of his vast white waistcoat, in the rather insolent manner of that great changeful man, the late Sir Robert Peel; he still delivered monologues, *de omnibus rebus*, and called them conversation; he was still a dogmatic, overbearing humbug, and yet so good-natured, so obliging, so hospitable, so fond of children, so clever, that no one could dislike him. He won Lucy and Milly by delightful chat about great men whom he knew, and by club anecdotes of high personages; he attracted Clara and Herbert by wonderful presents; he delighted Mrs. Tregellas by extraordinary receipts, disclosures of ingenious means of economising, and extravagant praises of Lucy. He talked High Church to Waverton, philanthropy to Trevena, antiquarianism to Tregellas, science to Tolpedden, and poetry to Arthur. In brief, he was a delightful charlatan, full of tact, by no means a fool, and not so proud as to be indifferent to please.

It being a pleasant warm autumn sunset, the guests had accepted Mr. Tregellas's proposal, and, till dinner was ready, had gone into the garden. A circle had formed round the great talker, while he stood under a huge beech and harangued. He had all the talking to himself, and yet he displayed such judgment that everyone felt engaged in the conversation, no one seemed eclipsed—your turn came with him as surely as the turn to play comes round in whist.

"I have not yet told you, Tregellas," he said,

"of my astounding, my miraculous discovery, a discovery, Tolpedden, that has electrified the historical world, a discovery that my friend Dodgeson, I believe, means to immortalize on canvas. Isn't that so, Dodgeson?"

Dodgeson gave a painful sigh of assent.

"This discovery, Arthur, will, I tell you, revolutionise modern history. Mr. Froude has already shown, as you remarked just now, Mr. Waverton, very appositely, that Henry VIII. was really a benevolent, unselfish, large-hearted creature; Mr. Carlyle has proved, Mr. Fisher, in the most simple and lucid way, that Frederick the Great carried on all his wars for entirely unselfish objects—but it was left for me to rehabilitate the character of that immortal martyr—I of course refer, Mr. Hewer, to Guido Fawkes."

"But the discovery, the discovery," cried Milly, mischievously tapping on his arm; "I am so anxious to hear what it is."

"The discovery is this, Miss Tregellas," said the radiant Sultan, turning round to the ladies, as if conscience-stricken at his neglect; "I find from documents in the State Paper Office, that certain writings were found in Guido's lodgings—these papers were handed over to Lord Bacon, and these papers, Mrs. Penrose, I am now prepared to prove by a long chain of subtle and irrefutable arguments, were no less than the essays afterwards so unjustly attributed to Lord Bacon."

Mr. Tolpedden expressed his astonishment.

"Yes, it is painful to cast more mud on the sullied fame of a great genius ; but truth compels, *magna est veritas et prævalebit*, which I would translate playfully thus, 'Truth is no flea-bite !' I know that my friend of the *Mausoleum* has tried hard to vindicate Verulam ; but I still hold him a timid time-server, a bribe-taker, a faithless friend, and a vain and luxurious man, who was mean enough to appropriate the thoughts of a greater genius. Pshaw !"

Mr. Hookem stopped to take breath, and gazed around him. The audience dissolved, and reformed into fresh groups.

Mr. Tolpedden and Mr. Hookem wandered off among the hazels, and held conference.

"And do I actually see before me a millionaire?" said Hookem, turning round suddenly and confronting his graver friend. "That, at least, is a pleasure I gain in revisiting well-beloved Cornwall!"

"Perhaps a millionaire," said Mr. Tolpedden, smiling, "perhaps not. You know fortunes come and go among us miners."

"Ha ! you millionaires are always modest. There was old Coutts, who once refused a guinea that was put in his hand, saying he was not in immediate want ; you're all alike. By-the-bye, how is it that your two doctors have been ostracized ? I used to like that dashing fellow Bradbrain, and that old demure Mordred was an excellent foil to him. Nothing wrong, I hope?"

“Well, for a long time, Hookem, there has been a clond gathering over these gentlemen; suspicions, vague and dark, have now grown into certainties. Respectable men have withdrawn their money from the bank. I have no great reason to speak well of them, for they disseminated lying reports of Arthur, and sowed discord between us and Tregellas. We still suspect Bradbrain of inducing the lieutenant’s unhappy wife to leave her husband. How can I associate with such men?”

“Very true, very true,” said Hookem, in that comfortable way in which men discuss the misfortunes of a friend, and pulling off a dead leaf from an espalier-tree as he walked on. “Well, I never could have dreamed of such an occurrence. I used to think Mrs. Tolpedden one of the most innocent, affectionate little women I ever saw. It was quite a picture to see her skim like a butterfly round the lieutenant. I vow it almost drove this old bachelor you see before you violently into matrimony. I declare I used to quite look forward to seeing her enter Tregellas’s church, leaning on his arm, and looking up coaxingly into his face, with little Jack coming after, leading on Kate and Ned. Well! well! it is these things that harden a man, and shake one’s belief in human nature.” (Here Mr. Hookem adjusted his frail gold spectacles delicately, as if they were quadrants or theodolites, with the middle finger of his left hand.) “But let us be merciful in our judgment, as we get older, my dear Tolpedden. We

ought by this time to know how hard it is to form a correct judgment. She may have been entangled by this handsome rascal in spite of herself."

"Don't mention her," said Tolpedden, almost savagely. "I detest her memory. I obliterate her name from my record. She has thrown away as pure, true, and honest a love as ever man felt, and all but broken my brother's heart. Do not mention her."

"I want to hear about this terrible accident at your mine, Tolpedden. I hear the most contradictory reports; some say four are killed; my landlord at St. Nectan's an hour ago told me seven. Was it in blasting? How many were really killed?"

"Only one—Captain Sandoe; but another man is dreadfully hurt."

"Why, how on earth did this melancholy thing happen—carelessness, I suppose? Old story."

"The miners say some one sawed the ladder through, for it broke as the men were going down to work. If so, it was a cruel bit of malice; but such things have, I believe, happened before."

"Horrible! What fiendish malice! The captain, I suppose, was obnoxious to some of the men—too severe?"

"We can't account for it. No, the men liked Sandoe, and he was faithful to us. He was a man whom I used to consider a mere lying scamp; he went about the country with a divining rod, pre-

tending to discover metal; Mordred got hold of him, and found that he knew of copper in the old workings here, so he disputed my title to part of the land, and compelled me to sell it; but he cheated Sampy, and the man, half in spite, half in gratitude to Arthur, for saving him from being torn to pieces by the mob at a fair near here, disclosed the secret of the mine we're now working. Mordred's proved a blank. Poor Sampy, there was really some good in him."

"Oh! that was it. Ha! very curious! I had heard a confused story about it at St. Nectan's. Waverton told me. You should have a man-engine at your mine, as they have at the Dolcoath, It lifts the men and the ore at the same time, and saves all the toil of the ladders."

"But it costs two thousand pounds—we can't afford it," said Tolpedden, firmly but regretfully. "There is a terrible logical force in such commercial arguments. But how on earth, Hookem, may I ask, did you learn anything about mines? You seem ready on whatever subject one broaches."

"Well, I had to study Forbes's works, and the Blue Books in general, some years ago for the *Forge*, and I've a tenacious memory. I had to go in for mining, and I went in for it, that's all. You have a great deal to do still for your miners. Miners die young—ventilation is bad. Fancy, after eight hours' hard work, climbing eighteen hundred feet by ladder, with fifteen pounds of blunted tools on your back. Would not you get

pleuritic and pulmonic disease, and get out of life as soon as possible?"

"We will alter this at the Wheal Arthur as soon as we can move round, Hookem. Many of the evils you mention are, however, I fear inevitable. In old mines, where the ore lies so deep, the air must be bad, and the labour of ascent great."

"We hear everywhere of the wealth of the mine, nothing like it this side the Botallac, so the mining papers say, and so the London brokers told me."

"Come down and see it?"

"Of course I will, and bring Dodgeson, Fisher, and Hewer; they may get a hint or two there—for they're sharp fellows."

"We're going to-morrow to have a great blasting in the deep sea level; I and Arthur are against it, but the lieutenant, Tremuan, our new captain, and all the tributers, are for it. There's ten feet of solid rock between us and the sea—this wall contains four feet of almost pure copper, of the highest standard. We're going to remove that before we push further under the sea. It is usual to leave such treasure for future use, 'the eyes of the mine,' the men call them, but Tremuan says our best part is to come at least a hundred fathoms further south, so I have yielded to their experience."

"And here was I actually treating the whole affair as a mare's nest, regretting your speculation, and coming down to propose to Arthur going out to Barbadoes to manage a sugar-house there for a

friend of mine. I computed that if he could only bear the climate, he would get rich enough in four years to come back and settle. A good idea of me offering a millionaire's son £800 a year in the West Indies—ha! ha!”

At that moment came shouts of “Mr. Greatheart, Mr. Greatheart!” from the children on the lawn, Clara's voice being even more uproarious than Kate's.

“What do the children mean by ‘Mr. Greatheart?’—who is Mr. Greatheart?”

“Oh!” said Mr. Tolpedden, smiling, “that is their name for Arthur—they call him so because he used to put on an old suit of armour of ours, and act scenes from the ‘Pilgrim's Progress,’ to amuse them.”

“Have you still with you that wonderful old nurse?”

“Oh! yes, and good as gold she is. Since the unhappy woman fled she has been a mother to Kate and the rest.”

“Now, there is a picture,” said Hookem as, at a turn of the path, they saw Lucy and Arthur before them down a side walk.

He had his arm round her waist, and their lips were alarmingly near together.

She wore a bewitching muslin dress, of the palest apple-blossom colour, and her beautiful hair was bound by a snood of purple, pansy colour. Anything more dainty and graceful than the *fiancée* could scarcely be imagined, as she stooped

to pick a China rose, and refused disdainfully all help from Arthur.

Just then Mr. Tolpedden and Mr. Hookem came up.

"Arthur's been teasing me," said Lucy to Mr. Tolpedden, "about not liking to put on the ugly mining-dress."

"Yes, Lucy pretends she wasn't afraid of looking ugly."

"Be quiet, sir."

"I wish some one would scold me in that delightful way, Arthur," said Hookem.

"Oh! you dreadful flatterer," said Arthur, "you know you don't wish anything of the kind, Hookem, and you are rejoicing at this very moment in your independence, isn't he, Lily? The cruel old bachelor!"

Leaving Hookem pleasantly wrangling with the betrothed lovers, Mr. Tolpedden went in search of Mr. Tregellas, whom he found teaching the children a peculiar stroke at croquet. He drew him apart.

"Tregellas," he said, "we are old friends, so there need be no disguise between us. Arthur and Lucy look upon themselves as betrothed. Is it with your consent that your wife has abandoned all wish for young Boscawen as a son-in-law?"

"It was—she wishes Lucy to be happy, and to do as she likes."

"Let us, then, fix the marriage-day?"

"With all my heart. This day month, if that

will suit you and my wife. Shake hands on that."

The friends shook hands.

"The lover," said Tolpedden, "will be in raptures. He was sadly afraid that you would want him to wait till we had made a fortune. Let us come now and discuss it with Mrs. Tregellas."

While this auspicious conference was being held, our old friend Trevena, as if impelled by some star that ruled the day, had found himself with Milly near a rustic seat at the very bottom of the garden. They sat down; Milly, with a suspicious trembling, merely asked if it wasn't very near dinner? John took courage, and, by a tremendous effort of courage, seized Milly's hand. It was a simple question he had been asked, and he made a most absurd and Quaker-like answer, for he stammered out a question, a very old question.

"Milly, do you love me, Milly? Do you love me?" twice.

Milly turned colour, looked down at Trevena's brown hand, that lay on hers, then pressed it, and said in the most simple and natural way,

"Why, John, you know I do."

Milly had told him so several hundred times, and yet he now pressed her in his arms, and kissed her with enthusiasm and perfect delight. These lovers are so hard of belief!

As they rose to return to the house, whom should they meet at the turn of the first walk but Mr. Waverton, Clara, and Kate?

Leaving Milly and the children, Trevena contrived to detain Waverton in spite of all his efforts to escape; he drew him apart. His heart was full and his courage roused even to ask a favour of a man he despised.

"Mr. Waverton," he said, "I've come to ask the hand of your sister Milly. You have, I dare say, become aware of the attachment that has sprung up between us; she has given me her consent, and—I told her that I should come to you."

Waverton gulped down the news, for it went rather against him.

"You have claims," he replied, after a pause, "on my gratitude, and I do not wish to disown them, Mr. Trevena; nor will I positively refuse you my sister, but I must, I fear, postpone your marriage, resolutely, till you obtain a curacy or living of more than £100 a year. Your present curacy, St. Nectan's, is, I believe, only £100 a year?"

Trevena answered mournfully in the affirmative, and the gong just then sounding for dinner, the conversation ceased.

At dinner Hookem was tremendous. He broached a theory for giving new tone and fresh life to modern English literature, an infallible cure for all debility, exhaustion, morbidity, or want of originality.

He addressed the whole table while the cheese was being put on.

"My plan, Mrs. Tregellas," he said, "is stupendous, and yet it is within the comprehension

of childhood. I would organize a society, Lieutenant Tolpedden, which would in time include every author and journalist in Great Britain. I would require each member to sign a solemn pledge not to write for one whole year. For one whole year, Miss Lucy Tregellas, we should lie fallow—we should spend the time striking root, and accumulating power. What, Miss Waverton, would be the inevitable result?—why, I say, a Niagara, a very Deluge of intellectual wealth—plays, essays, leaders, travels, biographies, rehabilitations, philosophies, discoveries, satires, epigrams, memoirs. What *must* be the result, Arthur?—what must be, I say, the result, Mrs. Penrose?—why, a new intellectual epoch, a mental revolution, a golden age of vigour and invention, and vast harvests such as the critic's sickle had never before touched."

This vast proposal was received with a burst of irrestrainable laughter. The room shook again.

"I have had for years, Hookem, a dream I fear quite as impracticable," said Mr. Tolpedden.

"What is that?" said Hookem, with that grand indifference which vain men of tact make to look like good-natured curiosity. The great talker, when tired, is hard to interest. "Some ale, if you please."

"My plan is an organized and vigorous effort amongst the *savans* of Europe to introduce Latin as the universal language. It should be taught every child in every country, and colloquially, too,

so as not to be forgotten. Books of science and general interest should be printed in this language. The result would be that knowledge would be disseminated infinitely faster, and one great impediment to progress be for ever removed. Human wisdom would be no longer hid in private bins and cellars, but would flow into one central sea, open to all the world to visit, fathom, traverse, and explore. Discoveries could then be exchanged by every post, and every random thought struck out, even in the furthest province of Europe, would reach all those in every country who studied the same science."

"Bravo!" said Hookem; "we must get you to ventilate that remarkable idea in the *Forge*. The *Trimmer* is sure to reply, and then we shall join issue."

Mr. Hookem seemed to intensely enjoy the foretaste of this affray.

When the children came in after dinner, Mr. Hookem was in his glory—he had Jack and Ned on his knees, and Kate and Clara by his side. He begged preserves for them, he procured them almonds and raisins, he told them stories, he cut them grotesque faces in orange peel.

There sat Arthur and Lucy, profoundly happy. Trevena was ruefully contented, longing to tell Milly of her brother's decision, and distrustful of his sister Fanny's power to bear the tidings. If one had only power to turn any heart one chose into glass for the moment, and look into it as into

a crystal bee-hive, what revelations one might obtain from even the guests at an ordinary dinner-party !

There was the lieutenant, with a heart almost rent in two, talking seamanship to Dodgeson, Milly, and Fisher ; and there was Mr. Tolpedden, whom the devil of despair had tempted so pertinaciously only a short time ago, discussing antiquarian topics with Miss Grace Waverton and Lucy. By-and-by they would leave the gay masquerade, take off their masks, cast their dominoes aside, and return to the sorrows that held them captive, and let them out on these occasions only on a sort of brief "day rule."

"By-the-bye, Hookem," said Mr. Tregellas, "what about Littlemore?—any fresh instalment of the 'Mother-in-law in the House?'"

"To be sure," said the unmoved editor ; "his new volume opens with a glorious metaphor. Observe the modern feeling of the lines. It is to explain why he comes again before the public.

· So at a pic-nic I have seen
The hamper opened with such care,
And first from 'mid the salads green,
A chicken comes and then a hare ;
A ham, some jellies, stores of salt,
And last, while all stand smiling by,
From lower depths they draw with glee
The crowning joy—a pigeon pie.
So with my books, &c.'

"Charming, charming writer, who turns the humblest subject to poetry. Arthur, there's your

model—that's better than all your Red Cross Knights."

"And the marvellous 'Babyloniad,'" said Arthur, laughing; "how goes on that gifted and eminently practical man?"

"He is going slowly up Cheapside," replied Hookem; "he has already done one hundred and fifty establishments, and is now recording the triumphs of the cork-leg shops; but I have just discovered a still greater genius—an omnibus conductor in Boston, a rhythmical savage, one Walt Whitman. His book, 'Leaves of Grass,' is sublime—in its catalogues of facts, its daring rhapsodies, its grandeur, and its touches of vast scenery."

Mrs. Tregellas rose, as a signal for the ladies to go, but Mr. Hookem rebelled.

"No," he said, "Mrs. Tregellas, I will never consent to that infamous and unsociable custom. At all events, leave us as short a time as possible."

When the ladies did actually go, Mr. Hookem propounded his notion of a perfect review.

"There will never," he said, "be a satisfactory or fair review (personal grudges, of course, will always be indulged in, more or less, according to the generosity or meanness of an editor's nature), till my plan, Mr. Tregellas, is adopted. I have long since found it impossible, lieutenant, to keep pace with the books of the season; they are either done soon, scamped, slurred, snubbed, and misunderstood, or they are allowed to grow stale, Arthur, and are then reasonably well done,

but too late. My well-matured proposal, Mr. Fisher, is this.—It is to give a short *résumé* of every book of importance that comes out the week it is hatched; the week after, if the work demands it, a longer review, analytical and philosophical. I should not pay my contributors for quotations, and I should not allow my editor ever to write more than one article a week. The result would be, Mr. Dodgeson, perfection—as near perfection, that is, as poor human nature can go.”

Arthur and his father applauded the scheme. The lieutenant had distinctly fallen asleep, and Dodgeson, Fisher, and Hewer were comparing their last year's rifle scores at Ealing.

When Mr. Tregellas rose and led everybody into the drawing-room, one of the Miss Wavertons was singing.

Mr. Hookem made his way to Lucy, and looked over her photograph-book. In the second page were some verses in her own handwriting. Mr. Hookem read them aloud to two or three auditors when the song was over. They were called—

THE FADED PHOTOGRAPH.

“It was glossy and brown, and clear and bright,
Oh, her large deep eyes, and her queenly brow,
Her torrent of curls, and her proud, proud lip,
They were true to the life—I can see them now.

“Those great dark eyes were my magnet stars;
There was the lip so sweet and red;
There was the brow broad, white and pure;
And that was the way that she hung her head.

“Ten years ago, and now, like our love,
It has faded as snow in the latter spring;
Through a dreamy cloud I still see her face,
But day by day it is vanishing.

“Alas! it was bleached by the cruel sun,
Blurred and spotted, and pale and faint,
Till it looks like the ghost of our bygone love,
Or the phantom face of some dying saint.

“’Tis strange that love, that is God’s own gift,
Should fade away like the summer rose,
And this poor frail thing be left as a type
Of that flower of the heart that should never close.”

Mr. Hookem read these lines with an air of proud defiance, and laid down the book when he had finished them with the satisfaction with which a clergyman concludes a long and sonorous second lesson.

“There, Arthur,” said he, “that’s the sort of thing—that’s the true modern style; produce something in that way, and you’re a made man, take my word for it. I tell you you must poetize modern incidents.”

Lucy smiled maliciously.

“I don’t like the man’s manner,” said Arthur blandly.

“Don’t like it!—why, it’s the true nineteenth century feeling.”

“It is very wicked of Arthur, Mr. Hookem,” said Lucy; “they are his own. Arthur, it is very wrong of you, sir, and I’m very angry.”

“No, no, I was fair game,” said Hookem, “and he had me.”

CHAPTER XX.

AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

NO sunlight, soft and warm, on the cliffs of the Wheal Arthur; no golden glitter on the long pile of spreading snow surf that creamed upon the glistening sand; no purple weltering cloud shadow, nor green wash of thin shallow water over shoal and reef; no gently tossing plumes of frothing breakers cresting, half sportively over the shark's snout of the jutting headland.

No! it was a grey, sullen, autumn day; the sea was fretting and lashing from point to point, all the way from Bude to Penzance, rolling up mountain-high over the reef-rocks and cliff-buttresses, and breaking into snow, and pouring down in regretful deluges, that in a moment more turned again into angry, climbing surges, that renewed the assault with even greater fury than before. One long low, continuous roar spread from rock to rock, and the ocean bellowed from mile after mile of storming wave. The wind was rising fast, and threatening. The boulders on the shore, rolling and dragging downwards, kept up a moaning rumbling sound that was at once mournful and ominous. The Sea Devil, roused to evil, was evidently gathering his forces to the contest.

In the deep sea level, a little before dusk, some

ten men had collected, under the guidance of Captain Tremuan, the little man with the one eye, and, having completed their preparations for the great blast, were taking their meal before concluding their labours.

The men were sitting with their backs to the corner of the level, their candles stuck in lumps of clay opposite them; casting a sickly yellow light upon their begrimed faces. Their holland jackets were black with powder, and red wet with oxidised stains. Their picks and shovels, and sledges, and borers, and tamping bars, were leaning near them, against the slate-rock wall of the level. At a safe distance from their pipes, and round the corner, lay tin cartridges, horns of powder, rush-fuzes, and rolls of touch-paper.

"We mustn't light a snuff, my dears, till Mr. Arthur and the lieutenant come down," said the captain. "That's what Walker told me last night—for when the blast is over they've got some London gentlemen, some of those young limner chaps, who was last year boating about Portneweth, coming down to see us."

Just then the sea seemed to heave and roar overhead, in a paroxysm of rage, louder than before; and those who listened could hear the long, rumbling rattle of the boulders, as the waves drew them slowly back with the turning tide.

"If I ever heard a man hailing his own name," said Zacky, "I heard Captain Sampy hailing his last night on the shore. I heard him call

‘Sampy Sandoe,’ clear, three times out of the surf, just by the Garnet’s Head.”

“That’s only when a man’s drowned, you bufflehead,” said one of his companions; “it’s never been heard when a man’s been killed on dry land. You’d got some beer in your head, my dear.”

“That’s right,” cried the rest; and everyone laughed.

The conversation turned next upon wrecking, and Tremuan volunteered a story.

“My father,” said Tremuan, “when he wasn’t wrecking, used to get wages by raising stone from a quarry near Portneweth. One day when he was working half-way down Tower Cliff, he heard a buzz and flap in the air, and looking up, he saw two old ravens flying round very near his head. They kept whirling round and croaking, as if they were trying to speak; after some time, when he ceased to notice them, they went away, and father went on with his work. By-and-by, back came the ravens, flying round about him, as before, and all at once, what did they do but drop down two pieces of wreck candle just at father’s feet? So, when he saw that, he said to hisself, ‘Hallo, Tremuan, there’s wreck coming in on the beach.’ So he packed his tools together in a corner, and went off to look for jetsam. He searched far and wide, but he didn’t find a haporth. Next day he went back to his quarry to work, and there the crag had given way, and buried all his tools. If he had staid an hour longer at work, father ’oud

have been crushed to death—zackly so, that's certain. So you see, my dears, what knowledge the ravens must have had to have known how fond the old man was of wreck, and that dropping the candles was the only plan to start him out of danger. And kind creatures they was, too, to be so willing to save a poor fellow's life. Bere, my man, lend us a pipe of 'bacco."

Bere, a Devonshire man, from Combe Martin, pinched off a pipeful of his tobacco, and handed it to the anecdotic captain.

"When I was a boy," said Bere, "there was a furrin vessel as broke up at night off the bar at a village ten miles from us. My father was there, watching the vessel break up (the sea was too high for any boat to go out); and while he was looking, he saw something dark floating towards him, the moon just then peeping out a bit. Just as he got close down to the shore, he saw that it was a chest, with a tall yellow man astride on it. A great wave came and hid him for a moment, but the next minute washed the man and the chest clean ashore. The man did not move, but lay flat on his face. So my father thought he was dead, and ran to help him, or strip him, if he was past praying for, and no harm in that. But before my father could touch him, up he jumped, and without a thank you, ran and dragged the chest in, and beat off the lid with a big stone. Before my father knew what he was after, out he whips a bottle of brandy, drinks a tumbler full

out of it, and hands the bottle to my father, without a word all the time. Whether the man was all right, or whether he was a male witch, as some thought, I don't know, but he never spoke. But he came to a bad end, for the very next day, as he was sitting at the inn, he stabbed one of our fishermen who laughed at him, and being taken to Bideford Gaol was found the next day dead in his cell."

This story was being much commented on, when Tremuan started up, and looked at a huge silver watch that he drew from his pocket.

"Now to work, my dears," he cried, drawing the strings of his dinner-bag; "it's past six—and Mr. Arthur was to be down in the tram-waggon about that time."

While Tremuan was still preparing for the blast, Arthur and the lieutenant arrived.

"What is the depth, captain?" said Arthur.

"Four feet deep. We're going to use seven fingers of powder, but the rock's damp here, Mr. Arthur. The swab stick won't quite clear it—and we've had to use the tin cartridge."

"Is the powder in?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then in with the clay tampin," said the irritable lieutenant, "or we shall be here all night. Take care of the lights, you boy there. How foul the air is, Arthur; why, the candles will hardly burn."

"Turn the candles down, my dears," said the captain.

The men turned the candles horizontal, so that the tallow dropped into the flame. The only sound was the ramming in the soft rock on the powder, and the roll and roar of the sea overhead.

"I should like to have for pocket money all the ore this blast brings away," said the captain, who was fixing the touch paper to a hollowed rush full of gunpowder.

"Who'd ever have thought, Arthur," said the lieutenant, "that we should ever have been down in the hold in a place like this, 480 feet beyond low water mark, and the big Atlantic overhead. By George, it is in a work, too. There's as dirty weather brewing as ever a Dutch skipper was out in. Oh! they'll have it warm to-night off the Welsh coast—there'll be drift-wood for the old women to pick up to-morrow, I tell you, between here and St. Anne's Head."

"There is no danger, and I feel no fear," said Arthur, "but this waiting for a blast always reminds me of the sort of feeling which a sailor must have who is expecting the first broadside in a sea-fight. There go the boulders again—what a night it will be!"

"That's the drag back. Not pleasant when you're washed on shore, and clinging to a rock by your eyelids for dear life," said the lieutenant.

"When will the gentlemen be down, if you please?" said Captain Tremuan, coming round with the swab stick in his hand; "bring the snoff here now, Penhaluna."

"As soon as we give the signal," said Arthur ; "my father's with them. By-the-bye, is that ladder repaired yet, Captain?"

"No, sir, carpenter's been away—we go up in the kibbles."

"Hang these fellows," said the lieutenant, as the ramming of the tamping bars still went on, "they make as much fuss about firing a few handfuls of powder as if they were working a battery in a hot engagement."

"Now they're ready, uncle," said Arthur.

"Under cover, my dears," cried the captain ; "now light the match, Penhaluna."

The men drew back behind the angle of rock—a dark mass. All the lights were out but three ; Penhaluna stepped forward, took down one, and disappeared in the darkness.

"There never was such a bunch of ore," said the delighted captain, at his ease now the work was all done ; "the charge is well tamped, and it'll bring it down with a run."

"The snoff's well lit," said Penhaluna, as he returned with the candle, "it'll go in three minutes."

There was a dead silence. The lieutenant chafed at the time.

"It's another blunder," he said.

As he spoke there came a crash that seemed to rend heaven and earth ; a volcanic blaze of light burst from the darkness, a shower of rock beat and splashed against the wall of the level. It was as when the

last wall of a besieged city is shaken by a mine and falls into a gulph of fire with jarring, thundering, and tumultuous ruin.

"I never heard a blast go like that before," said the astonished captain; "it is noise enough for the blowing up a powder magazine."

"There's something wrong," said Bere; "I hear a sound of water!"

They listened.

There was indeed audible a strange gurgling splash, increasing almost to a roar. Then came the rage of resistless waters pouring through the rent wall of the mine. The sea was in.

"THE SEA IS IN!" cried all the men with one voice.

Then there was a rush to the engine shaft—a blind, selfish, cruel, trampling rush as the water came roaring down the level to where they stood.

In a minute or two more the men stood clinging to the platform of the engine shaft, dripping and frightened. Arthur and the lieutenant were the last to come, half wading, half swimming, both still vigorous, calm, and resolute. They had no time to think of the future.

"Call the men's names, captain," said the lieutenant.

Tremuan called them.

"Trecroben?"

"Here."

"Zacky?"

No answer.

"Trefusis?"

"Here."

"Trevelyan?"

"Here."

"Trowan?"

No answer.

"Penhaluna?"

No answer.

"Bere?"

"Yes."

"Treveneck?"

"Here."

"Rashleigh?"

"Here."

"Zacky, Trowan, and Penhaluna are missing," said the captain; "aw dear! aw dear! who would have thought it!"

"These poor fellows mustn't perish without an effort," said Arthur. "Who will volunteer with me to go back down the two last levels—they've missed their way. Here, give me a candle some-one; I'll go."

No one said a word.

"Belay there," said the lieutenant; "Arthur, don't be so mad as to go back and face that flood—it'll be as much as we shall do to escape even here. If the water comes to us before the kibbles can get down, we're dead men—for the second ladder's broken."

But Arthur, a true knight in heart, had already

plunged into the darkness, bent on his chivalrous search.

He waded through the water, groped along the walls, avoiding the trap-holes, and shouting up the ladders, but all in vain, till the advancing flood washed him off his feet, and drove him back down the level, where he had left the men.

He had heard nothing but one groan in the entrance to the second gallery. He returned faint and exhausted. He looked round, and to his horror he saw that the lieutenant was not there.

"Where is my uncle?—is he gone up with the kibble?" he said to Tremuan, hastily.

"No, sir," said Zacky; "there's no kibble come down yet—he went in search of you, within a minute after you left."

"Will no one come with me to look for him?—are you all cowards?"

"I'll come," said Bere; "I'm a widower—it don't matter much about me."

"So will I, my dear," said Tremuan.

Off dashed the three brave men, breasting together the current, that now rose beyond their waists. Their search was unavailing—floating timber, that was all they could see on the turbid current by the dim light of their candles. Every moment the water rose higher and more threatening. They shouted, but the only answer was a lonely mocking echo from the roofing of rock.

At the corner of the second level they came to, the two men paused, and refused to go further,

for beyond them in the darkness the water could be heard rushing in faster and fiercer.

"Go back, then," said Arthur; "I will die here. I'll not go back till I have found him, living or dead."

"Aw dear! aw dear!" said Tremenheere, piteously; "to hear that. Why, my dear, your candle is all but burnt out—the water comes in fast—the levels are filling—if the whim rope breaks, or too many of them try and get into the kibble, we are all lost; the lieutenant (rest his soul) is dead and gone—bear it like a man, and come with us. Oh! think of your father, Mr. Arthur. Shall you and I, Rashleigh, make him come, comraade?"

"If you force me I shall struggle, and then we shall all drown together," said Arthur.

The men hesitated, and turned to leave.

Just then, from the level near which they stood, there came a faint groan, then a cry of "Heave a rope there, somebody!" Arthur held his candle downwards, to make it flare, and leaped down like a shark into the deeper water. A huge beam fell from the roof just where he disappeared.

"He's lost!" cried the two men. "God have mercy upon him!"

While they stood watching the darkness, however, a figure emerged with a splash, carrying an apparently lifeless man in his arms. It was Arthur.

"Quick," he said, "help me back with him to

the engine-shaft—that beam that fell, struck him on the head—the water is rising fast.”

The three men hurried along the level towards the engine-shaft, and rested for a moment with the body as they reached the last gallery. There came a roar and a rush of rolling water, dashing through a confined passage, and chafing at the restraint.

“We’re lost, my dears,” said Captain Tremuan, still cool and collected as ever; “it’s all up—the sea’s on us—we’re cut off from the engine-shaft—don’t you hear them shouting and struggling yonder, at the kibbles?—aw dear! they can’t help us, and we shall die like drowned rats!”

“No, still there’s one hope yet, men,” said Arthur; “hurry on—this level to the left leads to the tram gallery, and I trust in God the ladder there is not washed away.”

“He’s got a head, he has,” whispered Tremuan to Bere, as they dashed up the dark gallery, their last candle all but burned out.

As they reached the entrance to the level, which led by a ladder and a trap-hole to the tram gallery above, the candle flickered and went out.

“Aw dear! aw dear!” said Tremuan; “and before we could find the ladder, too. The water’s up to my knees, Mr. Arthur. Aw dear! how cold the lieutenant’s hand gets!” The last portion of the red wick dropped and spluttered in the water.

“Feel for the ladder, men, quick, or we shall be lost!” cried Arthur, sternly, for his mind was

now clenched to great efforts, and the genius of heroism was on him.

Tremuan groped hopelessly along the wall, groaning and sighing—his courage began to fail. The water was racing after them with cruel and irresistible haste. There was no help near. The engine-shaft was a point of safety, but from that they were inexorably and for ever cut off. While Time lasts, no human foot would ever again tread those passages that they had just left.

Arthur was raging with impatience.

“Hold his head, Bere, while I look. Tremuan, come here, I’ll find the ladder—why, what a dolt thou art, man!”

Arthur felt along the wall with quick care, but he failed also. A thought struck him. He passed to the other side, in their haste they must have mistaken the bearings; but there was no ladder, nowhere any sign of a ladder—they had evidently mistaken the level—this was an unworked one.

“Yes, it is gone,” he said, in a low voice. “Lads, we must prepare for death, let us pray together. Death will be on us now in a few minutes. But one try more—those who help themselves God helps. Shout with me, shout with all your might, shout, men, for God’s sake shout, or we’re lost!—for here comes the water!”

And they did shout; such a bellow as the wounded Cyclops might have given—such a roar as Goliath’s when the stone struck him.

“I heard a shout far off,” said Bere, and

he roared again, enough to burst his lungs.

"Yes, there was an answer," cried Arthur.

"Aw dear! thank God!" cried Tremuan.

There was indeed an answer, first from one, then two, then a dozen voices. They came nearer.

"Who's there?" shouted Penhaluna, down the trap-hole.

"Mr. Arthur, Lieutenant Tolpedden, Captain Tremuan, and Jack Bere. Let down a rope, the ladder's gone."

"Gone! there never was one. You're in the dead level," cried Penhaluna, as a dozen candles glimmered over the hole.

Down came the rope. In a moment it was round the waist of the lieutenant.

"Haul up gently there, d'ye hear, the lieutenant's been hurt, he is in a faint," shouted Arthur.

In a moment or two the three men, with the body, were in safety, thanking their delighted preservers; and in a moment more they had reached, by a passage or two, the tram-road gallery, where some twenty dripping men were collected, struggling round the tram, fighting who should first ascend, for there was a panic on them, and a selfish brutal fear had extinguished all better feelings.

Arthur leaped forward, and drew his revolver from his side-pocket. It was soaked—he remembered that, but he knew also that the men were too excited to observe that.

"Shame on you, cowards! cowards!" he cried. "Here is a dying man, and his life depends on his reaching the air soon. Make way for him there; I'll shoot the first man who touches the signal. I will be the last up; I, Captain Tremuan, and Bere will wait last of all, but there *shall* be room for the lieutenant, if I kill one of you for it."

The three men forced their way forward and placed the swooning man in a corner of the tram. As it passed out of sight the miners gained a little courage, and fell into some sort of order. Last of all, through the rising waters, went up, from the very jaws of death, Greatheart and his brave backers.

There was a deafening shout as they rose into the light; a hundred hands stretched towards them, lights flared, women screamed, wept, and tossed their arms, even children shrieked with an hysterical delirium of joy. Mr. Tolpedden and Mr. Hookem, and Dodgeson, Fisher, and Hewer, were the first to embrace Arthur, as he leaped out of the tram, and thanked God that he was safe.

Mr. Tolpedden was not a demonstrative man, but large tears sprang from his eyes as he pressed his son to his heart. Then he turned, and gravely continued his exertions.

"Every widow shall have a pension," he said to himself, "if I have to beg for it, for the men have died in my service."

A tall young man bent over the lieutenant with a light. It was Mr. Stockwell, the

young doctor of St. Nectan's. Walker helped mournfully.

"Thank God for your safety," he said, coming up to Arthur, and shaking his hand warmly. "There are eleven poor fellows drowned."

"And my uncle?" said Arthur, eagerly.

"He is badly hurt; I fear his skull is fractured. We must move him directly to the nearest house, or it'll go hard with him. I can only just feel his heart beat. Now then, men, bear a hand here."

As they bore off the wounded man to Mr. Tregellas's, Walker leaped off a horse, and came up to Arthur. He had been to St. Petrock's for Mor-dred and Bradbrain, who had refused to come. He handed Arthur a note, unseen by the excited crowd, who were following the body, embracing the survivors, or bewailing the dead.

Arthur snatched a candle from a miner, and read the hasty scrawl. It was from Bradbrain. It contained these words in red ink:

"Let the old dog rot, for all I care. I've given up medicine. I thought the blasted old mine would burst up some day or other; it's a bad job, though, for your set. If your courage isn't washed all out of you, meet me on Friday week, at four o'clock, at the 'Merry Maidens.' Rifles. It was our way at Rio, and I rather like it. There ought to be a settlement now between us. Has the little woman turned up yet, to clear my character? There have

been a good many lies told about me, and I mean to wipe a few of them out.

“DONALD BRADBRAIN.”

As Arthur crammed the ribald note into his pocket, and hurried after his father, who just then turned and shouted to him, Tremuan pushed his way to the edge of the black shaft, now seething and troubled, surrounded by the survivors, and a crowd of weeping women and children, now widows and orphans. He looked down as into a grave.

“Bad luck to you,” he said, flinging down his lighted candle into the darkness. “I shall never set my heart on a mine again. There’s mammon and the devil at the bottom of all of you. Your master was worth a hundred thousand pounds yesterday, and now he’s only worth the value of an old engine, and some rusty buckets. Come, my dears, let’s have a drop of something, Zacky, at the ‘Three Choughs,’ and try and forget it. There’s other mines, you know, in Cornwall.”

* * * * *

It was the Friday week after the catastrophe that Arthur knocked at the Tregellases’ door a few minutes before breakfast. Lucy knew the knock, and ran to let him in. She looked bright and hopeful as ever.

“Why, Arthur,” she said, kissing him on the forehead, “how pale you look! What does the mine matter, dear; it is gone, so let us forget it.

Shall I love you the less because you are poor?"

"Your love makes me rich—nothing can take away that, Lily," said Arthur, repaying the kisses with interest, yet not quite in his usual gladsome way. "No misfortune, no, not death itself, can change that; it is inalienable, it is for ever, no king has power over our love. I can never be poor or hopeless with that. How is dear old uncle?"

"Better, dear Arthur—oh! so much better. He was up yesterday, and he takes an interest in things now—he'll be able to get up to-morrow, so Mr. Stockwell says, who has been here already this morning—but he is still very weak. The doctor says the accident was worse for taking him when depressed, and with a circulation lowered by trouble; but that will pass, Arthur—he seems happier now; you come again to-day, Arthur?"

"No, dear Lucy, I have pressing business—business that——may I see uncle?"

"No, not till to-morrow. Papa wants to read to him to-day alone, to comfort him, for the old sorrow still preys upon him. We haven't dared tell him yet that the mine is quite lost. But how absent you seem, Arthur; you've not a word to say about my new way of doing my hair."

"Oh! it's beautiful," said Arthur, kissing Lucy's eyes. "Good-bye, dear, I won't wait, as they're not down yet—I shall come to-morrow at the same time if—to-morrow, Lily. Good-bye, dearest."

Here much kissing.

"There's something so strange in Arthur's manner to-day," thought Lucy as she watched him pass down the road; "he never turned to nod to me. There's something on his mind, I'm sure of it. Oh! dear, dear Arthur, my poor love I fear is no antidote for his sorrow."

* * * * *

It was an hour after breakfast that a low tap came at the door of the lieutenant's room.

A faint voice answered, "Come in."

It was Mr. Tregellas, amiable, calm, and resolute as ever. It was a bright October morning, the yellow boughs waved pleasantly and gently at the window, the green Venetian blinds threw a kind of deceptive spring glimmer on the white ceiling; the room was deliciously clean, and the very toilet-cloth was refreshing to look at, with its pure snowiness. The children's voices arose pleasantly from the garden.

The lieutenant sat up in bed, and resting his bandaged head against the back rail, smiled at his visitor, in a patient and happy way. The calmness of convalescence and of weakness was upon him, like the influence of an anodyne.

Mr. Tregellas came to his bedside, and took the old sailor's thin hand.

"Arthur's been," he said, "and was so glad to hear you were better."

"Dear boy! Yes, thank God, I am better; I'm making headway now. I shall get some sails up, I shall have a clean collar on to-morrow."

"You begin to relish a joke. Oh! you're better—God has been good to you."

"Yes—he has. Man's but a poor, weak craft without God's chart to steer by. How are the dear children? Is Kate here?"

"They are well—Kate isn't here—she'll be here in the afternoon—Jack and Ned, too. I have good news for you."

The lieutenant's eyes seemed to enlarge.

"What about them?—or—or—about her—about Polly—about my wife? Oh! tell me—do tell me. Is it about her—about Polly? Don't mention the mine."

"It is about something very dear to you; not about the mine—something dearer. Are you strong enough to bear news—important news—*very* important news?"

"What is it? Don't keep tacking so, but go straight into harbour. For God's sake, what is it? There's something odd, Tregellas, in your manner."

"Take your tonic first. I shouldn't tell you if the doctor had not permitted me—wished me."

The lieutenant clutched Mr. Tregellas's hand, as if to clutch and retain the news he might bear.

Mr. Tregellas began.

"Now, do not tremble. Your wife, we find, was not really guilty."

"Not guilty? Thank—thank God!"

Large tears sprung from the lieutenant's eyes.

"Not guilty. She had been entangled by the ceaseless artifices of that heartless wretch. He in-

duced her by flattery to write to him pretended love-letters—they were mere imitations—innocently borrowed from novels and plays she had read. When she refused him interviews, frightened at his audacity, he threatened her with these letters, came to her again, and secretly urged her elopement. In such an interview, bewildered and in despair, she was going she knew not where, when Arthur stepped in and saved her.”

The lieutenant listened, leaning on one elbow, and drinking in the words of hope.

“Where, then—where is she, then?—where is Polly?” he said clutching Tregellas’s arm; “we have driven her away—we have cast her to shame and ruin—where is she?—where is she? Oh! let me see her once more before I die.”

“She is here,” said Mr. Tregellas, as he stepped to the door and opened it; “she has been concealed with us ever since she left your house on that unlucky evening.”

There came a light foot on the floor, a rustle of a gown, and the little wife was once more kneeling and clinging to her husband’s neck, bathing his face in tears of joy, clinging to him as if she would never leave him, never part from that close embrace.

Just then there came a knock.

“That’s the children,” said Mr. Tregellas, looking out of window.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE "MERRY MAIDENS."

"WHERE is Mr. Bradbrain?" said Mordred angrily to his pale butler as he entered the house on the morning referred to in Bradbrain's letter to Arthur.

"In his room, sir. Just going out."

"Just going out? Why, are there no poor persons waiting, Stonecott?"

"Yes, sir, half-a-dozen—been waiting this hour."

"What does he mean by that? You can go, Stonecott; I will speak to Mr. Bradbrain. I'll stop this."

As the angry partner entered Bradbrain's room, that gentleman was very coolly slinging on his rifle, and counting out some cartridges. He scarcely looked round as Mordred entered.

Mordred closed the door, solemnly, and in a hurt way.

"Bradbrain," he said, seriously, "this is really too bad even for the patience of a tried Christian—you get worse and worse, you neglect all business, you spend all your time in that low inn, drinking and gambling. I will not have this—we must separate. This is ruining us—the bank gets into discredit—our practice is really dwindling to nothing—

I'll have no more connection with a reckless spend-thrift like you!"

Bradbrain turned round, and clicked the spring of his powder-horn in a defiant manner; then, going to the mantelpiece, he tossed off a quarter of a tumbler of cognac that stood there.

"All right, old boy," he said; "all right, the sooner the better—cut the tow rope, let the fire-ship slip off and the rotten old barge with Burmmachen ware go to the bottom—you go your way, I go mine—we shan't try the same way, depend upon it. Cancer take all the patients, I say—kill them yourself, you know how to—it's only to give them your best advice. If you are so anxious to part, give me the key of the safe, and let's share the money at once—I'm ready—I haven't such an affection for this cursed place, or this d— country—why should I have, eh, old Barebones?"

Mordred was livid with rage.

"If you go out now," he said, "and leave the patients, we part to-morrow. I will no longer be unequally yoked with unbelievers—I'll bear this insolence no longer, sir."

"Off I go," said Bradbrain; "I'm no child to be browbeaten, so take your change out of that." Here he rang the bell, and Jackson appeared. "Jackson, bring my horse round. Now, shall we halve the tin?—I'm ready. I should like to see the inside of that safe of yours. It's my belief you've boned all my share. I'll have no more jaw from you about that hanged wife of mine either, mind that."

“To-morrow you shall have it,” said Mordred; “the key, as you know, has gone to Bodmin to be repaired, and I can’t open the safe without it.”

“The old story—the old story—always some excuse; but look out, for I won’t be fooled much longer, so I tell you. Let me have the shiners to-morrow, or by G—I’ll order a fly, blow the safe open with powder, and go off with the whole swag. You try to stop me, that’s all, and I’ll show you what congestion of the brain is, with the butt-end of my hunting-whip, so take care of yourself, old boy. Tat ta! I’m off for rifle practice—don’t wait luncheon, Mordy, pray. I want a little recreation.”

Bradbrain turned as he said this, and cast on Mordred such a look of concentrated hatred, that if the Evil Eye had been a true superstition, Mordred must have dropped down dead on the floor. He then slammed the door fiercely behind him, and strode out the back way, where he instantly mounted his horse and rode off.

The moment he was gone, Mordred rang the bell, and called the malign boy.

“Jackson, has Mr. Bradbrain been in the surgery this morning?”

“Only for a few minutes, sir, making up medicine.”

“Were you with him?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Did he touch any bottles on the fourth shelf?”

“No, sir.”

"I'm going out for ten minutes, Jackson, let any one who calls wait."

Mr. Mordred put on his hat and walked straight to the St. Petrock's police-station. What could he want there?"

Bradbrain rode at a furious pace straight to the moor of the "Merry Maidens," the same place where, long ago, the fair had been held where Arthur rescued Sampy.

It was a dull, grey day, with still only a whitish light gleaming in the east, though it wanted but half an hour to sunset. The murky atmosphere threw a gloom over furze, heather, grey stones, sea, and cliff.

From the barren, tawny surface of the moor, the circle of Druids' stones rose like gigantic monuments of those slain British chieftains who are said to have fallen here by the sword of Athelstan.

Bradbrain rode once swiftly round the circle of petrified maidens, and then leaping off his horse, tied it up to a large upright piece of stone at some distance from the rest—a stone to which the Druid priests are supposed to have fastened their human victims, while they went through their preliminary ceremonies.

"He's not here," he said aloud, with his usual snorting, aggravating laugh; "coward, *Santo Demonio*, I never thought he'd come—there is no true grit in him."

"You see, I'm pretty punctual," said a voice at

that moment, and Arthur rose from behind a huge block of granite, against which he had been resting his back ; his rifle was across his knees, and he was adjusting the sights as he spoke.

"Well, you *are* a cool card!" said Bradbrain ; "are you ready ? I see you've got your cup-winner there—I really thought you would not come up to the scratch—did, indeed."

"Bradbrain," said Arthur, "I do not want to fight with you—it can do neither of us good to take the other's life. You have wronged me, but I have retrieved the mischief, and I have forgotten it. There is a rumour that you and your partner are going to leave this part of the country—we need not meet again. I have done you no wrong—I am a ruined man—let our loss be your revenge."

"By George!" said Bradbrain, slapping his hand contemptuously on his thigh, "the fellow's going to turn dunghill after all—dunghill, by the living Jingo ! You young bridegrooms are always rather shy of danger at billing and cooing time. Your crazy girl won't let you, I suppose—that's about the size of it, eh ? Then I'll try and make you—at least, I'll let the good people at home see that you and I have met. Here's my autograph for you, it will remind you of me, in case we do not meet again."

Arthur stepped quickly aside, and the tremendous sledge-hammer blow aimed by Bradbrain at his face merely grazed his hair. The next instant his clenched fist dashed full on Bradbrain's left cheek bone, and struck him to the ground.

"Take my signature, then," said Arthur ; "that will repay you for your good intentions—liar, seducer, slanderer! FIGHT, beast!"

"You need not hurry me—I want no hurrying," said Bradbrain, springing to his feet, at a white heat of rage. "I'm only too happy, my dear fellow. We'll fight at once, and with rifles, in the Texan way—one hundred and fifty yards. Come, are you ready?"

"I'm ready," said Arthur, "and loaded—take your place."

"Will you fight on my conditions?"

"On any conditions."

"My conditions will suit you, then, for you're romantic. They are the conditions a fool once made me agree to before we fought at Mobile; and by-the-bye, I took care that he carried them out to the letter, for, by G—d, sir, I shot him through the heart. I ordered a man this morning to bring a boat, and leave it on the beach below there; you can see it, if you crane over. Whichever of us falls must be put in that boat by the survivor, and set adrift—there is a plank half stove in on purpose. That will save trouble. You see I mean mischief. Romantic, isn't it? If I go down—I should like it—it would prevent you crowing. If you go down, it will give me time to post to Falmouth. I've several reasons for wishing to get there. How frank we get when we mean mischief, don't we? Come, toss for places."

Bradbrain threw up a sovereign.

“My old luck!—hang and rot it!” he said, spitting on the ground, as Arthur won the choice of ground, and calmly proceeded to load.

At that moment the sun, near setting, broke forth from behind a dark cloud with a strong, glittering light, full on Bradbrain’s face, dazzling him, and sparkling treacherously on the sight of his rifle.

“We fire,” he said, “after counting five, and as soon as we get to our places. Measure the ground with me—I only want fair play. Wither the sun!—the Devil himself surely sent it out just at this nick.”

Arthur loaded carefully, and capped. The two men then paced the ground. Bradbrain stood near the first of the “Merry Maidens,” a tall obelisk, rough with grey moss. Arthur a hundred and fifty feet further west on the bare moor.

Arthur took the most careful and exact aim; though he did not wish to kill the rascal who had wronged so deeply him and his family. He aimed at his legs—very low sighting, so as just, if possible, to rake him, as the gun pulled up, a little to the right, in the knee of what Bradbrain himself would have called the near leg; he wished to scotch the viper, but not to kill him.

As Arthur was counting, and before he could reach four, Bradbrain fired. It might not have been treachery, but it was sharp practice, to say the least, and very quick counting. A long thin jet of flame, a sharp “whit,” detonating at the

end, a hiss, and the bullet struck the dry, scorched turf, three feet from Tolpedden, and there splintering on a chance stone flew off to the left; but for that stone the ricochet must have sprung up into his lungs or brain.

Arthur instantly fired, without stopping to reflect on his escape—a quick, steady shot. It missed, and Bradbrain advanced towards him.

“Well done, youngster,” he said; “you shoot better now than you did for the cup. Your bullet struck the ground only three inches from my right foot. If I had had it sprawling out, you’d have caught me a nice one in the ankle. I fired rather low, still I should have had you but for that cursed stone. I tried just to splash it up into you. I have tried it with standing shots at deer. I’ll aim at your nob next time. But come, we’ll have our next round downstairs on the sand—the sun spoils my shooting here; you won’t object? I suppose you don’t want to murder me in cold blood? Come.”

“I shall fire no more,” said Arthur; “I have given you your chance, and I’ve had mine. We are not likely to cross each other any more. Let us part.”

“Now, I like that,” said Bradbrain, neighing, not laughing. “Didn’t I tell you, my good fellow, I meant mischief? Do you think I never killed my man before—you don’t know me! I’ll make you fight again, if I have to take the butt end of my rifle. You see that colour on the sea down there, like

the bottle in a chemist's window—that's what I want to get out of you, my man."

The sun had sunk lower, and from beneath long bars of lurid cloud it now cast a crimson lustre on the sea.

Bradbrain must have been drinking hard, and for some days, for his eyes were suffused with blood, his cheek was hot and dry, and his lips were a flushed sallow.

"Very well," said Arthur. "I am ready, if you will have it. But I tell you again, I don't want to hurt you—see how your hand shakes."

"I'll tap blood to-night, or get tapped. I feel kinder dangerous," said Bradbrain. "Bleeding is good for the horrors, and I've got them—d——them! I can allow for the shaking—I know your dodges. I'd have killed you that last shot, if I had been a trifle steadier. Come, it's getting dusk—we must economise our light. There's husbandry in heaven, you know, and Providence sets us a good example."

Arthur followed this brutal, blasphemous madman, this hardened debauchee, and they went down to the beach. Bradbrain chose a place on the soft white sand, a sort of little bay between the slate rocks, and paced out the distance—the sand and the cliffs were dull red with the sunset; the boat Bradbrain had mentioned lay there motionless by the rock.

"Whether it is being all day yesterday cupping, and that sort of work," said Bradbrain, looking at

the boat, "but everything to me looks red—sea, rock, sky, everything—is it really so?"

"Where *we* stand is red—it'll be dark soon," replied Arthur, tearing off the cartridge paper, and loading carefully, so that not a grain of the coarse powder was spilled. He pressed down the leaden cone with dexterous care, chose a dry, clean, bright cap and pressed it well home.

Bradbrain loaded with careless and savage haste, affecting to despise all precaution, and threw his rifle over his shoulder.

"You fired rather soon last time," said Arthur, meaningly; "next time let us fire as soon as we both reach the marked places."

Bradbrain snorted out a laugh.

"Ha! ha!" he said, "you get sharper, my young customer; I said count five, but I never said how fast, did I, eh?—ha! ha!"

Bradbrain's position was not far from a tall detached mass of granite, split and cleft in all directions, rounded by centuries of rain and storm, and about five feet high. Arthur stood at some distance from the cliff, and facing an opening in the rock.

"Last time," said Bradbrain, taking a deep draught at a pocket-flask, as they turned to take their places. "You downy one, you fixed me up against a stone that marked my level, and brought your rifle well on me, but this time I have been cuter. Now, I bet you I'll nick you for a fiver—will you take it? What a pity we didn't get a coffin ready for the man who's dropped—oh! it was a pity!"

Arthur made no reply, but walking sharply to the marked line, turned, took the same calm, steady aim as before, and fired. The instant he put up his rifle and touched the trigger, Bradbrain flung himself down with a leap behind the granite block on his left; then rising quick as thought, and placing his rifle on the stone, he took deliberate, deadly aim, and fired. The bullet struck Arthur, he threw up his arms and fell upon his face on the sand.

Bradbrain ran up to him with a yell of cruel, bitter triumph, looked for the wound and felt it.

“Done the trick, by the Lord Harry!” he cried; “knocked him over like a partridge—caught him in the ribs and through the lungs—too much for him—dodged him, by George!—*Santo Demonio!* I’ve got him now—no pulse—he’ll be dead in an hour. Now, then, to float him. Come along, you pig!”

In a moment or two, with delirious strength, Bradbrain dragged the wounded man over the sands and rocks, and through the shallow water, and tossed him into the boat. Leaping in after him, in a few minutes, he set up the mast, dragged the heavy square sail into its place, and tied the tiller fast. Then kicking the broken plank with his foot, he leaped out, and drove the boat down before him with tremendous effort, through the soft, dragging sand, till it began to lift, and the sail to fill. The wind blowing from the shore, seized it, and it began to move forward. Presently it got into deep water, dipped, skimmed,

and flew before the breeze with a gurgling rush of the parting waves under the keel.

Bradbrain watched it till it became a mere grey spot, and passed into the dusk. Then whirling both the rifles far into the sea, he darted up the path leading to the moor, where he had left his horse.

“That’s a third account settled—now for the night express,” he said, and with a laugh, he dug his spurs into his horse’s side and rode at a furious gallop on the road to Bodmin.

CHAPTER XXII.

A MYSTERIOUS PERSON WHO WILL TAKE NO REFUSAL CALLS ON MR. MORDRED.

WHEN Mr. Mordred returned from the police-station, he left word for the officer to follow him in ten minutes. This would prevent scandal.

When he knocked at the door, Stonecott, the butler, opened it, stony and suffering as usual. The country people said he was kept to try medicines on.

“If you please, sir,” he said, “there’s Jackson’s father wants to see you—he’s in the surgery.”

Mordred found the old miner pale, worn, and feverish, his eyes staring; nervous derangement visible in every look and movement.

"Why, what's the matter, John?" he said; "did that business in the mine upset you?"

"Naw, naw, sir, but I've seen the Death Ship—sure as you stand there I saw the Death Ship last night in Endellion Bay."

"Nonsense!—what do you mean by the Death Ship, man?"

"Well, my dear, it sometimes appears before the death of people. I, Captain Tremuan, and Bere, were on the cliff last night touching a pipe, and talking over the mine and the Wheal Arthur, when we saw all at once a tall, dark, square-rigged craft loom through the haze, with black sails, and run in almost close to us. There was no one at the helm, no look out, no one heaving the lead—but there it lay for a good five minutes. All at once the sails began to shiver, then to fill; it glided away like a shadow, and disappeared in an instant. We beat the sea all over, but could not make out a single sail; then up we ran, all three of us, to St. Nectan's church town, and told the news there; everyone said it was the *Death Ship*, and that it was bad news for some one who was wanted for no good. Aw dear! aw dear! that I should have ever lived to watch the sea break into the Wheal Arthur, and to see the Death Ship!"

"What time was this, may I ask?"

"Eleven o'clock, sir—aw dear! aw dear! how my head and limbs do ache!"

Mordred felt the man's pulse, and then dropped his hand contemptuously.

"I tell you what it is, Jackson," he said, "you've been drinking hard—this won't do—this sort of life won't bring a man peace at the last. Go into the kitchen, and Stonecott shall bring you some tonic—take it three times a day, and don't touch any drink. Your nerves are shaken—don't go about telling cock-and-bull stories like that, man. What you felt was incipient delirium tremens—stuff and nonsense about death-ships!"

As the man shambled out of the room, Stonecott entered.

"Stonecott," said his saturnine master, "make up some steel and salvolatile for that old sot of a fellow, and send him off."

Just then a low mysterious rap came to the door. Stonecott moved to go.

"No," said Mordred, "I will go—I know who it is."

It was the police-sergeant, a Wiltshire man, named Hacket, a hard-boned, stolid, shrewd man, who regarded virtue with toleration, but still with extreme suspicion. He wore a blue frock-coat, carried a small cane, and looked ripe for business. Mordred showed him into the best room stealthily, and the man sat down uneasily, putting his iron-bound hat between his huge booted feet, and resting on the very edge of his chair.

"Is the party you has the complaint against arrived, sir?"

"No, I expect him in about an hour."

“What is your special complaint that I’m to take down against him?”

“I am in danger of personal violence. He threatens me—he swears he will rob the house. I am in imminent danger, I tell you, from this man. Police-sergeant, he has for some time past been secretly experimenting with poisons on cats, pigeons, and dogs, and I have every reason to suppose that he is a man who would not hesitate to use such means of taking my life; I wish you to examine my servant as to these facts, and to search his desk and trunks. He has also robbed me; he has been twice to my safe with false keys, and taken out four marked twenty-pound notes.”

“Have you the key of the safe?”

“No, it was sent yesterday to Bodmin to be altered.”

“Who took it?”

“The boy Jackson.”

“Have you used any precautions against the suspected party’s use of poisons or dangerous drugs?”

“Yes, I have removed and locked up several, the others are still on the shelves, with marks in chalk, so that they cannot be taken down and replaced without my knowing it. The fronts of the bottles rest against the mark. They are all on the fourth shelf in the surgery.”

“Has the party ever threatened to poison you?”

“Yes, he has often—indirectly.”

“That will do, then. I will now, sir, go into

the surgery and see the boy. One word first—have you ever threatened the party?”

“No, as I hope for pardon, no. I’ve done all I could to win him from his evil ways. I have talked to him, and prayed for him. I have been as a father to him; but he is in the gall of bitterness, he is lost, he is forsaken by God, and is left to perish. I will pray for him now, while you prosecute your inquiries.”

The sergeant, leaving Mr. Mordred, repaired to the surgery, gently, and on tip-toe. Looking through the glass-door, he saw the boy Jackson on the high stool, reading, his hand tangled in his hair.

He opened the door sharply. The boy started up, and trembled at the sight of the policeman, who seized the book as if it had been contraband.

“‘Jack Sheppard,’” said the sergeant, as he flung it down contemptuously; “a book as has made a good many honest boys thieves, and a good many thieves ten times fitter for the gallows than they were at first. You read ‘Robinson Crusoe’ in future, my man, and it’ll be better for you. Now, come, I want a word with you, Jackson, no nonsense, mind, no lies or I’ll clap the bracelets on you; there’s one or two things against you besides cutting that ladder at the Wheal Arthur. Now, mind, I caution you.”

The boy fell on his knees and roared for mercy, crying, and vowing that he knew nothing about anything.

"Oh! yes you do, my man, about one or two things. How about that hand-saw you were seen to hide in the hedge near St. Nectan's the day of the accident? Oh! we'll brighten you up a bit in the Reformatory. They like boys of your age there. The governor's such a nice man—rather strict, perhaps, but that's no great account. There, don't blubber, be a good lad, tell all, and we'll see what we can do. I suppose you obeyed orders about the ladder, eh? No blubbering."

"I did, please, sir, I did. Mr. Bradbrain swore he'd shoot me the first minute I told anything, or cheeked him, or broke his orders, or blabbed anything to the old gov'nor."

"Come, no blubbering," said the sergeant, in a louder voice, "for I won't *have* it, now, so I tell ye. Get up, and show me the way up-stairs; but stop a bit, I'll just step in and ask the old party first."

The policeman, with a face full of knotted mysteries, went out into the passage, and tapped softly at the parlour door.

"Come in," said a low voice.

"Have you any objection, sir, to my examining the up-stairs room?"

"None in the world; look at everything, but don't disarrange it. You have the case in writing, all my suspicions for the last month, and all the dangers I fear, are noted down; do what you like, but make haste, for he'll be back to dinner in half an hour. Do not let me prejudice you against the person you know of. Let us be merciful, sergeant,

even as our Father in heaven is merciful."

"That boy Jackson's a bad lot."

"Is he indeed—is he indeed? Then I'll dismiss him."

"All in good time, sir—but don't hurry, hurrying's always bad in these cases."

The door closed softly again.

The sergeant pointed to the stairs, and up went Jackson. Hacket followed, his ponderous feet making no more sound than if they had been soled with felt. There was the mystery of the Sphinx in his face, a grim resolution about his stony mouth and hard, protuberant eyebrows, as if he was expecting to surprise a nest of coiners. He hummed moodily, as he went up, an old street-song of fifty years ago, a quaint, melancholy bit of doggerel, which began with,

"Napoleon is come from the wars of all fighting,
He's gone to a place he ne'er can take delight in,
He sits there and tells of the battles he has seen-a,
But his heart is full of woe in the Isle of St. Helena."

"This is the young governor's door," said Jackson, pointing to a bed-room door at the end of a landing. "Old governor's at other end."

The sergeant pushed the door, and tried the handle tentatively. It was locked.

"Bust it open, sir," said the zealous Jackson.

The sergeant made no reply; he felt in his pocket for a large bunch of odd-shaped keys. He tried one, then another, the fourth key opened the door quickly and at once.

There was the bed still unmade, the fire-place was full of the ashes of burnt papers. The sergeant lifted the soft tinder extremely carefully, took it to the light, and held it up to notice some letters still visible on the curled black flakes. On the dressing-table cloth there was the stump of a cigar, which had charred a large hole in the white cloth and burnt a scar in the table. There were some torn French prints in the table drawer.

The sergeant tried the lid of a desk that stood on a side-table. It was unlocked; he lifted it and looked in; it was empty, all but a percussion cap or two and a fishing-hook.

"Mizzled, by George!" was his only exclamation as he looked at the floor, on the ceiling, and then twice out of window in the direction of Bodmin.

Then he suddenly ran to the fire-place, and scooped out the tinder with both hands. As he did so a calcined key fell on the hearth.

"What does this open?" he said, turning sharp round on Jackson, seizing him by the throat, and throwing him on his knees.

"It's the key of the safe. Oh! don't—don't, sir! Oh! you hurt me! I'll tell all! That's the key of the safe, sir. Mr. Bradbrain made me give it him up—I daren't tell guv'nor. He said if I told he'd make cold meat of me before night, even if he had to strangle me in my sleep."

"You are two nice ones, *you* are. Well, keep this quiet for the present."

The sergeant stooped and looked under the

drawers, the fender, the bed; then he shook the vallance of the bed, and felt with his hands all over the roof of the bed. Under the drawers he found rolled up in a corner a small empty bottle. This he put in his pocket.

"Where's the bank safe?" he said, still holding Jackson fast; "oh! you're a nice boy, you are. Now, come quick, or I'll shake it out of you."

"Oh! don't—don't; I'll tell everything, mister. It's down behind the surgery door. Oh! you hurt me, you *do* hurt me!"

They went down, and Jackson, pushing back the surgery door, showed the door of a green safe. The sergeant put the burnt key into the lock, and it opened at once. The shape of the key was uninjured. He opened the doors and drawers—the safe was empty; not even a scrap of paper.

"As I thought," he said.

And he began to hum once more the doleful ballad about Napoleon—"The wars of all fighting—"

Then he went back into the surgery and thought for a moment; after which he went straight to the parlour door, and knocked softly.

"Come in," said Mordred.

The sergeant stepped in, and handed the banker the bottle he had found without a word.

Mordred took the bottle and smelt it.

"Gracious God! it is Atropine! A thousandth part of a grain of that kills in three seconds. That's what I fear with this bad man—that, sergeant, is what I continually fear."

"It's all right, sir, never you mind; leave it in my hands, and I'll pull you through. There are one or two disagreeable things about this party before. Do you, after using, seal the strings of the bottles containing the poisons?"

"Yes, that is my invariable practice. I also keep a diary in which I insert the quantities bought, the doses given, their weight, and all particulars. You'll find the book in the corner of my surgery. Please to tell Jackson to order Stonecott to bring up dinner in ten minutes."

"Yes, sir; don't you be under no alarm, sir. I shan't leave the house just yet."

The door closed again. Hacket gave the order to Stonecott, then went back to the surgery, took up the medicine glasses one by one and sniffed at them.

"Jackson, Mr. Mordred wants his dinner; take it in."

Then the sergeant got a chair, stood up and carefully examined the poison shelf; no bottle was displaced, but there was one with no wax on the string. It was labelled "Nicotine" in gilt letters on black ground, and contained a spoonful or so of a whitish yellow semi-crystalline substance.

He stepped to the parlour where dinner was being laid.

"There's no bottle touched, sir, on the particular shelf," he said, "but there's one with no wax on the string. Have you used that lately?"

Mr. Mordred did not reply for a moment, then he said slowly, as if reflecting,

"No; but there was one unsealed, I think, the last time I looked, a fortnight ago. Oh, that's nothing."

Hacket returned to the surgery ruminating.

"Jackson," he said to the boy, "did you ever see Mr. Mordred go to this shelf, or touch any of these bottles? And if so, when last?"

"I saw him this morning," said the boy quietly, "before Mr. Bradbrain was up. He took out a grain and mixed it with some yellow stuff like sherry he had in a glass. He did not know I saw him, but I was looking through a crack in the door."

The sergeant whistled, ruminated again, and wrote a small addition sum on one of the blotting pads; then he swung back on the high stool, and sent for the frightened butler.

Stonecott came.

"Who gets up the wine here and decants it, Stonecott?"

"Mr. Bradbrain, sir."

"Always?"

"Always."

"What's his liquor—his reg'lar daily tippie, I mean?"

"Always pale sherry, Mr. Mordred always port—never different."

"Where are the decanters kept?"

"In the cellaret in the parlour."

"Open?"

"No, Mr. Mordred has one key and Mr. Bradbrain another."

"Did Mr. Bradbrain take any wine this morning before he went out, Stonecott?"

"No, sir, not to my knowledge," said Stonecott, almost paralyzed with fear.

"Yes, sir, please, he did," said Jackson; "he sent me downstairs for the port wine, and I took it up into his bedroom when Mr. Mordred and Mr. Stonecott were out.

"You're sure it was port wine?"

"Yes, sure; I observed it because I had never seen him take port before."

"Had he any bottle near him when you came up to take the decanter away?"

"Yes; a small bottle like the one you found."

"And you told no one?"

"No; I made no account of it; they're always pouring about medicines, both on 'em, all over the house."

The sergeant reflected, with his hand over his mouth; then he looked at the shelf where the dangerous bottles were.

Just then the cook shouted up the kitchen stairs for Stonecott to take in the joint. Stonecott turned to go, but Hacket pushed him back.

"Stop," he said. "I'll go; things look rather fishy. I must report about this bottle—don't half like the look of it."

At that moment the parlour bell clashed out. It was not a common ring; and there rose through the house a shriek also--a yell, as of a creature in

torture. Hell itself never rang with such an outburst of pain and bitter anguish.

The two men and the boy rushed to the room. They dashed open the door; there stood Mordred leaning on the table by the fire, and near the bell. A broken wine-glass was in his hand, the cold dew of death was already bursting out from his forehead, his eyes were dilated, and wild with agony and despair.

"I'm poisoned!" he screamed. "Atro—atro—atropine—milk—antidote—quick—milk—milk—he did it—save——!" He fell backwards as he spoke, dragging the cloth and all on the table in one shattered ruin with him. His head struck the steel fender heavily as he fell.

The sergeant ran round and listened at Mordred's heart. It had stopped for ever. The man so unfit to die had gone suddenly to his account.

"IT'S A CASE!" said the policeman, as he dropped the dead man's hand, which was already cold as marble, "if I ever saw a case. You attend to the body, you two. I must be off to Bodmin, sharp, and see if I can snap our gentleman at the station; he's sure to make for that. I believe one party was as bad as the other party; but the deuce is that I'm too late to catch the night express, but I'll telegraph. Hang him! but he planned it well, and he'll squeak for it, too. I should like to see what there is in the sherry wine—nothing too wholesome, I suspect."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE "FLYING FISH."

THE *Flying Fish* was at her moorings, about a mile from Endellion. The Sultan Editor had been fishing with the lieutenant, now all but recovered, and Fisher, Dodgeson, and Hewer. Dinner over, the Sultan and his friends leaned over the bulwarks, discussing some iced punch. The crew had got the little bark smartly under weigh, and turned her head for St. Tudy's, where they hoped to find Arthur, whose rifle they thought they had heard once or twice in that direction.

The young moon had just risen, and threw a little trembling waver of pearly and golden light upon the calm sea.

The Sultan had broached a tremendous theory, but one not altogether new.

"Wars should be carried on by private contract," he said, lighting his third cigar. "The Affghan was a failure—the Crimean was too long and too expensive. Messrs. Brassey, or Peto and Grissel, would do it for half the amount. Make guns, hire troops, transport stores, and take fortresses, at a regular per-centage. How I wish Arthur was here, Dodgeson! This punch is simply perfect. Good heavens! what a dreadful thing

it is about that mine! I dream about it, lieutenant—'pon my soul, I do."

"Don't talk of it," said the lieutenant, sighing, "though happy as I am now, I can afford to forget the mine; but when I think of Arthur's proposal to start from the church door on his wedding-day, poor boy, and go to that cursed nest of yellow fever, the West Indies, to live for three years at an infernal hot sugar-factory, it makes my heart bleed—'pon my word it does; but he will go—there's no stopping him."

"I'm sure it knocks me over," said Dodgeson; "but he is the finest fellow—the pluckiest, finest fellow—I ever did set my eyes on. How he can have the courage to leave such a jolly girl, such a trump of a girl as that, I don't know. I couldn't for all the sense of duty in the world. *Isn't* he a brick, Hookem?"

"What, Arthur?" said Hookem, tapping off the long white ash of his cigar, "I believe you my boy! He's the best-natured fellow with a brain of any size I ever saw. Here, Sailing-master Robinson, brew some more punch like the last. What's this great picture of Wallis's, then, for next May, Fisher—the one that Stacy Marks writes you about—the swell one for the next exhibition?"

"Oh, it's fine, though it's awfully gloomy," said Fisher; "but I suppose it'll come all right. It is called 'Easter Time at the Workhouse.' There is a large barred window looking out on a court with

an apple-tree in bloom beyond, to the right. At the window there are some old men peering out—poor careworn, jaded old paupers—hopeless, moping, and heart-broken. I wonder if a Poor-law Commissioner will buy it."

"What you men want," said Hookem, assuming his rhetorical Sir Robert Peel attitude, "is some one to rival that wonderful young Frenchman Gustave Doré on wood—his vast force, irresistible energy, lightning flashes of imagination, but more taste and decency, and less caricature. By Heaven, sir, look at his whirlwinds of white plumes, his hurricanes of knights! How he lifts towers eighty feet higher than they ought to be, and makes men's heads fly about in his battle scenes like apples in an orchard in rough weather. That's the man, sir, for my money."

"What an awfully jolly life this is of ours, we pirates of the deep!" said Dodgeson extending himself flat upon his back, and looking up at the sky with the peak of his beard. "Just look at the big cliffs stretching away to windward, and see the little star lights breaking out now from headland to headland."

All this time the lieutenant was watching, with the quiet delight of an invalid, the smart handling of the little vessel, and quoting to Hewer his favourite lines from Falconer.

"To topsails next they haste ; the buntlines gone,
The cluelines through their wheel'd machinery run.

On either side below the sheets are mann'd,
Again the fluttering sails their skirts expand.
Once more the topsails, though with humbler plume,
Mounting aloft, their ancient post resume."

"That's poetry," said the lieutenant emphatically.

All of a sudden Fisher, who had been sweeping the horizon with an enormous telescope, turned round and shouted—

"Come here, you fellows!—come here, Hookem!" he cried. "My eyes! what is this at our lee-bow?—it's a stray boat, by George! got adrift; there's no one in it, and it's scudding like flying Isaac. Let's get ours out, and board it. It'll do a service to some poor devil on shore who can't afford to lose it; and if it's only a lobster boat, and the fellows are asleep, we'll keep it and make them get some lobsters for us. Lower the boat, there!"

"Lower the boat, there, d'ye hear!" cried Hookem; and down the boat went man-of-war fashion—smart.

"It is curious," said Dodgeson, kneeling and looking over the side of the vessel; then letting himself down lazily into the boat.

"I think I see something black under the sail, all along," said Hewer, as they pulled fast to intercept the prize.

"Yes, so do I," said Fisher; "it is a man, too, and asleep. Get the boot-hook ready, bosun."

Hookem shouted from the vessel, as they came on it; Fisher leaped on board and hauled

down the sail. His friends waited with intense eagerness. He stooped down; the next moment his face rose over the gunwale, pale and scared.

"Good God! you fellows," he shouted, "d'ye know it's Arthur! Someone has shot him—he's bleeding—he's fainted. Here, men, tumble up, quick! Pull to land; he'll die, if we can't get a doctor soon."

In a moment eight stalwart burly men, with flashing oars, were urging the boat to land with the irresistible speed of steam.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE END OF ALL THIS STRANGE EVENTFUL HISTORY.

THE spring had come round, with its soft rosy apple blossoms, its songs of birds, its sunshine, its boundless hope.

On a certain morning, early in May, a large crimson flag fluttered from the tower of St. Petrock's Church, and the three bells clattered out their simple harmonies, in response to their kinsmen bells of St. Nectan's. There was a cluster of miners and fishermen, headed by Captain Tremuan, Bere, and Walker; the neat maid-servants, presided over by old Liddy, collected round the porch, and round the old stone cross, waiting for the appearance of a certain couple not unknown to us. A fly with

two grey horses stood at the churchyard gate; the postilions bossed with white cockades, flicking their ready whips.

The solemn service over, the last sacred vow taken, a small cluster of people had repaired to the small neat vestry; and as they went, Arthur turned and kissed Lucy with a love that was too intense for words—a love that disdained concealment.

It was a grave and silent meeting, for all knew what was coming. Mrs. Tolpedden was shedding tears, fast as the Arabian tree its medicinal gums. Mr. Hookem shed tears too, but in a grand way—pretending to treat them as the result of a severe cold in the eyes.

Messrs. Dodgeson, Fisher, and Hewer were trying to sketch the crowd from the church windows, and weeping in sly corners—half ashamed of their grief.

Arthur was firm, but he was suffering bitterly, or else why did his lower lip quiver as he took his farewell of Lucy, and drew her back into the church, to part from her there undisturbed?

“Lucy,” he said, “Lily, my wife, my own, half of my heart, kiss me, sweetest, dearest. We must part now—darling, be firmer. Good-bye—one more kiss—one long, long kiss, dearest. It is only three years, and I shall return to you, dearest. They will soon pass—it is nothing. You will write every mail, dear—one more kiss! Oh, it is hard!—it is hard to part—it is worse than death! Lucy,

pray to God to spare me, Lily—pray to God, as I shall.”

She looked up, and turned on him her dewy tearful, mournful eyes. She gave him one long look of such intense sorrow, and then flung herself on his breast in a bitter agony of speechless grief.

Slowly, and with a heart—oh! how heavy!—Arthur released her twining arms from his neck, and called to Milly to take care of her—his wife—his own. He stooped, threw his arms round her, he clasped her, and a few large, burning tears fell, as he pressed her face to his in one long, intense, and passionate kiss. Then he turned to go.

Two strong, firm hands arrested him. It was his father, smiling through some few remaining tears, that proudly he shook from his large lion-like eyes as he spoke.

“Arthur,” he said, taking his son’s hand, “I have proved you now to be Mr. Greatheart indeed! You are steel of the true temper—you only harden in the fire. The sacrifice, so difficult to make, and yet so willingly made, is unnecessary now. Thanks be to the giver of all gifts, six days ago I discovered the metal I have been so long in search of. Since that some great firms at Sheffield have offered me three thousand pounds a year for its use. You shall not go to the West Indies. We shall be all rich now. You shall go to college, pursue your career, and fame and happiness will be yours, for you deserve them!”

Was there ever such a scene as when Arthur returned, and Lucy sprang from Milly's arms to meet him, having already heard of the glorious news? Did not Hookem, Dodgeson, Fisher, and Hewer shout till they got apoplectic in the face? Did not the lieutenant sit down and burst into tears of joy, which Polly could only efface by incessant kissing? Was there a prouder and happier man in the world than Mr. Tolpedden? Did not the Miss Wavertons arrange themselves in classical groups round Miss Trevena? Did not John Trevena squeeze Milly's hand in spite of all remonstrance, and did not Jack and Kate and Ned kiss Bobby, and then lead Clara and Herbert to impromptu altars, performing dances of joy, only allowable there under the circumstances?

And when they all came out into the open air, did not the men, especially Thomas, the handsome coachman, and Walker, Tremuan, and Bere, shout till the very tower rocked, and Liddy, Fanny, Lizzy, Susan, and all the women cry and wave handkerchiefs till the carriages were out of sight on the Tolpedden road?

* * * * *

Let the curtain fall upon our little world; why linger with a tedious epilogue?

The day after Mr. Mordred died, a notice that his bank had ceased payment appeared on the office door, to the horror of the town. The suspension did not injure many persons, for it had

been long foreseen. Mr. Tregellas, and the leading people of the neighbourhood, had long since withdrawn their money. The poorer depositors were reimbursed by the sale of Mr. Mordred's property. As for the Chancery suit, that, of course, dwindled away, and died a natural death.

At the inquest a verdict of "Murder" was returned against Bradbrain, who had escaped from Southampton in an Italian vessel bound for Alexandria.

As for Jackson, Sergeant Hacket took care to get him sentenced to a year's imprisonment and hard labour, and two subsequent years at the Bodmin Reformatory.

Within a week of the wedding, Mr. Trevena had the pleasure of informing his friend Tregellas that Lord Rostrevor had given him a living in Wiltshire, close to Salisbury, worth £250 pounds a year, upon which, in spite of urgent private remonstrance from his sister, his marriage with Milly took place very shortly after.

The *Forge* still thrives, in spite of repeated attempts of the *Trimmer* to get the weather-gage of it, to board it, to spring torpedoes under it, and to generally sink it; Arthur is its most favoured contributor. Dodgeson was this year made associate of the academy, and Fisher and Hewer are hoping for the same honour soon; Lucas is getting through his property at a very satisfactory rate; Fitzhugh is a rising barrister, making a good income by literature, which he affects to despise; and Maclean, swallow-

ing all his Colenso scruples, is now a fashionable curate at a West-end chapel. Mr. Waverton is still single, but is more moderate in his ceremonials, and altogether a more consistent and rational being.

And now a word about the arch-scoundrel Bradbrain. When his rooms were searched there was found on his book-shelves eight or ten numbers of the most scrofulous of the French novels, an Encyclopædia, with the leaf turned down at the article *Poisons*, and in one corner a bundle of scented letters, tied with blue ribbon, and directed to *Lieutenant Tolpedden, with Mr. Bradbrain's kind regards. To be forwarded immediately.* This dangerous parcel was handed privately by Hacket, to Mr. Tolpedden, who instantly burned it in secret.

A month after Bradbrain's flight, the following paragraph appeared in the *Times* :

"DISTRESSING OCCURRENCE.—The schooner *Albatross*, Captain Joyce, from Southampton to Alexandria, laden with rum, was destroyed by fire on the 11th ult., off the African coast. The fire was occasioned by a drunken passenger going down with a naked light into the spirit-room. Only three persons perished, the rest escaped in the boats. Two of those who were lost were invalids; the third, a young surgeon—whose name has since been discovered to have been Bradbrain—who came aboard in Southampton Water under most suspicious circumstances, and who had drunk himself almost into *delirium tremens*, was missed before the boats had got four hundred yards from the

burning vessel; he was then seen standing upon the poop, black against the flame, and refusing all help. Four men were sent by the captain's orders to bring him away by force, but just then an explosion took place, the vessel went to pieces, and he was no more seen. The men sent in search of the man fortunately escaped, a second boat picking them up when their own was swamped. The *Albatross* was a Liverpool vessel, and fully insured."

Mr. Tolpedden burned the paper when he had read it, in order that Mrs. Tolpedden should not see the terrible paragraph describing the miserable end of that depraved and lost man.

Bradbrain's bullet, it was found, had severed the axillary artery (reaching from the arm-pit to the ribs), but fortunately had injured no vital part.

There are two more sentences to add. King Pippin is to go to sea in two years' time, for the lieutenant got his pension after all; and in recent literary journals we see the notice of an approaching publication:

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A MARTYR OF SCIENCE.

* * * * *

A July sunset—Arthur and Lucy stood on the cliff at Dunchine, near the ruined chapel. The holy and peaceful light fell upon their faces with almost a supernatural lustre. Their hands were clasped

together. The children gambolled round them, like so many Cupids round a masque of Hymen. At the chapel door sat the lieutenant and his brother. Mrs. Tolpedden played with Bobby round the old knights' graves.

"Arthur, dear," said Lucy, "the storm is over—how happy we are now!"

"Yes, Lily," said Arthur; "but even before the storm was past there was always sunshine for me in your dear face."

THE END.

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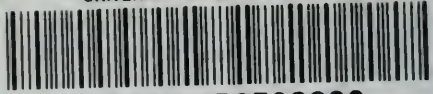
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